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MY ENEMY—THE MOTOR

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

THE original itinerary of the motor trip on which the Grand Duke invited me to join him, included Paris, London, Southern France, Spain, Morocco, Algeria, and the edge of the Sahara.

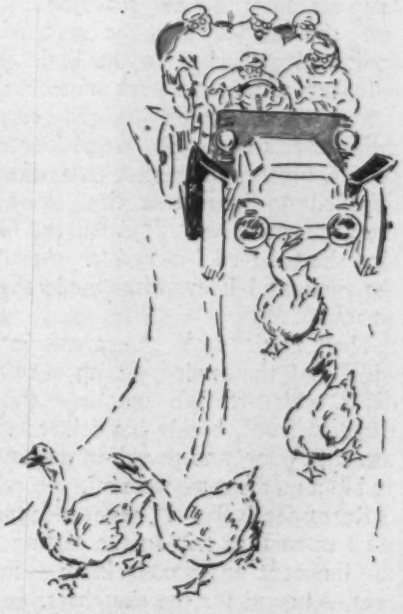
Please observe now that I say "motor" — not "automobile." It is a trifle difficult at first, but with a little use one becomes accustomed to the word and feels a thrill of Continental *savoir faire* in using it. When one says "motor," the indication is that one knows something of the game — or wishes to create the impression that one knows.

Another point which may be mentioned now: I have referred to my host as the "Grand Duke." Before the motor trip I should not have dreamed of giving him a title — our relations, though agreeable, not having been familiar. But after being arrested with a man in both French and English and after motoring with him through countless herds of geese and flocks of cows and armadas of lamb and mutton — on, on, on to the final cataclysm — after such experiences with a man, one gets to call him anything one likes.

I chose to dub him "Grand Duke" because — although in point of fact he was a hustling American business man on a vacation — he motored as a Grand Duke ought to motor, if Grand Dukes are as fast as they are painted.

Also in our party were the Doctor and the Actor.

The Doctor was not a real doctor; we bestowed the title on him because of his professional air and his sagacity. We all agreed that the Doctor knew nearly everything. He was familiar with the appendicitis operation and could find McBurney's point unaided; he knew the drama from its first inception to last night's productions; he had his own theories on yacht building, on socialism, and on the Great Beyond, and he had demonstrated most of them.



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This is but a beggarly description of the Doctor. I shall try to write a book about him another time.

The Actor was a real actor. He told me so himself. He was resting abroad after a heavy season's work. He was tall and beautiful and his clothes were immaculate conceptions.

Louis, the Grand Duke's mechanician, was to drive. (By the way, never call the paid driver a "chauffeur." A chauffeur is a gentleman who drives — a gentleman in theory, at all events.) Louis was French by birth but he could drive in any language. Among his letters of recommendation from past employers was one signed by an American whose name we recognized at once as being on the forever absent list of speedy motorists. (Later we saw the tree where it had happened.) Naturally, a mechanician with such a letter was worth his weight in sparking plugs.

At last came the bright November morning when we descended proudly, in caps, goggles, and fur coats, to find Louis waiting with the motor at the door of our hotel in Paris.

I think the Doctor and the Actor tried to look as though they owned the car — I know I did.

There was a limited express train air about the big machine, and the loaded baggage rack behind advertised us to the little group of onlookers as no puny park motorists.

I recall particularly a girl carrying a dressmaker's box. She stood looking, with such a pretty, interested face, that I was impelled to inspect a tire, knowingly — the tire nearest her. It is still my fond idea that she believed I owned it. At all events she thought I knew what made the wheels go round.

Then Louis gave the crank in front a whirl and the engine set up a soft, melodious whir-r-r. We got in — the Grand Duke in front, beside his driver; the Doctor, the Actor, and myself in the tonneau — and in a moment we were off.

Retrospectively, I have compared my start upon that trip to the setting forth of the innocent and woolly lamb — in *his* fur coat — bound for the slaughter.

The streets of Paris were coated with thin mud and I confess that when we skidded slightly on turning from the Rue Daunou into the boulevard, I forgot to lean luxuriously back upon the cushions. It was my first skid, you see. I have skidded much and madly since that time, but — I must be honest — I have never learned to like it.

Later on, when the back wheels slewed 'round slippery turns, missing obstructions by what seemed the fraction of an inch, I have sometimes mustered up a laugh, but never one that sounded aught but artificial in my own ears.

We floated up the boulevard, passing other vehicles as though they were fixed pieces, into the Rue de Rivoli, past the Auto Club and the white statues in the Place de la Concorde, and up the Champs-Elysées.

I was surprised that the Grand Duke dared drive so fast in Paris, but there was a glorious exhilaration in the speed.

"Great!" I called to him.

"Bosh!" he answered briefly, without turning round, "This isn't motoring. Wait till we get out in the country."

I was somewhat crushed at this, but I felt sure that the Grand Duke was boasting.

We skimmed around the Arc de l'Etoile as a swallow rounds a tree-top and I had just fastened my eyes on the long vista of the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, when:

"Arrètez!" And suddenly we slid to a whirring standstill beside a gendarme.

Then began an interesting histrionic exhibition by the Gallic Louis. Experiences with police in many lands had equipped him with an nfinite variety of pleas, protests, and excuses — vehement, yet respectful. His arguments were good and his delivery was worthy of the Comèdie Française.

The gendarme listened to our pilot with a smile of perfect understanding. Then, politely but firmly, he arrested him.

Next came two hours' more than careful motoring about the city, on visits to official looking buildings and official looking personages. On coming from the last of these calls the Grand Duke winked and remarked: "All fixed." Then we took the road once more and, chastened by

experience, ran with some caution until the city gates were passed.

Louis possessed a nerve-racking talent for passing other vehicles on a slender margin of road. As we flew by them I used to note the tiny space between our mud guards and their hubs with mixed feelings of horror and admiration. On such occasions I was conscious of a sympathetic contraction of the muscles in the Doctor, who sat next me, and I observed that the Actor was wont to grasp the side of the car firmly and pull, as though trying to help Louis turn in and out.

We were nearing the open country when another motor, coming down an intersecting road, cut across our bows. It was a big red car with but one occupant. He was leaning over the wheel in a gray fur coat and his horn was going constantly. I had never seen such running and I shuddered at the thought of what might have happened had we met at the crossing.

We turned the corner and gave chase (he too was traveling the Boulogne road), and I remember the comfort that I felt in the idea that it would be impossible to catch him.

His car may have been half a mile ahead and I could see the hind wheels bounding in the air as they touched uneven spots.

To my unmotored mind it was anything but pleasant work.

"What would happen if he stopped short?" I wondered.

At last he seemed to hear our horn. After shooting a quick glance back over his shoulder, he turned aside enough to let us pass. Nervous as I was, I felt a thrill of joy as we tore by him, though those two speeding cars, side by side, was as unholy a sight as one might see upon a public highway.

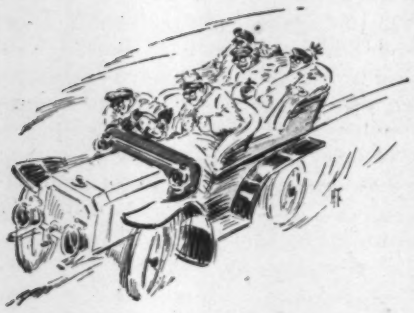
When we were past, the Grand Duke turned and smiled at us and I recalled his: "This isn't motoring," when I had fancied we were running fast upon the Paris boulevard. Now, I felt, I knew. He had been right. In Paris we had *not* run fast — only fast enough to be arrested, that is, and any motorist will tell you that that's not fast at all.

At the entrance of a village we approached, I fancied that our speed would be reduced, and I awaited anxiously the retarding feeling of the brakes. It never came. Our little brush on the road had got through the Grand Duke's blood. The run was on in earnest.

A dog ran out to bark; looked at us, and retired silently and quickly. Mothers heard our honking horns while we were yet far off and as we shot by them they were collecting children and taking them inside. Tradesmen ran from shops to hold horses and old women retreated from front gardens to door-steps, observing us with disapproving interest.

It took a herd of cattle really to baffle us. Cows being heavy animals, are not lightly to be passed over. On our way to Boulogne they blocked us many times. They will run before a motor in a scared helter-skelter fashion, and to pass them one must nose his way slowly, tooting lustily meanwhile, until he frees himself.

Hens are different. They will start to run before the car; then, finding that it goes faster than they had expected, they make wild, shrieking darts



for home at the last moment and not infrequently escape.

Geese, on the other hand, are sensible, though slow. They do not run before one. On hearing the horn they waddle off the road in quite good marching order and with far less agitation than hens manifest.

Sheep give one little trouble. The shepherds and their dogs are active when they see motors coming. One can usually sail through on clear road if the guardians of the flocks are given proper warning.

Dogs vary in their methods when cars are coming. Some dogs — discreet ones — slink off and stand upon their door-steps. Others run. Dogs that lie in the road to sun themselves rise peevishly, and stiffly stand aside. Gay young dogs come chasing on beside one, barking; and foolish dogs run out before the car to bark and jump and bite its nose and have a jolly time. Some see their folly in time to get away. Some drop before the motor and save themselves by letting the wheels pass both sides of them. Often, alas, an easy little rise and fall is felt by the persons in the tonneau.

You will observe that, from motoring, I have gained some knowledge of contemporary natural history. The only common animal I have omitted is the man. His actions are to be relied on. When he hears the horn he jumps and runs as though death were upon him. Yet, if I drove a motor, I should not count even on this. Suppose a man is deaf? But there I go again.

One surprise was still in store for me: my first long coast downhill. Some time before we stopped for luncheon I was initiated. I think we had been climbing gradually since leaving Paris. Of course, we could not keep on going up forever; we must descend again.

That hill must have been a full mile long, with another mile of steep ascent beyond. As we started down I leaned back, waiting for the brakes. Brakes, indeed? No brakes for us! Honk-honk-honk! Clear out; the Grand Duke's coming!

It is useless to try to describe the sensation. To liken it to flying is trite, but true. We did not seem to touch the ground during the seconds of descent. It seemed impossible that wheels could turn so fast, that tires could stay on, or spokes stick in, instead of going hurtling through the air!

I don't know just what time we made upon that hillside, but it was close to ninety miles an hour, and ninety miles an hour in a motor is far faster than the same speed in a train. A motor is lower — when traveling fast, one feels that one might easily lean out and touch the rushing roadway with one's hand. Then there is the open air, and the wind beating sharply in one's face.

Of course, the exciting element of motoring is in the fact that the lives of those who ride depend solely upon the driver. There are no rails to guide his flight; there is no right of way for his exclusive use. Without the aid of semaphores he must take his chances on the highway with all other vehicles, and what is worse, they must take theirs with him.

Some of these thoughts passed through my mind as we shot that hill. The impetus we got from the descent, was enough to carry us to the top of the opposing slope on the high-speed gear. It was a great comfort to feel the force of gravity begin to work against us at the start of the ascent, and when, at the top, our pace dropped down to thirty miles an hour, my relief was inexpressible. After what had been, a thirty-mile clip seemed a snail's pace indeed; a comfortable gait at which to be thrown out — if one *must* be thrown. Most heartily I wished we never traveled above thirty miles an hour! What cared I to reach Boulogne a few hours after leaving Paris? A few days would serve me quite as well. As I reflected, something told me that the motorist who moves along in easy fashion is *sure*, at least; whereas, the wild-eyed one, who

keeps a savage pace, may get there sooner, or — he may never get there.

Louis possessed great adeptness at taking curves without abating speed, but I wished that he would air this talent when I was not a passenger. Where the road suddenly twisted to a right-angle, he would dash madly to the point of turning. Then, throwing the front wheels sharply round, he caused the rear ones to skid so suddenly that we'd be running straight again, without quite knowing how we'd made the turn.

The skidding feeling, as I believe I've said before, is, from my standpoint, most unpleasant. In hard skids, the car will rest for a moment on two wheels, which does not add to the pleasure of the sensation.

A friend of mine, who saw it, has told me that in the Mont Cenis climbing contest, one high-power car went tearing up the mountain side much faster than the rest. Its driver had this skidding talent to a rare degree; in fact it was pronounced a gift, by connoisseurs. He would have won, hands down, had he not skidded a rear wheel into a roadside stone. This made his car upset on top of him, which killed him, and of course caused him to lose the race.

So you see that while skidding may save time on some occasions, on others it may not.

We passed through many towns and villages before stopping for luncheon, in a mediaeval looking city with a great cathedral. I am under the impression that it was Amiens; the Grand Duke mentioned a name at the time, but I don't remember it. We had a pleasant meal in an old inn; the landlady was engaging and she had a pretty daughter. Beyond these facts I wot not of the place.

It was here that, for the first time, I remembered my note-books and my camera. The whole morning was gone. We were half way to Boulogne and I had not made a note or taken a picture! I persuaded the pretty daughter to sit in the front seat of the car while I snapped her. Then, with my new fountain pen, I noted the fact that she was beautiful, and felt less guilty.

At lunch, I tried to draw the Grand Duke out.

"That was a fine brush with the red car," I ventured.

"What?" said he, "That old road engine? We could do circles 'round him. Wait till we meet a decent car."

"Don't you think it's a bit dangerous to run through villages so fast?"

"We haven't run so fast."

"What about the hills?"

"Oh, yes, we got going some then, but the engines aren't warmed up yet."

I breathed a mental prayer that the engines would continue to keep cool.

"Suppose an obstruction should crop up, suddenly, on one of those hills," I said. "Suppose that a wagon or something—" In the shudder which followed this thought, the Doctor left the table.

"Nonsense," said the Grand Duke, "We'd stop or get 'round some way. Wait till you see the car I've ordered for next year. Ten horse more than this one. Then I'll have *speed*. She'll be good for more than ninety on level road. You can see what that'll mean on the down grades."

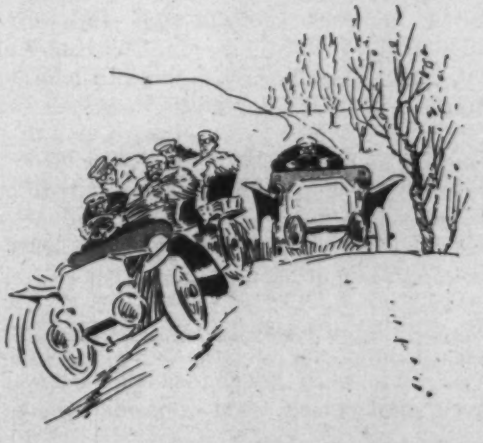
I thought I could.

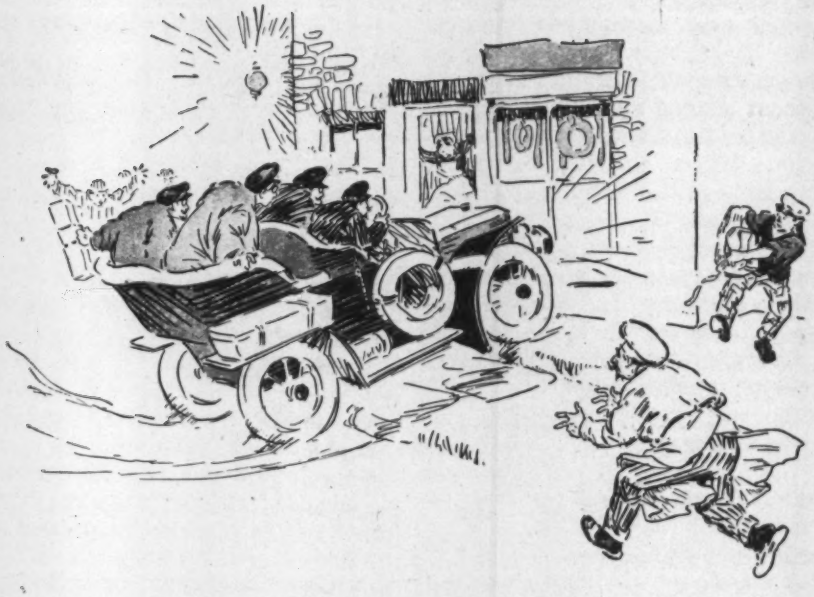
"Where'll you be next spring?" he asked me.

"In Florence, I think."

"I tell you what I'll do. I'll take the new car down there on her maiden trip. Then I'll show you a real run."

"Thanks," I answered, trying to appear pleased, "But of course I *may* not be in





Florence. You see my plans aren't very settled."

Never should I be tricked into entering that new machine.

Soon the Doctor came back, carrying a bundle.

"What have you there?" I asked, as he hid it away in the tonneau.

"Bandages and things," he whispered. "I can set broken limbs, you know."

There was a grimness in this studied preparation that chilled me through and through. I went to get a drink. In the bar I discovered the Grand Duke.

"Say, old man," I began, "On the square now, don't you think it's dangerous to ——"

"No," he put in. "I used to feel that way myself. Now I can't go fast enough." After this he produced an ingenious set of arguments to show that motoring — his sort of motoring, I mean — was safe; safer than railroad travel, at all events. They comforted me a little then, but now I know them as the cunning sophistries devised by speed-mad minds.

Soon we were on the road again, and before long we met a motor that was worthy of our gasolene. It was a forty-horse machine of well known make, and it was being driven by its owner.

While it is quite beyond my powers to describe the mad chase of the two cars, I may hint at the truth by telling you that when they took their curves tneir mechanician stood upon the running board and threw his weight far out, to help keep all four wheels the *nearer* to the ground.

For twenty or more miles we followed them. Sometimes close behind, choked and blinded by their dust; sometimes several hundred yards away. Then again we would catch up and toot to them, in impudent suggestion that they clear the road. It made passing the red motor seem like taking candy from a child.

At last we managed it upon a hillside. After that we kept the lead for a few miles — they "honk-honking" on, behind us — until they turned off somewhere and we lost sight of them.

The hills were worse, now — or "better" a mad motorist would say. They were longer and more frequent. At the bottom of some of them were sharp turns that must be taken on the run.

I feel sure that the application of the brakes when a car is started down these steep declivities would mean disaster, despite our host's asseverations to the contrary. I know there were times upon that journey when Louis would have applied the brakes had he dared. On one occasion we were doing a spectacular descent — with peasants like paintings by Millet or Jules Breton stopping their work in neighboring fields, to stare — when, from behind a heavily-laden cart, whose driver had already turned aside to give us way, a second wagon came, quite unexpectedly.

Between both, the entire road was blocked. They may have been a quarter of a mile distant at the time. I saw the Grand Duke grasp the bulb of our second horn and join in Louis's tooting. Then the driver saw us, and began, with frantic efforts, to urge his lazy horses towards the roadside.

I remember wondering whether Louis would try to set the brakes. Then, it being plain he did not mean to, I speculated in a dazed way as to which ditch he would prefer. I pondered on the driver's nerve in sticking to his post in face of the approaching horror; in his place I should not have done it.

Then, suddenly, we were upon them. I saw myself sailing high in air, over the wagons and the trees beyond — that is, in my mind's eye I saw it. As our headlights came abreast the carts I was so certain of destruction that I fancied I had already felt the fearful shock. In some way we passed between. I don't know how, for I can't believe that space enough was there. Yet we did pass. I do not try to account for our escape, but I can still be thankful for it.

Soon it began to rain — at first a fine drizzle that made ground glass of our goggles; later a pelting downpour that made it hard to see at all. Mud and water splattered from our flying wheels and they slipped in the road, giving the car at times an uncertain drunken sort of course, that necessitated constant watchfulness at the steering-wheel.

The French have an annoying way of keeping the heavy iron gates at railway crossings closed. When vehicles wish to pass, the gates are opened by the attendant, then shut again at once.

Coasting down a muddy hillside at our usual breakneck pace, we saw, at the bottom, some of these closed gates. I heard the brakes touch gently and come off. Then on; then off, then on again, to reduce our pace. We had slackened but little when we reached the level road at the bottom of the hill. The iron gate was perhaps two hundred feet ahead. A group of horror-stricken people watched from the neighboring railway station. Then the brakes touched harder, and we began to slide diagonally in the mud. Off came the brakes; then on again they went — this time, for good.

Our rubber tires were like runners in the mud. With a twisting, sidewise motion we slid rapidly across the road, over the shallow curb and up onto the sidewalk. But we lost speed as we went. At last we stopped — our headlights within a foot of the hospitable, sausage-filled window of a store.

Then the gates were opened and, backing off the sidewalk, we resumed our way, watched out of sight by the gaping people on the platform.

So, through the gathering darkness, we continued. Tearing and sliding, on, on, on towards Boulogne; in our ears the endless splatter of the mud; in our faces the constant sting of driving rain.

A stoical indifference began to overcome me. Why worry? Suppose we did hit something — would my anxiety tend to lighten the horror of the disaster? Suppose the steering-gear should go — would my eye upon the road hold the wheels there?

I determined to lie back and, for the first time, watch the country through which we passed. I communicated this intention to the Doctor, who said that he would do the

same. But somehow we couldn't. In a moment we found each other squinting on again, beneath the visors of our caps. Our lack of will in this respect became a ghastly jest between us.

The Actor — being an actor — was wont to muster a semblance of *sang froid*, which filled me with envious hatred, even though I knew that it was spurious. Experience in the public eye had taught him to suppress all evidence of what he felt, but I consoled myself with the thought that I saw through him, and that at heart he was as miserable as I.

At last, electric lights appeared ahead. Simultaneously our wheels ran upon a cobbled pavement. I knew we were nearing a town, and when the Doctor said that it was actually Boulogne, I felt once more, the joy of living.

We reached the quay barely in time to have the motor put aboard the channel steamer.

As I lay, prone and miserable on a leathern couch in the smoking room, I remembered with pleasure the exposed position of my enemy, the motor, upon the open deck astern. The anguish that I felt with each lurch of the ship was tempered by my mental picture of the car sliding about the slippery deck — now into a heavy iron stanchion, then back to the deck-house, next into the steel mast, and so on, until it battered down the railing and splashed into the sea, where some sporting Kelpie might have it, second hand.

When at last we rode in the shelter of the Folkestone breakwater, I hastened on deck, only to find the car quite safe.

On going down-stairs the next morning in the hotel at Folkestone, I found all in readiness for the start. But how much a man can learn in a single day! None of yesterday morning's easy grace and gaiety was left in me, as I took my seat. Even the Doctor and the Actor seemed sombre, though I recall that the latter still made pathetic efforts at sprightliness. Only the Grand Duke was buoyant, as we set out.

I soon saw that English roads twist and turn more than French ones; also there is more travel on them. Around each corner we came upon a variety of vehicles — from bicycles and dog-carts driven by ladies, to barbarous road locomotives drawing trains of cars.

The day was bright, but recent rains had made the roads so muddy that the tendency to skid was even greater here than it had been in France.

All the way to the metropolis the Grand Duke chafed, and when at last, after shooting in and out among vans, cabs, and the familiar London busses (many of which are now *motor* busses, by the way), we drew up before our hotel in time for luncheon, he apologized for our poky run to the porter, who came out to meet us, glittering in an English Admiral's full-dress uniform.

On our second day in town the Grand Duke took us for a spin across the city, to call upon a friend of his. Coming back we were arrested. Arrests are much the same the world over, excepting that I think the London "Bobby," looks for a bribe more eagerly than any other policeman I have met with.

There were five counts against us, with "Driving to the public danger," well ahead. Next day, in court, we were fined on all of them. Total, about one hundred dollars.

This was the last time we were arrested on the trip, which fact is a reproach to the authorities of France and England.

It was not long before the Grand Duke grew anxious for the road again.

He still felt that on the run from Paris he had not really shown us what the car could do.

"I've had the engines overhauled," he said to me, the day before we were to start. "We'll do better going back. I'm afraid you boys haven't been having a good time."

"Oh, don't worry about me," I begged. "Really, I'm almost sorry you bothered about the engines. It seemed to me they worked wonderfully; in fact —— "

"Ah," he said, pityingly, "that's because you haven't seen them really right. After what I'd told you about the car, I was mortified at the way we had to chase that one we met the other day. I was afraid you'd think I'd been exaggerating —— "

"Oh, no!" I hastened to assure him, "In fact, quite the contrary, we felt —— "

At this juncture I was interrupted by the Actor who entered the room. There was an expression of anguish on his face. His throat was bound in a heavy muffler. He shivered and hurrying to the fire, warmed his hands, like the man in the play, who

appears with artificial snow upon his coat, while a property gale whistles shrilly in the wings. When he felt that this had reached home, he fell into a fit of coughing that would have shamed the greatest of Camilles. But there was an art — a subtle studied air — about the timing of it all, that told me he was acting.

"Lord," said the Grand Duke, "where did you get that cough?"

The Actor put his hand upon his chest. "Don't know," he whispered, shaking his head, sadly. "Felt all right last night, but this morning — " here another paroxysm seized him.

"That's awful!" exclaimed the Grand Duke, rising, "have you done anything for it?"

The Actor nodded, as though too weak to speak. Then, with an effort: "Saw a doctor this morning," he replied in a wheezy whisper.

"What did he say?"

"Threatened with pneumonia. Got to go to bed and stay a week."

"But we're going back to Paris tomorrow."

The Actor shook his head. "Sure death if I try it," was his sad reply.

The Grand Duke was genuinely alarmed. As for me I envied the Actor his art.

"I don't see how I can leave you here, alone," said our host, nervously, "but I've simply got to be in Paris by —— "

"I'll be all right," the Actor whispered. "Lots of friends here; they'll see to me."

"Maybe he can run over by rail and join us later," the Grand Duke said to me.

I nodded assent, but something told me we would see no more of the Actor — and it was not that I feared the outcome of his cold.

I went to bed early that night, that I might be fortified against the strain of the next day. When I awoke it was with the feeling of one who rises to go forth to the gibbet.

Dismal brown mist hung over London, and no joy was in the heart of man — I can speak, at least, for one man.

We had intended making an early start, but, what with the Grand Duke's worrying about the Actor, and the final adjustment of the overhauled engines, it was after luncheon when we found ourselves winding our way through the traffic of the London streets.

The mist of the morning had settled darker and darker as the day went on. As we set out, the light was that of evening. Ere we had gone a mile it came down, black, blind, and miserable — the London fog, dark as the darkest night.

We lighted the great lamps and wormed our way along as best we could — losing the road and finding it again — the Grand Duke muttering a grumbling accompaniment to our honking horns.

The city's traffic was at a standstill, and the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles seemed to resent our attempt to move on, when they had stopped. As we progressed we were made a target for witticisms and worse.

After London there were the same wild downhill dashes; the same mad scoots past other vehicles and the same sharp tweaking of the nerves, for the Doctor and myself, who were now sole occupants of the tonneau.

We had exchanged confidences in London. From what I gathered he was trying to assume the mental attitude of a Jap soldier, going into hopeless battle.

"Death must come sooner or later," he had said to me, "and I don't believe that cautious persons live longer than those who take chances. Suppose I'm killed, for instance; I'm well insured, so my mother isn't going to want for anything. Besides, I've lived a happy life and a fairly long one."

"I'm insured, too," I said, "but it would seem a beastly sort of way to get the money — winding up with one's brains upon a stone at a roadside in a foreign land."

"You carry accident insurance as well as life?" he had asked.

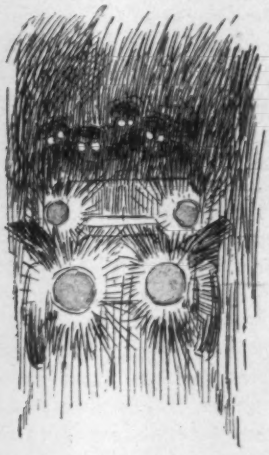
"No," I replied.

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I wired from Boulogne to have the amount of mine doubled," he added.

This had been enough for me. I went out at once, found an agent and took a policy that offered special favors to those who broke their arms and legs. You know the sort of policy I mean. If you break your right arm

you get so much; if you break your left, so much. Then there is the same arrangement about the legs, and these rates are followed by a set of combinations of different limbs, which, if broken together, give the victim better returns upon his investment.

The channel was as smooth as glass this time. The crossing was short and we soon



found ourselves once more in Boulogne, where we spent a comfortable night.

When we were on straight French roads again, the Grand Duke felt that the time had come when he must retrieve the false impression that, he still insisted, we had of his motor's capabilities. The Doctor and I had frequently assured him that we were more than satisfied, but our words were of no avail.

"You boys don't know what speed is," he would reply, pityingly.

The only easy moments I enjoyed, that day, were when our tires burst, which — heaven bless their tender tubes! — they did quite frequently. They seemed to have saved themselves till then to defeat the Grand Duke's project of beating the train to Paris. I am a lazy, comfort-loving man — so all my friends agree — yet I actually relished the hard work of helping to put on new tires, because it kept us standing still.

Since leaving London I had been considering a method of escape from the Grand Duke's motor trip, and this afternoon's performance quite decided me; there would be room for another guest in his hospitable tonneau when he left Paris.

I cursed the Actor for having hit upon the plea of illness. It was the single subterfuge I could devise, and now, of course, it would not do.

It occurred to me that I might send my wife a telegram requesting that she wire a demand for my instant presence at her side, but my pride balked at this. My wife would think me weak to stoop to such a device, and the Grand Duke — he would pity me for being henpecked.

These thoughts were passing and repassing when, in the late afternoon, a drizzling rain began to fall. At twilight we were yet some way from Paris. Objects ahead began to look indefinite in the gloom, and the road became a light gray streak upon the landscape.

When, at last, we stopped to set the big lamps going, they would not burn. Finally one gave feeble light, but, when we started, it went out again. After several efforts, the Grand Duke lost his patience.

"We'll *never* get there if we keep on fooling with those lamps!" he said to Louis. "It's only a little way. Run in without them." So we went on, through the dark and rain.

Deep, settled gloom came over me. I huddled down in my fur collar and tried to think I didn't care. Time dragged in inverse ratio to the speed we made. I began to think there was no such place as Paris; no such thing as a safe, warm bed. I was a persecuted soul, damned to eternal break-neck chasing. This was no world I lived in;

it was an inferno of rain-swept hills and dales, peopled with wild-running, iron monsters.

When the Doctor nudged me and said: "We're almost there," my blunted feelings failed to be revived.

"Wake up, man!" he exclaimed, "see the lights of Paris and be joyful!"

I looked. We were at the top of a long hill. There was the reflection of a city's lights upon the sky ahead and the myriad lamps of suburban Paris spread out before us at the bottom.

As I realized that we were starting on our last wild coast, my sorrows disappeared. With fresh eyes I saw the light gray streak of road, ahead.

It seemed to be quite clear of vehicles and to run straight on towards the city, from the bottom of the hill.

Louis evidently meant to make us remember that last downward shoot, but now that creature comforts were so close at hand, I did not care how fast we went.

Down we tore, and even as we neared the bottom, that clear road seemed to stretch ahead, white and inviting. I wish to emphasize this point. The Grand Duke saw it just as plain as though it had been there; so did the Doctor, so did Louis; so did I. (We checked up afterwards, you see.)

Still down we went, looking ahead as enginemen of night express trains do — blind to disaster, waiting.

We were there when the truth burst on us — there at the bottom.

Our way did not run straight; it swerved sharply to the right. The gray ahead was not road, but river!

How clear it was in that last second! The sky's light, reflected on the surface of the Seine, gave it the color of the road. A mere coincidence of tone! A simple optical illusion! and yet ——

It was too late to check our speed. We could not take the turn. We must not take the river.

What could be done *was* done.

The front wheels turned bravely and the brakes went on.

I don't know what happened then. There came wild spinning, sliding, turning, bumping, crashing — hopeless, blind, and overwhelming! I knew that I must jump, unless I would be crushed beneath the motor, when it overturned. I may have even tried to do it; but I had no time. There was a shivering crash — a shock! I saw the Grand Duke shoot from his seat as though hurled by a catapult.

Then I found myself sitting somewhere in the dark — quite comfortable and still.

What you have heard about the minds of drowning men is true, I think. I remember a train of complicated thoughts that occupied me in the instant between the time I saw the river, and the time I found myself alive and seated somewhere. I shall not set them down. They were too personal, for one thing, besides which, this is meant for a short narrative, and not a set of books.

After a while I realized that I was doing nothing when I should be active. Then I heard the Doctor speak, beside me, his voice sounding far, far off.

"There, Ginger?" he said.

"Yes; you all right?" I asked.

"Sure; where's —— ?"

Simultaneously we called the Grand Duke's name.

We heard no answer. Horror filled our hearts.

The Doctor's voice sounded like a shriek as he called again.

This time there came a grunt. Then: "Don't yell like that," said the Grand Duke, peevishly, from somewhere in the darkness.

"Why couldn't you answer, then!" snapped the Doctor.

"D— it!" said the Grand Duke, "can't you let a man alone when he's thinking?"

The Doctor sniffed contemptuously. None of us moved.

"Where's Louis?" our host inquired.

Then we heard a sob, close by.

"That you, Louis?" the Doctor asked.

"Yes, sir," in a choking voice.

"All right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quit sniffling then," said the Grand Duke.

Suddenly it all seemed funny to me. Here were we four, strewn about upon a dark French road, amid the wreckage of a costly motor; lying and sitting, as we had landed, to chat it back and forth.

I began to laugh, but — knowing it to be unseemly — I did not laugh aloud, only choking and shaking with it.

"Well," said the Doctor, finally, "let's see what's doing."

We rose. Some one found one of the oil lamps and by its feeble light we saw — I

shall not try to tell you what we saw, but Louis was sitting there among it, crying bitterly.

We found the telegraph-pole, too. There was still a little of it left, at the point where we had struck — barely enough to keep it standing.

Sparks were coming from the top where the insulation had been broken by the shock.

The Grand Duke took the lamp and surveyed the remnants of his motor. In the meantime Louis got a stable lantern somewhere, and went back, picking up fragments, here and there, along the road — tools, baggage, and the like.

The Doctor and I watched the Grand Duke narrowly to see how he was taking it. His expression was inscrutable.

No one spoke until Louis returned with his sad collection, tears still running down his cheeks.

"Louis," said the Grand Duke, "do you know what you've done?"

"Yes, sir," came the half sobbed answer.

"What?" said the Grand Duke sharply.

Louis pointed at the ruin. "I — I —" he began, but the Grand Duke cut him short.

"Look up there," he said, pointing to the sparks that were blowing from the top of the pole. "You've balled up the telegraph! That's what you've done!"

Louis smiled and the Grand Duke clapped him on the back and chuckled.

Then we went to hunt a carriage.

THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

III—THE "FOUNDER" OF THE EQUITABLE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Elizur Wright's great distinction as a reformer in life-insurance rests upon the fact that he eliminated from it the element of forfeiture. In his ideal company every man received the exact insurance equivalent of every dollar he paid in. He waged an unremitting war against confiscation. Even while he "lobbied for the widow and orphan" in the Massachusetts legislature, the man who was so largely to undo his life work and re-establish the system on the basis of forfeiture and injustice had already become a marked figure in the life-insurance circles of New York. In 1858, when Wright got his legal reserve law through the Massachusetts legislature, Henry B. Hyde, then only twenty-four years old, had become the cashier of the Mutual Life. In 1861, when Wright forced through his non-forfeiture law, Hyde had already successfully launched the Equitable. Life companies had hitherto limited their activities to a single end — the insuring of lives. Largely owing to Wright's energies in the Massachusetts department, they had acquired wide popularity. Now came Hyde, who, by introducing numerous innovations, proceeded to deform the whole institution.

In those early Mutual Life days Henry B. Hyde was one of the handsomest and most promising young men in New York. Health and energy had written themselves in his every feature. He stood more than six feet high; was big-boned and strong-limbed — a splendid type of physical man. A keen and observant mind was reflected in piercing black eyes, partly hidden under dark overhanging eyebrows; determination and audacity were indicated in a square-jawed mouth, with an occasional play of harsh humor in the corners. He had persuasive manners, and undoubted "magnetism"; enjoyed a certain popularity with the Mutual Life policy-holders, with whom he frequently came in contact; and by his office associates had already been marked out for success. Even then, however, Hyde was a good deal of a rattle-brain; he talked loudly and constantly; and frequently manifested more interest in certain grandiose plans of his own than the humdrum duties of his position. He had little sympathy with the go-as-you-please methods then prevailing in life-insurance. Striding up and down the office, he would entertain his associates with descriptions of what the Mutual, under energetic management, might become. Some day, he intimated, he might himself take a hand in this life-insurance game; already he had dreams of a new company, which, by using more aggressive methods, might equal, perhaps surpass, the Mutual Life itself. Then, clapping his hat on his head, he would rush madly down Broadway. In an hour or two he usually returned with an application for life-insurance in his pocket. Indeed, even then he spent a considerable part of his time soliciting insurance. Already he had acquired some local reputation as a hustling agent.

A Famous Life-Insurance Trio

From his earliest days, Hyde seemed destined to a life-insurance career. He was born at Catskill, New York, in 1834, the son of a small country merchant. He had limited educational opportunities; and, at sixteen, found it necessary to shift for himself. As a boy he lingered wistfully around the dock at Catskill, whence the boats regularly sailed to New York — his highest ambition, a voyage to the "great city." Into his father's home, in the

late forties, percolated a considerable assortment of life-insurance literature. The great mutual companies had recently started in Massachusetts and New York; and Hyde, as a child, spent many long winter evenings over the circulars and letters they scattered broadcast. What "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" are to most growing boys, were these crude advertising appeals to the youthful Hyde. In this enthusiasm the child received much encouragement and instruction from his old schoolmaster, one John C. Johnston, and from his father, Henry Hazen Hyde. For several years the three talked and thought of nothing else. Johnston finally abandoned his school and became an active agent for the Mutual Life. Henry Hazen Hyde followed his example. Both men met with such success that, in 1850, they determined on a wider field. Taking young Henry B. Hyde with them — he had just turned his sixteenth year — they started for New York. The departure of that trio from the village of Catskill marks an epoch in the history of American life-insurance. In a few years Henry Hazen Hyde became the most successful agent in the United States. He had that same fluency of speech, that same earnestness in persuasion, that same strength against discouragement which afterwards carried his son to such unparalleled success. He also originated many of the agency methods which Henry B. Hyde later on so effectively used. He ultimately built up a business at Boston that yielded him an income of $20,000. a year. Schoolmaster Johnston had an even more remarkable career. After spending several years in the service of the Mutual Life he went West and, in 1858, helped found a company which has since become the Northwestern Mutual of Milwaukee. Henry B. Hyde found no immediate opening in life-insurance, and, perforce, accepted an uncongenial clerkship in a mercantile house. In a year or two, however, he obtained, through his father's increasing influence, a minor position with the Mutual Life.

A "Proxy Election" in 1853

In properly estimating Hyde's career we must give due consideration to the moral atmosphere in which his apprenticeship was spent. The office of the Mutual Life, even as far back as the early fifties, could hardly be regarded as a training-school for high business ideals. Indeed, the recently deposed McCurdy-Winston dynasty first got its clutches on the Mutual in 1853; and thus enjoyed an unbroken succession of more than half a century. Young Hyde had hardly obtained his minor clerkship when the first great Mutual scandal upset the town. Organized as a mutual company in 1843, it maintained this character for less than ten years. In the early fifties one of its trustees, Frederick S. Winston, discovered that method of controlling mutual companies which now so generally prevails. Every Mutual policy-holder had a vote for trustees; and, in those early days, when the company was small, did pretty generally exercise this suffrage. Winston, who was shaky financially, decided to obtain proxies sufficient to secure his own election. To this end, he associated himself with Robert H. McCurdy and several other leading merchants in the dry-goods trade. They enlisted also as proxy collector, the services of John C. Johnston who had now become the leading Mutual Life agent in New York City, and closely identified himself with the Winston party in the board of trustees.

In three years Johnston collected a sufficient number of proxies to elect seven new Winston-McCurdy trustees; and, at a snap meeting held in 1853, Joseph B. Collins, the president, was deposed and Winston put in. The new management promptly voted $35,000. to Johnston — all under the guise of buying up an agency contract. For several years a bitter warfare existed among the trustees. In 1855 Joseph Blunt, the Mutual's counsel and a leading anti-Winston man, formally presented to the Board charges of mismanagement against the Winston régime. With the circumstances changed, and giving due consideration to the comparative smallness of the Mutual Life, there is a striking similarity to conditions recently revealed. Thus the Mutual's Board is now largely made up of financiers; and the recent investigation demonstrated the use of its money in Wall Street enterprises. In 1855, its Board was largely made up of dry-goods merchants; and then, according to Blunt, its funds were regularly used in the dry-goods trade. "Loans upon dry-goods paper," he declared, commonly figured among its assets. There was only one member of the finance committee, said Blunt, who had not borrowed from the company. Blunt also called attention to the "enormous

and rapidly increasing expenses of the company"; and also charged that the trustees and officers took commissions on policies. Blunt's accusations caused considerable commotion, and there was even talk of a legislative investigation. Unquestionably Henry B. Hyde was an interested spectator.

Through all these early years Hyde kept constantly at work at his great scheme — the organization of a new life-insurance company. He had rooms at Irving Place and Fifteenth Street; and here, every evening, after his work in the Mutual office, he entertained his incredulous friends with descriptions of his forthcoming enterprise. Among these early friends was Mr. James W. Alexander — the recently deposed president of the Equitable — then a junior at Princeton College. Hyde had already joined the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which young Alexander's father was the pastor, and had particularly displayed enthusiasm as a worker in the Y. M. C. A. He constantly buttonholed the influential members of Dr. Alexander's congregation in the interest of his proposed company. His propaganda was not unqualifiedly successful. His associates in the Mutual office ridiculed his enthusiasm; his older friends pointed out the difficulties in his way. The insurance law of 1853 required a capital stock of $100,000. in all new insurance companies.

How, Hyde's friends asked him, could a young man, without high social or financial influence, secure as large a sum as that? Hyde, however, had one supporter and one believer: his father, Henry Hazen Hyde, who frequently attended those preliminary conferences in his son's rooms and, in several substantial ways, assisted him in his enterprise.

Hyde Dismissed from the Mutual

Now Hyde sought encouragement in another source — the Mutual Life office itself. In those days the Mutual would write only $10,000. on a single life; and consequently its agents had to take many applications elsewhere. Why, thought Hyde, should not his new company get this excess business? So one cold March night in 1859, he called upon Frederick S. Winston at his home. His reception was not cordial. Winston, of course, had already learned of his scheme; and that any one, especially a Mutual employee, should contemplate founding a rival company he regarded as little less than an impertinence. He informed Hyde that he did not favor the scheme; and, that, moreover, any one even meditating such a plan could not retain his position with the Mutual Life. Hyde met this defiance in the proper spirit, and asked how soon his resignation could be accepted.

"You can call at the office Monday morning and deliver your keys and cash," replied Winston. "It will not take the actuaries long to examine your accounts."

And, with that, he shut the door on his presumptuous young cashier. That brief interview tremendously affected the history of American life-insurance. Forgiveness was not Henry B. Hyde's most striking characteristic; and the behavior of Frederick S. Winston, on this occasion, he never forgot. Winston himself little imagined how much humiliation and annoyance he had thus prepared for himself. Hyde had originally intended to work, in a measure at least, in coöperation with the Mutual; now he exerted all his energies to crushing it. For years he pursued Winston and his company; got millions of business that would naturally have gone to it; and, ultimately wrested from it its leadership in American life-insurance. The one striking fact in the life-insurance situation for the last fifty years has been the rivalry and hatred existing between these two companies. Even now a Mutual official bristles whenever the Equitable is mentioned; and to a loyal Equitable man the Mutual's name is still anathema. Winston, always ungenerous and unscrupulous, at once began his attacks. He even refused Hyde a letter of honorable dismissal; and went personally to the young man's backers in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, advising them to have nothing to do with young Hyde or his company. Hyde was organizing it, he declared, only for the purpose of selling out to the Mutual.

The Era of Competition Begins

Hyde returned the attack in kind. He called the succeeding Monday morning, delivered up his keys and cash and formally took his leave. Then he quietly rented a back room on the second floor of the very building in which the Mutual had its office! "It was a matter of sentiment with me," he frequently said, "to have my office directly over that of the Mutual Life." He borrowed a table and a few chairs; and placed a box of cigars on the mantelpiece, to

give an air of congeniality and comfort. Then he had painted a huge sign "The Equitable Life Assurance Society" in large white letters on a black background. He hung this directly over the Mutual's less conspicuous sign, making it appear almost ridiculous by contrast. In this one episode Hyde clearly revealed his own character and his future policy. Herein he displayed his abounding confidence in himself and his own destiny; he had no company, no money, no stock-holders, no charter, no legal right to the "Equitable's" name, which he thus bravely emblazoned. He had not even a single promise of support! His act in thus beginning business with no legal warrant is paralleled by numerous other happenings in his after career. Again he thus inaugurated that era of competition, always feverish and frequently unscrupulous, which has continued up to the present time and had such unfortunate consequences for the insured. Hyde, from the first, regarded the life-insurance field as his peculiar province. He started in to monopolize it; to wage war upon his rivals wherever they appeared. He regarded every company as a natural enemy; but above all, he selected the Mutual Life, because of its existing leadership, and because of his rough treatment in the early days, as his especial mark. Up to that time, the mildest competition had prevailed; but since that March morning in 1859, when Henry B. Hyde hung his Equitable sign directly over the Mutual's, life-insurance in this country has been an unremitting battle.

The episode illustrates another marked Hyde characteristic: his instinct for an advertisement. The onslaught of this unborn pygmy upon the Mutual giant was soon the talk of the town. Unquestionably it assisted Hyde in the important task in hand — the raising of that $100,000. capital stock. For several weeks Hyde canvassed influential New York. Few rich men successfully avoided his advances. He enlisted many supporters in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He corralled others by promising them important positions in his society. He offered to make Dr. Edward W. Lambert medical director, provided he raised $25,000. of capital stock; and to make Henry Day counsel, provided he raised a similar amount. He showed his shrewdness by providing for a Board of fifty-two directors. He thus secured support and influence in many directions; and also a large number of initial policy-holders. He insisted that all directors show their confidence by insuring their own lives — a wise precedent, which has not been generally followed. Hyde himself obtained, from other sources, a large amount of insurance. In company with Dr. Lambert, he solicited business from door to door. Hyde, obtaining a prospective client, at once turned him over to the doctor for examination. Thus, before they left the candidate's presence, they were prepared to issue the policy. New York, in those early days, was not accustomed to these rapid-fire methods, and Hyde and Lambert did not always receive respectful consideration. "We were never actually kicked out," said the doctor later, "but unquestionably there were times when discretion saved us." When the Equitable opened its doors on June 1, 1859, Hyde had nearly $500,000. of insurance on the books.

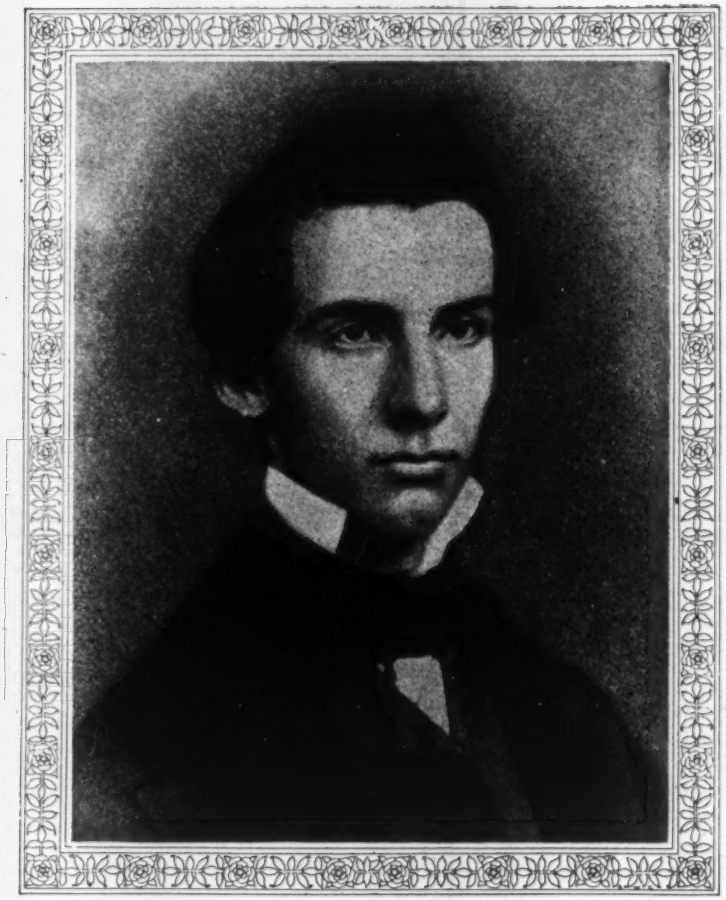
Hyde made every show of respectability. He started his institution, as we have seen, amid an ecclesiastical environment. He also took Mr. William C. Alexander, a professional and social star, brother of the Fifth Avenue pastor, as his president. He had at first intended the presidency for himself; but quickly recognized the business advantage of an older and more conservative man. He carefully selected one, however, whom he could control. He relegated himself to the apparently subordinate position of vice-president; but, from the first, kept the active management in his own hands. He calmly appropriated as his company's name that of the "Equitable Assurance Society of London," the most conspicuous in the world. He chiefly depended for public confidence, however, upon his assertion that the Equitable was a "purely mutual" company. He had capital stock indeed; and the majority of this capital stock has always controlled the society; but that capital stock was a requirement of the state law. In 1859 you couldn't organize a mutual company in New York State. No law has more adversely affected life-insurance history. It created, in a dozen years, some forty-one stock companies, all, like the Equitable, with at least $100,000. capital. Of these only eleven survived. Most of the others — the Continental, the Guardian, the Widows and

HENRY HAZEN HYDE

Father of Henry B. Hyde — generally recognized as the most successful life-insurance agent of his time. He died in 1873, the Mutual Life's general agent at Boston

Orphans, the North America, the Universal, the American Popular — fell into the hands of financial bucaneers who, in the seventies and early eighties, repeated in New York State all the old English scandals. Hyde overcame the difficulty, however, by the pretense of apportioning the earnings of the company not among the stock-holders, but the insured. At an early organization meeting he loudly denounced certain wicked shareholders who wished to obtain more than the legal rate of interest on their investment. They timidly suggested ten instead of seven per cent. "Gentlemen," declared Hyde, shaking with wrath, "I have made up my mind that this shall be a purely mutual company and if this provision, limiting the dividends on the capital to legal interest, is not put into the charter, I will take my hat and walk out of this room and shall have nothing further to do with the enterprise." He was at that time twenty-five years old; his shareholders represented much of the wealth and venerability of New York. The guilty ones, however, were silenced; and Hyde was given a free reign to inaugurate his philanthropy on the purely mutual basis. From the first, Hyde unblushingly insisted upon this point. He always officially declared that the Equitable was purely "mutual"; and kept carefully concealed from public view his capital stock. In the interests of economy and strict mutuality, he also fixed his president's salary at $1,500. a year. He placed his own at the same modest figure; but this, as we shall see, had an interesting string to it.

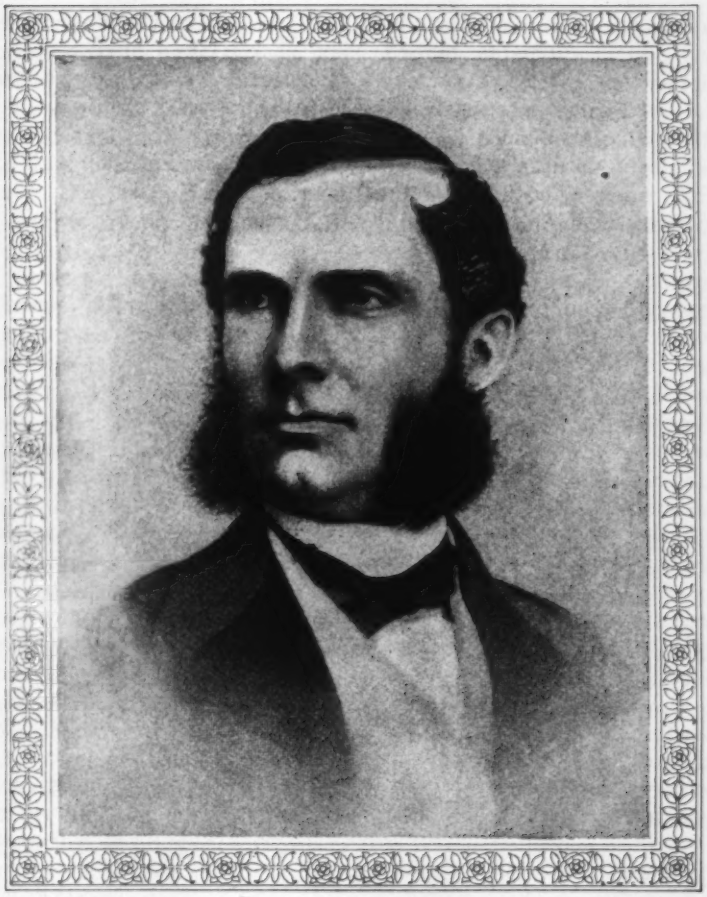
Hyde started the Equitable with a definite program in mind. Most life-insurance



HENRY B. HYDE AT 22

Cashier of the Mutual Life. At this time he first conceived the idea of founding "not the best, but the biggest life-insurance company in the world." He asked the coöperation of Frederick S. Winston, president of the Mutual, and was virtually discharged in consequence

companies were then making very leisurely progress. They didn't get more business, Hyde declared, simply because they did not go after it. They waited for it to come to them. They did not hunt it on the highways; did not pursue it in every office and at every hearth. The possibilities of an aggressive agency system, they little understood. Agents at that time hardly received enough to justify men in giving their undivided attention to the work. Many companies paid only five or ten per cent of the first premium. Hyde had a theory that, by increasing these commissions, he could attract more aggressive men. He thus proposed to build up a great corporation, with the hustling agent as the fulcrum. From the first, Hyde was never anything more than a great life-insurance agent; the greatest getter of new business the world has ever known. In the highest sense he was not a life-insurance man at all. Of its technicalities he knew little and cared less. We search his reports in vain for those enlightened discussions of life-insurance problems which illumine the papers of Jacob L. Greene and Amzi Dodd; his only thought was not how to improve conditions for his policy-holders, but how he might get more. He did not regard life-insurance primarily as a great coöperative scheme for relieving human distress; but as a business. To get this business he sacrificed everything: honesty, the interest of the insured, even at times the stability of his company. He boasted openly that his aim was not to make the Equitable the best insurance company but the largest.



HENRY B. HYDE, IN 1871

He developed the modern type of life-insurance agent, built up a great company by the wholesale forfeiture of policies, and introduced nearly all the innovations which have been largely responsible for the recent scandals

Evolution of the Modern Life-Insurance Agent

Thus, from the very first, he manifested the keenest interest in the agency department. The dry routine he left to others; the direct solicitation of new business he must supervise himself. He became the active leader of the Equitable's forces in the field. He started with only two agents and an office-boy; but, before the Civil War began, he had more than two hundred men actively at work. Nearly all of these he appointed himself. He showed the life-insurance plodder, for the first time, what generous treatment meant. He not only paid his men well, but showed consideration in other ways. He encouraged them to visit him; and never, even to the end, refused to see the humblest worker on his staff. He would frequently keep bank presidents cooling their heels in an outer office while he entertained a favorite "producer." He treated his successful solicitors with ten times the deference he showed his pompous trustees. "Directors are easy enough to get," he once informed his Board to its own face: "what I want are hustling agents." He had absolutely no dignity where they were concerned. Somewhat morose and distant with most men, with his active field force he was congeniality itself. A good application was usually rewarded with a hearty slap on the back; a large month's business was always recognized by a congratulatory telegram. He frequently entertained his men at dinner; and constantly corresponded with them.

All advertising matter, all pamphlets he supervised and usually prepared himself. He early adopted the practice of circularizing his force at regular intervals. His famous "hints" to agents, issued in 1865, is still a classic in life-insurance literature.

If you wish to trace the evolution of the modern life-insurance agent, you will find it in this little compendium. Hyde herein imagines every situation in which his agent might find himself, and furnishes precise instructions for meeting it. There is only one way to "get business," he declares; unwearied personal canvass. Make use of all your friends and associates. Get lists from your doctor of insurable people, and, if necessary, make it an inducement to him to smooth the way. Make your clergyman help you insure his flock; join literary societies and clubs — in order that you may insure the members. When you are in company note carefully all manifestly interested in the subject, and call upon them the succeeding day. Follow up every marriage and every funeral. What better wedding present than a life-insurance policy? What more persuasive argument than the death of a man uninsured? Detailed and separate instructions are given for canvassing tradesmen, professional men, merchants and every other social class. "You will find," said Hyde, thus forecasting the modern attitude of cynicism towards the policy-holder, "that nineteen men out of twenty will let you decide for them." Hyde pursued his own agents as unceasingly as he advised them to pursue the public. While his dignified competitors took things easy in their New York offices, he was whirling all over the United States, everywhere strengthening and inspiring the Equitable force. One week he dropped in on the Boston office; the next he appeared unexpectedly at Philadelphia; a few days later at Chicago. He was always ready to lend a helping hand; always at the beck and call of any agent handling a difficult "case." In such contingencies he would himself visit the prospective candidate — and almost invariably with success. In more tangible ways he encouraged his men. He early inaugurated the custom of offering prizes for unusually meritorious work. Gold watches, silver pitchers, and salvers exuded from the Equitable office even forty years ago. He made bets with his agents as to the amount of business they could, or could not do, in a certain time. He liked to pit one successful man against another. Hyde himself became the agents' ideal; his men fairly idolized him. He early gave the Equitable that reputation, which it enjoyed for many years, as the "agents company." "Here lies the friend of life-insurance agents," an Equitable after-dinner orator once proposed as a suitable epitaph for Henry B. Hyde.

JOHN C. JOHNSTON

Hyde's early schoolmaster and instructor in life-insurance. After serving for several years as the Mutual Life's New York agent, he went West and helped found the company which has since become the Northwestern Mutual of Milwaukee

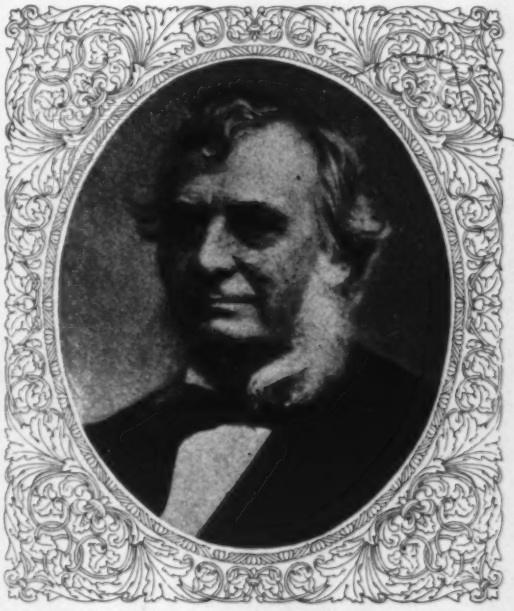
"Stealing Agents"

In the earliest days Hyde participated in that pleasing life-insurance practice now generally known as "stealing agents." He raided in particular the field forces of the Mutual and the New York Life. He pounced upon their shining lights wherever they appeared; and tempted them away

by unheard of commission rates. He had no fixed schedules; he paid precisely what, in the individual case, the circumstances justified. "I have no rule that I will not break" he frequently declared. A single episode illustrates his methods. In the early sixties, the New York Life's most successful agent was one A.W. Russell, of Boston. At that time commission rates ranged from fifteen to twenty-five per cent of the first premium; and about seven per cent on renewals. Hyde offered Russell fifty per cent of the first premium and ten per cent on renewals. Mr. Theodore M. Banta, in behalf of the New York Life, appealed to William Barnes, Superintendent of Insurance of New York State, for protection against such outrageous competition. Mr. Barnes sent for Hyde, warned him that such methods must end in bankruptcy, and virtually ordered him to keep his hands off Russell. Hyde stormed about the office, pounded the desk, and told the Superintendent that he should pay his agents whatever compensation he chose. "Suppose I should publish in to-morrow's *Tribune*," replied Mr. Barnes, "that the Equitable is doing business upon plans which I think disastrous?" Hyde still declared that he should manage the Equitable according to his own ideas. Mr. Banta then rushed up to Boston to lay the situation before Elizur Wright. Then Hyde capitulated. "While I was sitting on the piazza waiting for Mr. Wright," said Mr. Banta years afterwards, recalling the episode, "Mr. Hyde drove up, and said that he would drop the matter."* Though foiled in this particular case, Hyde succeeded in numerous others.

"Stealing agents" has since become an indispensable talent of a successful life manager; and one of the chief causes for the increase in the cost of life-insurance.

In five or six years the Equitable thus assembled what was unquestionably, judged by certain standards, the ablest agency force then at work. And its greatest and most successful agent was Henry Baldwin Hyde himself. He not only told his subordinates how to get the business; he showed, by his own example, how it could be done. He gave his days and nights to the society. He bustled into the office at an early hour. "How many new applications?" was always his first feverish inquiry. He spent the morning over his correspondence, usually with Equitable agents, in preparing circulars and advertising matter, and receiving callers. Casual droppers-in seldom got away from Hyde's office without signing applications for insurance, and usually leaving checks for the first premium. Hyde spent his afternoons and evenings personally soliciting insurance. He joined the ranks, and worked side by side with the humblest agent. In every citizen he saw a prospective policy-holder. He utilized all his business associates; he made every one insure with whom he or the society did business. He forced in his banker, his butcher, his barber, his tailor. He would stop strangers on Broadway and discourse on the advantages of an Equitable policy. "How well I remember," years afterwards said Luther R. Marsh, "when, on a blustering March morning in 1860 a gentleman, then unknown

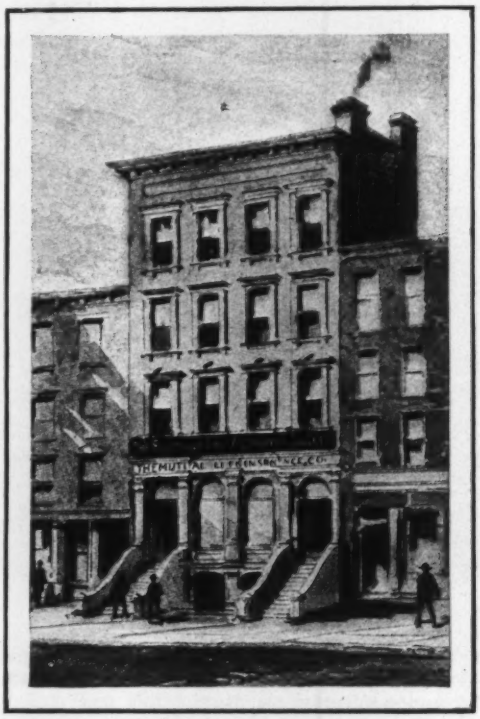


FREDERICK S. WINSTON

In 1853 he obtained, through the New York agency, a sufficient number of proxies to turn out Joseph B. Collins, president of the Mutual Life and elect himself. He maintained his control until his death in 1885

* Testimony of Theodore M. Banta before the Trustees of the Mutual Life, in the examination of charges against William H. Beers. (p. 344 et s ., manuscript.)

to me, came into my office and attempted to effect an insurance on my life. The visitor was one whose countenance was a letter of introduction and whose presence and manner commanded attention. I listened; my prejudice melted away; my arguments were answered; and the result was that a $10,000. policy was issued that afternoon. That visitor was Henry B. Hyde." Hyde met endless difficulties and discouragements. He could hardly have started his company at a more inopportune time; he had barely completed its organization when the Civil War began and hard times set in. Hyde, however, kept valiantly on. In the earlier years, when the force was small, he was not averse to performing clerical work. He would frequently stay down at night addressing envelopes. He always insisted that all this advertising matter should be mailed at night; he gained just that much time on his competitors. On one occasion, after the force had worked well past midnight, the supply of stamps suddenly gave out. Hyde jumped into a cab, routed the postmaster out of bed, compelled him to reopen the post-office and got his letters in before daybreak.



THE EQUITABLE'S FIRST OFFICE

The Mutual Life had its office on the first floor. Hyde rented a back room on the second, placed a box of cigars on the mantelpiece, and hung his sign "The Equitable Life Assurance Society" directly over that of the Mutual Life. At this time he had no company, no stock-holders, no charter — merely a name.

Hyde showed this unflagging enthusiasm until the end. On the subject of the Equitable he seemed, at times, almost insane. He worked the first twenty years without a vacation; and then, broken in health, toured the world. When he gazed at the Pyramids, he declared, he saw nothing but the new Equitable building; the Taj-Mahal did not compare, in his estimation, with the architecture of 120 Broadway. Ocean voyages were irksome because they destroyed his communications with the home office. His worst enemies never gainsaid his devotion to the Equitable. Midnight strollers on Broadway, even in the late years, frequently noticed a few solitary lighted windows on the third floor of the Equitable Building; and little dreamed the real meaning — that the president of the society, hours after his clerks and office-boys had gone home, kept continuously at work. At certain seasons of the year he slept in the Equitable Building almost as frequently as at home. On Fortieth Street, at an early date, he purchased two adjoining houses; one he used for his home, the other he converted into an Equitable office. Once John R. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan, hearing that Hyde was ill, called to express his sympathy; he found him surrounded by the doctors and nurses — and a stenographer on each side of his bed. He seldom made a railway journey unaccompanied by a clerical force; his breakfasts and lunches were constantly interspersed with dictation.

Hyde from the first, became the Equitable's unquestioned despot. He suffered no rival near the throne. He inspired awe and trembling among the entire staff. He kept the office in a constant uproar. His nervous system apparently interpenetrated the whole Equitable system. In energy, in enthusiasm, all were miniature Hydes. His very appearance largely explains the infection. He was a giant in frame and stature. His head made him a curiosity to the medical profession.

AN ASTONISHING COMPARISON

Hyde was the first of the life-insurance presidents to begin erecting large office buildings in various cities as "advertisements." The result of this policy has been the waste of millions. Hyde began the construction of the first Equitable Building, at Broadway and Cedar Street, in 1867, completing it in 1876. It was only the left wing, with a rear extension to Pine Street, of the present eight-story structure, seen in the lower picture. On the building, exclusive of the land, Hyde spent $3,200,000. Shown above, with the roof of the Equitable Building to the right, is the new Trinity Building, a twenty-one story sky-scraper. It has deep caisson foundations, twelve modern elevators, and is much more elaborately decorated than the first Equitable structure. With construction in New York, moreover, about twice as expensive now as it was in the seventies, this building was erected at a cost of $2,500,000.

He wore an eight-and-a-half hat! Occasionally his trustees, many of them the leaders in metropolitan finance, distrusted and would question his plans. Many the time he has stalked into his Board room, with practically every member of his Finance Committee against him. At the sight of that huge frame and that searching eye, however, their opposition immediately melted away. He never hesitated, on occasion, openly to defy them. "I would have you all to understand," he once informed a rebellious Board, "that any director who does not agree with my ideas has the privilege of resigning!" "You don't seem to realize," he once howled at a protesting trustee, stuffing his hands in his pockets and rising on his toes, "that you are talking to Henry B. Hyde!" He had a voice that penetrated the utmost recesses of the Equitable Building. He would frequently bellow his orders fifty or a hundred feet away from the person addressed. He was subject to fits of the most violent temper; and at times would fall upon a vice-president as quickly as an office-boy. He would rake James W. Alexander fore and aft; and scold Jordan, McIntyre, and his other leading lights, in the presence of strangers. Like most men of a harsh temper, he also had a vein of tenderness in his nature. He would take a sick clerk to his beautiful home at Bay Shore, Long Island, and there nurse him back to health.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS

President of the Mutual Life from 1849 to 1853 — an early victim of the proxy system of controlling mutual companies

He had the utmost pride and ambition for his family. He aspired to found a dynasty; and regarded the Equitable merely as a stepping-stone to his end. Early he began to pick up small blocks of stock. Hyde paid what his friends regarded as absurd prices for it. It netted only seven per cent as an investment; but Hyde early saw and utilized the unlimited possibilities its ownership gave in controlling the society. He proposed to make this ownership an appendage to the Hyde family. His earliest hopes all settled in his oldest boy, Henry Baldwin, Jr. The finest side of his nature is brought out in his associations with this invalid child. He called him "Caleb"; and made him his constant companion. In the child's last illness — he died, in his tenth year, of heart failure — Hyde would suffer no one to nurse him except himself; and even insisted on cooking all the little patient's food. Hyde's associates always declared that he was never the same man after the boy's death. As far as possible he transferred his affections and ambitions to his younger son, James Hazen. He even transferred the pet name, after his brother's death James Hazen was always known to his father as "Caleb." Hyde coddled and petted him; constantly held before his eyes the splendor of the Equitable; and taught him to regard the property as his own. And so when the younger Hyde ascended the throne he imitated, in every possible way, his father. He, too, became the dictator. He, too, would bawl his orders to his trembling satraps; and, at the slightest sign of revolt fly into paroxysms of weak rage. He treated James W. Alexander as a cumbersome inevitability. Mr. Alexander was the President; young Hyde proceeded to show who was Boss. Alexander issued orders; young Hyde countermanded them. Thus soon two Equitable factions arose. Herein again young Hyde manifested his inferiority to his

father. As long as Henry B. Hyde lived, there was only one leader, one party in the society.

How completely Hyde identified his family with the Equitable is shown by the fact that he erected a beautiful memorial window in the Equitable Building to his oldest son. In the Directors' room the most conspicuous paintings are those of himself and his father, Henry Hazen. The latter had only an incidental connection with the Equitable. He gave all his time to the Mutual Life; and died, in 1873, as its general agent in Boston. A less conspicuous picture is that of William C. Alexander, the Equitable's first president. In other more sordid ways, as we shall see, did Hyde thus identify his family with the society.

Hyde's "Extra Compensation"

Only such a man could have constructed one of the world's largest life-insurance companies out of nothing. From the first, however, Hyde met with unprecedented success. He wrote $100,000. the first day; by Christmas of 1859 he had scored his first million. He steadily increased his business, even during the hard times of the Civil War; and, at its close, had $27,000,000. to his credit. He had already demonstrated the success of his idea; had developed the modern type of life-insurance agent; had already passed by the sleepy Massachusetts companies; and was rapidly gaining on the Mutual Life. All this progress, of course, Hyde made at the expense of his policy-holders. Instead of piling up a surplus to pay "dividends," he drew upon it for agents' commissions on new business. In 1862 Hyde spent twenty-seven cents out of every dollar received, in expenses. The Equitable's charter required the distribution of surplus once in every five years. In this Hyde merely followed the established English practice. On January 1, 1865, therefore, he was called upon to pay his first "dividends." Much mystery exists concerning that distribution. In all probability Hyde did not have much surplus available for this purpose. In the New York State report for 1865, however, the Equitable reports a "dividend" distribution of $10,786.91, although lately it has put it at a much higher figure. Hyde paid another dividend that year; but made no official report of it. He allotted to himself, out of the surplus, $16,199.83. Those were the days of small things; but from the very first Hyde thus apparently safeguarded his own fortunes.

Hyde's salary in those years ranged from $1,500. to $5,000.; this extra sum was a pure gratuity. So far as can be learned, Hyde had absolutely no warrant to it. When the secret got out, some ten years afterwards, and Hyde, at the insurance investigation of 1877, was asked for an explanation, he declared that he had made a contract by which he was to receive two and one-half per cent of the surplus every year, in addition to his salary. When asked if the contract was a written one, he was forced to admit that it was not. "It was simply a verbal understanding," he finally declared. Hyde was the only officer who enjoyed this bonus; William C. Alexander, the president, continued to worry along at $1,500. a year. Its payment entirely wiped out the Equitable's surplus. "I may say truly," Hyde remarked afterwards, "that we divided among our policy-holders" (and the vice-president he did not add) "nearly all the surplus which had accumulated during the previous five years. We thus drained our coffers." The same year as for many years afterwards, the Insurance Report contains this statement: "The Equitable is purely mutual; all profits must be divided among the policy-holders." Hyde not only kept this annual percentage a secret, but deceived the insurance department concerning it. In 1867, for example, the Insurance Department propounded to the Equitable this question: "Do any of the officers of the company receive a commission or percentage on any of the business of the Company, or retiring allowances, annuities or any other remuneration besides a fixed and regular salary?" The query could not have been more specific. The Equitable replied: "No commissions paid to officers; they receive a specific sum, as per order of the Board of Directors at their regular meeting." That very year Hyde got a secret commission of $20,060.21. *

A $4,000,000. Equitable Building

In 1865, Hyde instituted the first great reform. He conceived the idea of investing the Equitable's assets in a striking structure which should house his own company, and outwardly demonstrate to the world its greatness and financial stability. In other words he discovered the advertising advantages of

*Insurance Investigation of 1877.

the modern office building. In this proposal Hyde again revealed that audacity which was the most striking part of his character. At that time the Equitable had only $1,500,000. of assets; the building then projected ultimately cost $4,000,000. Hyde proposed, in other words, not only to invest all his policy-holders' reserves in a most hazardous undertaking — but he had in his treasury only a fraction of its cost. He confidently depended upon his own energy to get the money when the bills came in. And he did. He began work on the first Equitable Building in 1867; he did not finish it until 1876. He constructed it upon a scale of extravagance that shocked and astounded the public, and gave rise to endless scandals. In response to frequent declarations that Hyde and others made money out of this building enterprise — as well as other criticism of management — the Insurance superintendent in 1877, made a special investigation. John A. McCall, then examiner in the Department, prepared the report. He said that he had carefully examined all expenditures, all purchases of material and labor accounts, and that while these "were large they were in accordance with law." The money expended indicates either dishonesty or the most reckless waste. This first Equitable structure was only the wing of the present building. It had a Broadway frontage of eighty-seven feet; a depth of two hundred and twenty; an extension on the rear to Pine Street, and was eight stories high. The building itself, exclusive of the land, cost $3,200,000.* In the early seventies, construction work in New York City cost just about half as much as now. The new Trinity Building, a twenty-one story marble sky-scraper, several times as large as Hyde's first Equitable office, and much more elaborately decorated, was recently put up at a total expenditure of $2,500,000. Commonplace and dingy as the first Equitable Building appears to-day, it was the architectural wonder of the age. It was as well known throughout the United States as is the Flatiron Building now. It brought the Equitable much notoriety and much advertisement; and also much reproach. "Hyde's folly" the irreverent christened it. This Equitable structure never paid. All Hyde's spare time, for the next ten years was spent in fruitless efforts to justify it. It pointed the way for other companies to extravagance and waste. The Equitable and other companies have invested millions in these buildings, in the United States and Europe — almost always at a loss. This policy has been an especially aggravated source of leakage. At the present moment, for example, the Equitable maintains fifteen large office structures. Up to last June it carried nine of these at a valuation of $26,000,000. All these, on that basis, earned less than three per cent.* In order to maintain solvency, the Equitable must earn three and three and a half on its assets. Superintendent Hendricks has recently marked off $5,000,000. from this real estate — that $5,000,000. just so much money lost to the insured.

*The total cost (see Insurance Investigation of 1877) was $4,000,000. Of this $700,000. or $800,000. is given as the cost of the land.

Mutual-Equitable War

All these evidences of energy alarmed the Mutual Life. Frederick S. Winston at last appreciated Hyde's ability. He now saw that he had let the ablest life-insurance man of his generation slip between his fingers. In seeking some way of checking the upstart, Winston finally hit upon the plan of paying annual cash dividends. In Massachusetts Elizur Wright had preached this system for several years; and public opinion demanded its extension. Herein Winston had Hyde at a distinct disadvantage. He had heaped up a goodly surplus from forfeiture policies and thus had a large fund from which to pay dividends. Hyde, after paying his 1865 "dividend" had practically no surplus at all. Moreover, as he was spending money so lavishly in his hunt for new business, he could not hope to pay satisfactory "dividends" for some years. In 1866, therefore, the Mutual, with a great flourish, announced that thereafter it would distribute its surplus annually. Hyde was equal to the emergency. He promptly declared that the Equitable would also pay annual "dividends." He was deterred not at all by the fact that he had no money in his treasury with which to pay them.

Moreover, there was another stumbling-block; his charter stipulated the division of surplus once in every five years, and thus impliedly prohibited the annual system. Hyde, however, proceeded to pay "dividends" out of an empty treasury and to violate his own charter in doing it. In the

*Superintendent Hendricks' report on the Equitable assets; Page 4.

annual "dividends" competition that ensued Hyde came off badly. He could not meet the Mutual's showing. The public regularly compared his "dividends" with the Mutual's and, as a result, more largely insured in the latter company. His own policy-holders became dissatisfied with his comparatively unfavorable record. Unquestionably, in these years, Hyde paid out "dividends" which he had never realized. In fact, this is a habit which he never outgrew. Recently Joel G. VanCise, the Equitable's actuary, testified that Hyde attempted to compel him to calculate dividends which had not been earned. Hyde's annual "dividend" system, if not a boon to his policy-holders, was at least one to himself; for he now got his percentage every year, instead of waiting quinquennial periods. In 1867 he paid himself a dividend of $20,060.21; in 1868 of $28,000.; and, in 1869, of $28,000. By this time, too, his regular salary had been raised to $7,500.; so that, for a small company less than ten years old, Hyde was doing fairly well. By this time, also, two others participated in the percentage combine. Thus James W. Alexander, who had become secretary in 1867, now received one-half of one per cent of each year's surplus. George W. Philips, the actuary, got the same. The venerable president, W. C. Alexander, still remained outside the breastworks.

The early seventies was the period of distress among the New York life-insurance companies. If we carefully study the causes that brought so many to destruction — the Globe, the Guardian, the Continental and the rest — we shall place the chief responsibility upon the methods pursued by the Equitable. Dishonesty in management somewhat explains the failures: but, above all, competition, reckless commissions to agents, enormous advertising expenses — on these rocks the larger number went down. At one time the New York Life, under the management of Pliny Freeman, was found insolvent;* and unquestionably in the latter sixties, Hyde's reckless purchase of new business had endangered the Equitable's position. Old insurance men will tell you that, in 1868, the Equitable was far from sound. We can gather no intelligible idea concerning its financial condition from its reports. According to the Massachusetts standard it had, in 1868, a surplus of only $258,000.; but, in order to make even this small showing, it included more than $300,000. of deferred and uncollected premiums. It is hardly worth while now to analyze the figures in detail. All companies at the time fixed up their statements practically as they pleased; and frequently made a pretense of solvency only by including assets that would now be generally excluded. Real estate valuations are an extremely flexible asset, then as now; only the other day Superintendent Hendricks reduced the Equitable's sworn statement by $15,000,000. These facts are clear: Hyde had been most lavish in his expenditures for new business; had appropriated outrageous gratuities for himself and inside friends; had strained his resources by paying out dividends which he had never earned; and thus found himself in a position that demanded immediate and drastic action. Had he been a conservative manager, he would have cut commission rates, and curbed extravagance in other lines. But that would have stopped the growth of his company; above all, interfered with his great ambition — the humiliation of the Mutual Life. He would thus have made a better showing for his insured; but that was never his first consideration. However, he could not go on indefinitely as he had started. The occasion called for a plan that would permit these enormous management expenses without alienating the public and without swamping his company.

How Hyde, in order to meet this situation and increase his own annual income, degraded the whole life-insurance system, reversed the very life-insurance idea, made the Equitable one of the world's greatest gambling institutions and largely induced the present demoralization, will be described in the succeeding article.

*Testimony of Theodore M. Banta, formerly actuary and now cashier of the New York Life-Insurance Company, before the Trustees in 1887 (Beers's investigation, page 349, manuscript copy). Banta, valuing on a four per cent basis, found a deficit in the reserves, and made th company solvent only by valuing at five per cent. It must not be assumed from this that the solvency of any of these companies is endangered now. In the sixties they did not have the enormous flexible surpluses which so amply protect them at present. Hyde's genius, as will apoear, consisted in his discovery of a method that permitted all kinds of extravagance without endangering his company's solvency.

THE HOME WIND

BY

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

HO! Wind of the wild morasses!
Oh, breath of the high hill-passes!
Your call is sweet in the city street
As the voice of a friend to me.
Come, speak to a fellow-rover!
What news from the fields of clover?
What tidings now from the mountain's brow
And the waves of the open sea?

Your tale of the woods deliver —
Of oars on a golden river;
Do the ripples lisp and the broad blades crisp
As they did in a younger day?
Is ever a bark with motion
Like ours on the breast of Ocean,
With a drumming sail and a low lee-rail
And a bow in a burst of spray?

Though ne'er in the days to follow
We tent in the wooded hollow
Nor grip the wheel as the slanted keel
Is bared by the dropping swell,
We'll dream that the foam is whiter,
The air of the hills is brighter,
The woods are green with a deeper sheen,
Because they were loved so well.

The flare of the maple now changes
The darks of the rough-backed ranges;
New camp-fires shine through the matted pine
And flame where the sea-weeds lie;
Old hearths that the heart remembers
Glow red with awakened embers,
For others reign in our lost domain —
The world of the wind-swept sky.

THE GENEROUS MR. DEAN

BY

ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS

"MY dear," Mrs. Dean began, "really" — it seemed a simple thing to be so difficult to say — "I must be getting a winter coat."

"To be sure." Mr. Dean remembered. He was a big, benevolent, genial-looking man.

"I looked at a few to-day," she added faintly.

"Yes?" His interest was very mild. He picked up the paper.

There was a pause. Mrs. Dean shifted uncomfortably in her chair. "Well?" she said at last.

"Well?" he repeated, looking over the paper at her inquiringly. "Oh, the cloak! why, of course, if you need one we must get it for you," indulgently.

"But you must understand it won't be a trifle," she persisted desperately.

"No?" he smiled. What a little wasp of a woman Maria was!

He might help her! He might at least give her a cue! "It means thirty or forty dollars," she blurted out.

"Ah!" Mr. Dean was grave himself now. He would have been equally grave had she said ten dollars or a hundred. If she had asked him to name a proper sum, he would have been completely at sea, but as soon as he heard an amount he knew it was exorbitant. He opened his paper, found the editorial page, folded it, laid it down. "Are you sure you can't find something for less?"

"There doesn't seem to be a thing that could possibly be made to do." She pondered anxiously, arguing it quite as much with herself as with him.

He read half a column. She stirred several times. Finally he lowered the paper decisively. "All right, I'll go with you," he agreed obligingly.

"W-e-l-l — " she did not sound eager.

Really Maria was getting more and more selfish! She didn't even want to share with him the pleasure of spending the money, not even when it was being spent for her.

However, she reminded him of his offer on three or four occasions before he had the time and the money simultaneously. Time and money! Is it because they are synonymous that one so seldom has them together?

The saleswoman was sure she had just what they wanted. Hadn't she waited on the lady when she was "only looking" not long ago? "It's such a good idea," she said, "for a lady to bring her husband along. Then he understands."

Oh, yes; she remembered perfectly the slow, particular, undecided shopper. She preferred to wait on men. They seldom left without buying. They seldom bargained. Almost always they took the highest-priced article.

Mr. Dean was often called the nicest man in town to deal with. (It was a moderate-sized country town.) To-day when the clerk said, "This one is only thirty-eight dollars and a half," he felt positively breathless for fear of losing the bargain. But when she said, "This one is sixty-nine; but just look at it!" he knew it concealed all sorts of rare virtues for the discerning.

There had been one at thirty-two that Mrs. Dean had felt would "do." It was gone, of course, in the interval, being a good purchase. But, "the one at thirty-eight does very nicely." Mrs. Dean recalled his attention to it.

"My dear," he instructed her patiently under the girl's approving eyes, "you will find it always pays to get the best."

"Yes, indeed," the girl rushed in, shifting her wad of tolu to the other side, "if only as a question of economy. This will wear longer, keep its shape longer, be in style longer."

"'My dear,' he instructed her patiently under the girl's approving eyes, 'you will find it always pays to get the best'"

"But don't you think the black will give me more service than the tan?" Mrs. Dean ventured.

"Now, my dear." Really it was hard to be patient with Maria; she was as wilful as a child! "We must get something nice while we're getting it. You have your old one for ordinary wear."

"Oh, no! the old one is quite — I've had it six years! And I'd rather have things less expensive and oftener new, and I wanted something nice for ordinary wear. It's the only wear I have! And I prefer black —— "

But the saleswoman was continuing her conversation undisturbed. "I find the gentlemen have so much more judgment about real economy than the ladies," she confided to the gentleman in question. "I suppose their being used to business and large affairs makes them broader-minded. They don't waste worry over a few dollars difference, when the difference in value is there. But you can't cheat them about *that*."

"But, my dear," Mrs. Dean pulled his coat-sleeve, "the difference *isn't* in the tan, and even thirty-eight dollars is higher than you wanted to go, and I must have shoes and gloves and a hat besides, remember."

Did the coat-sleeve shake off the fingers? Maria was so crude! "My dear young lady," Mr. Dean was saying, "you are remarkably observant of human nature for one so young."

"Oh!" the girl breathed and flushed startlingly. "You flatter me," she laughed nervously. The scarlet in her face ebbed and surged at intervals all through the completion of the sale, and Mrs. Dean thought her positively giggly.

"I find I haven't the amount of cash with me," Mr. Dean concluded largely. "Just charge it."

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Dean fluttered appealingly. She knew that "just charge it" of old. But Mr. Dean was taking a gracious and smiling departure.

"You flatter *yourself*," the girl commented mentally after his retreating back. "Anybody with only one eye and that glass could judge your human nature. Anybody but — what an idiot of a woman! She could have had the one trimmed with mink. She could have anything she wants if she just managed him right. My! If I had a man like that, I'd not buy a paper of pins without him along."

Mr. Dean, bowing once more in his courtly way, as he stepped into the elevator, saw the girl's face explode again into blushes and dimples before she buried it in the pile of garments. "Unusually clever and obliging young woman," he told his wife. "There's no mistaking *the lady*, whatever her position, and I believe in recognizing it in your manner. She saw readily enough the kind of people she had to deal with. I'll stop in at Reinert's and send her up a bunch of violets. ("Oh!" Mrs. Dean protested hastily, and as hastily swallowed the sound. She mustn't be mean, just when she was so royally treated.) "You will find a little token of appreciation like that will get you better attention for the alterations, and better service next time."

Mrs. Dean reflected that the next time was likely to be remote considering the cost of this one, the memory for such points that was sure to exist (with differences), in both her own and her husband's minds, and the immortality of the garment itself, according to the girl.

She trotted along beside her husband with an equally guilty sense of wealth and of want. The fear of seeming greedy, and of other things, kept her from reminding him again of the rest of her outfit. He walked with his chest up and his ruddy face alight. Mr. Dean usually looked as if he owned the world, as if it were a very nice world, and as if he would gladly give you half of it.

He was particularly benignant for days.

His wife came on him one morning shortly afterward, digging with both hands into the bureau drawers, and tossing a variety of garments into the lap of a drawn, desiccated young hag, who, sitting on the floor near by, watched him with sharp eyes.

"Why, my dear!" she expostulated. "The children's flannels? They have just gone into them. They need them."

The woman scrambled to her feet, tripping in her torn skirt. Her eyes were hard now, as well as sharp.

Mr. Dean straightened up and looked at his wife with gentle reproach. "My dear Maria, you are impulsive, but your second thought is always generous. If you will just recall how unusually severe last winter was, and that this summer has been the worst drought in years, and that now comes the fall unseasonably early and cold, your natural womanliness will assert itself." The woman had rolled up her gleanings and was backing toward the door, her eyes glancing from one to the other. "Good-by, my dear child." He bowed her out. Mr. Dean would no more show derogation or familiarity than permit it. To every one without exception his manner had a "grand bloom of politeness." "Good-by, and better luck." She threw one enigmatic gleam from her eyes at the mistress of the house, and slipped out.

"I declare," Mrs. Johnson said — Mrs. Johnson had come in with Mrs. Dean and stood back of her — "Mr. Dean hasn't a mean impulse in his nature, has he Maria? It seems to make Mr. Dean so happy to make other people so!"

Mr. Dean came forward to greet her. He had neglected his duties as host in his duties as patron. He shone down on her like a full moon. "The wife of the tenant of Mrs. Dean's country place," he explained. "She has five babies, and I'm afraid, poor child, the husband is shiftless. A most worthy case, Mrs. Johnson. The girl is exceptionally sensitive to whatever little kindness I have been able to show her. Get Mrs. Johnson some of that fresh peach shrub, Maria. Have you shown Mrs. Johnson your new wrap?"

"Oh, have you a new wrap, Maria?" Mrs. Johnson cried.

A cloud passed over the moon.

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Dean answered hastily to both. "I hadn't spoken of it — I was going to show it to you this morning as a surprise." She looked apprehensively at her husband, and hurried the garment on display.

She showed the lining and the pockets. She turned slowly round and round, wearing it, while Mr. Dean called attention to the material, the cut, the fit, and, under Mrs. Johnson's little shrieks of appreciation, expanded and reddened into full glory.

"Oh, there were handsomer ones," he deprecated modestly, "but I did want it to be the best I could possibly afford for the little woman. She thought she must have black, but there's no sense in her getting old so young." He reached out and drew her, coat and all, within his arm, against his swelling heart. "It couldn't be too nice for her, eh, Mrs. Johnson?"

Turning back Mrs. Dean encountered her husband's radiant presence and glowing voice. "Charming woman, Mrs. Johnson," he observed casually. "A woman of excellent taste and judgment. Her opinion is really worth something. I'm glad you have her for a friend, Maria."

Maria would have her for a friend no longer!

"'Good-by, my dear child'"

Mrs. Dean blushed, slipped from him, fled into the closet.

He smiled confidentially at the caller. "Shy as a girl, but, bless you, she likes it just the same! So why shouldn't a man humor her?"

"Surely. 'Our praises are our wages,' you know." Mrs. Johnson and Shakspere agreed with him.

When she was leaving, Mrs. Johnson paused at the door alone with Mrs. Dean. "Isn't he the best man, Maria?" she said warmly. "And so good to you, and so fond of you."

She was touched by the testimony of instant tears that sprang to Mrs. Dean's eyes before she could look away.

She went back into the room, and, in rearranging the disordered bureau drawers, she sorted and counted the children's clothes. As she sat on the floor after finishing the bottom drawer, she looked about as desiccated as the other woman.

She sat a long time thinking.

At last she got up and went to the trunk where, under lock, she kept her dearest treasures. She took out a dress-length of black silk, rolled on a broom handle and wrapped in an old sheet. She had bought it herself in the summer just over with a little hoard of her own that had been of long accumulation. She had dreamed of that dress for five years. It was a distinct luxury, not like shelter or food or mere clothes, such as

she had a right to expect from Mr. Dean. But it had seemed probable he could help her have it made up this fall. The rent for the little farm was due this month. There were only fifty acres to be sure, but it was rich, level land, and helped the income considerably; although, she reflected in a passing mental aside, she wouldn't be surprised if the present tenant actually damaged the ground with his bad methods.

The place itself was one of her husband's gifts to her. It had come into his possession by inheritance. And on one of their early anniversaries he had had her give a little dinner party, and had surprised her with a toast and a present of the deed transferring the property to her name. That dinner! It was one of the most vivid memories of her life. How sweet Mr. Dean had been, and winning! How proudly pleased with his munificence, how shiningly embarrassed by her delight! It was such a pretty thing for him to do!

Next day he had brought her to sign a power of attorney in his favor. He could save her so much trouble, he said.

And thereafter he continued to manage the place without consulting her, and to collect the revenues himself just as before.

He always spoke of it largely as "Mrs. Dean's country place." She said, "the little farm."

She could always get money from him when he had it, that is, if she got to him while he still had it. Usually she could tell when he had some extra sum by his beaming lavishness; he would bring her a set of patent pie-pans, a stuffed-stocking pin-cushion à la ballet-girl, a crimson-feather fan. With his regular sources of income and outlay, she was familiar. She knew there was no use going to him now. Besides she felt unequal to any more favors just then. If the bill for her wrap came before rent-day, there would be no money to pay it. What Mr. Dean had had for that purpose the day of the purchase was sure to be long gone. There would be no money to pay it, and, consequently, she would pay it in a dozen subtle but costly ways that would not, after all, get it receipted. If it came after rent-day, the chances were even worse. Perhaps, if she was watchful, she could manage to provide for everything the day of payment. But the children's consecrated flannels could not wait at all to be replaced. And to get credit on her habitual insecurity Mrs. Dean had long abandoned as both immoral and uncomfortable. It did not even occur to her now.

She sat on the edge of the trunk looking down at her silk dress. They would take it back, of course, if she put herself to the humiliation of asking. Life was only a choice of humiliations anyway. She could exchange it for the children's underwear and for a cheap, brown wool to wear with her cloak. She hated brown! It made her look all one color. She hated cheap things! Of course, they didn't pay. That cloak! Suppose it should last as long as guaranteed! And yet, oh, dear! suppose it shouldn't! Her old toque would have to do. New shoes and gloves? She must go without somehow. The silk dress. . . .

A tear splashed down in her lap, and frightened her at its possible damage.

She got up decisively and went on her errand, dry-eyed, face and voice only a little sharper than usual, manner only a little jerkier.

In the imperative interests of the coat, and the hopeful interests of the rest of the suit, Mrs. Dean watched for rent-day.

At last, one morning, she stepped into the library to find the tenant's wife there with Mr. Dean.

The woman had her sharp eyes on the door when Mrs. Dean opened it. She started sidewise toward it at once. "Well, thank you kindly, sir, I won't trouble you to-day; I'll come again —— "

"No, no," Mrs. Dean stopped her. Mrs. Dean wouldn't have interrupted for anything. "Finish your business." She retreated hurriedly, and waited.

In a little while she saw the woman come quickly out the side door, run down to a litter of small children waiting for her at the gate, catch the youngest to her shoulder, and, with a toss of her head and her eye toward the house, set off.

Her mind full of her opportunity, Mrs. Dean went in directly.

Her husband did not turn. The money was already out of sight. There was nothing to help her make the connection.

"Well?" she inquired and waited a moment. Then she went straight at him like an exasperated bee. "If you will give me the money for that coat, my dear, I'll settle the bill this afternoon. And if you'll give me ten or fifteen dollars more, I'll get some other things that I *must* have."

" Mr. Dean called attention to the material, the cut, the fit, and, under Mrs. Johnson's little shrieks of appreciation, expanded and reddened into full glory,"

He turned now, his face convulsed, his eyes streaming. "Oh, my dear Maria, how can you think of our small wants and lacks at such a time? A most pathetic case. All those children, and the season! And nothing to pay the rent with except the potatoes on which they are entirely dependent for food for the winter." He was stiffening, unconsciously, to match his wife. "I receipted their lease for last year and next," he said distinctly. "And," with a burst of the radiance of good-will and good-conscience, "I bought you, my dear, three barrels of the potatoes."

"For cash?" demanded Mrs. Dean. "Where did you get it?"

"For cash," he repeated happily. "It was the last of what was left from our shopping, you remember. They are unusually fine second-crop potatoes considering the bad season, Maria. You will be glad for them, I know."

Mrs. Dean simply stood and looked at him.

When he no longer could fail or assume to fail to see the lightning in her silence, an abrupt thunder-storm swept his own face. "Don't look at me like that, Maria!" He stood up, towering over her.

The little woman shrank back.

He softened at once. "I don't like to reprove you, my dear," he said magnanimously "but there are times when you try even my affection. You are not as admirable a woman as you were when I married you. You have let yourself harden for so long that you have lost all consideration of the nobility and joy of self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness. You do nothing for anybody but your own. You have not only lost all idea of generosity, but of gratitude. You seem already to have forgotten everything about that handsome wrap I got you, everything, that is, except getting the money for it into your own hands. You've hardened even towards me. Don't fancy I haven't seen it. It has reached the point where I have to go to others for sympathy, where every one else appreciates your husband better than you. Why, even that poor child, naturally uncouth and further brutalized by her life, understands me as you do not. Intrinsically she's a noble woman. I never saw a nature more loyal, devoted, grateful, in return for a little kindness. She would do anything for me! She thinks the world of me!" His serenity, his affability were quite restored.

What did Mrs. Dean say? Say? She had lived with him twenty years already, remember.

Besides, in a way, everything he said was true.

Say? Every man has a mental attitude towards himself which is as the very refraction of his eye, the very grain of his mind. Is the Hottentot dissimulating when he looks blank at the Englishman's talk of virtue? From one standpoint it would seem that a man was, of all persons, the best one to see himself. But, unfortunately, the ability to project the astral body is rare. Few men can get away from themselves to look.

Mr. Dean's philanthropy got out through

"'Don't look at me like that, Maria!'"

He sees himself through himself. The weakness of the pulpit appeal to the "sinner" (to "repent"), lies in the fact that men do not feel themselves sinners (until they are already beginning to repent). From the burglar to the "sharp" business man, each has his fine distinctions by which he is satisfied of the honorableness of *his* trade. It is not to be called self-justification, for that implies admission of the need of self-justification. And so far from apologizing, he usually boasts. Often he is even farther from it than that: he is so satisfied as to be utterly oblivious of either question or explanation. In most cases the charge of hypocrisy is the imputation of the superficial observer. Is the crocodile stifling his conscience when he snaps up a man?

all the small and event-starved community, though surely Mrs. Dean could not have descended, nor the tenant's have ascended, to publish it. The minister, in a sermon on the widow's mite, approved Mr. Dean in allusions very thinly veiled. The local daily paper had a vague laudatory editorial that everybody understood. Mr. Dean himself had the air of a man who, having given away his 6 x 3 feet of earth, had inherited heaven. The tenant and his wife celebrated, in secret, with a jug of whisky distilled, by a subtle process, from three barrels of potatoes, through Mr. Dean's pockets. They were invisible for several days. In the meantime, Mrs. Dean had dismissed her maid-of-all-work.

THE MORALS OF MAMMON

SOME REVOLUTIONARY VIEWS OF COL. LUMPKIN

BY

JOHN McAULEY PALMER

AUTHOR OF "COL. LUMPKIN'S CAMPAIGN," "MARTYRDOM A LA MODE," ETC.

WITH A REPRODUCTION OF G. F. WATTS' PAINTING "MAMMON"

WOULDN'T it be fair to say that capital seeks the just or equitable profit?" asked Mr. Barlow.

"Well hardly," said Colonel Lumpkin, assuming his most judicial tone. "I have tested that theory experimentally, Mr. Barlow, and it resulted in my retirement from twenty-three boards of directors. I tried to apply that principle in good faith, but it simply made me *persona non grata*."

"From your experience in the matter, what profit does capital seek?" I asked, for the Colonel had paused and I felt instinctively that he was waiting for the question.

"All it can get," answered the Colonel.

"In other words," said Alderman Plunkett, "it would appear that Mammon is concerned rather with quantity than with quality."

"Exactly," said Colonel Lumpkin. "But much of our popular literature, many of our most respectable editorials, nearly all of our post-prandial eloquence and, indeed, the ordinary language of respectable people is saturated with the amiable theory, that, in the long run, Mammon seeks the fair profit, or the just profit, or the reasonable profit, or the benevolent profit, or the patriotic profit. We are even asked to believe that he maintains expensive lobbies and elaborate organizations in order to promote the people's profit, or the laboring man's profit and, in fact, everybody's profit except his own profit. Now, all this is very pretty and very edifying and very soothing, but it is absolutely unscientific and therefore not fit for serious consideration. We have gained not a little progress in the science of human society, when we have learned to say 'bosh' to such amiable humbugs whenever we meet them."

"I must protest against such a heartless doctrine," cried Barlow excitedly. "I cannot think so ill of human nature. I will not believe that capital is merely a blind agency of greed and selfishness. There must be some factor of benevolence in the law that controls it.

"The business world is restrained by an elaborate code of laws. In respecting them, it seems to me, capital respects moral considerations."

"True," answered Colonel Lumpkin, "but these moral restrictions have never been originated by Mammon. They are imposed upon him by the public conscience, and are respected by him only so far as they carry with them sufficient penalties. Mammon's substitute for a conscience is a certain sense of caution. If the policy which otherwise might bring the maximum profit is inconveniently burdened with penalties, it simply ceases to be the path of maximum profit for the time being, and Mammon diverts his activities into less lucrative but safer channels. I do not say that every captain of industry will take iniquitous profits; but so long as one can be found who will take them, you cannot maintain your automatic theory of automatic business virtue. When an agent of capital rejects a safe profit because it is not just, he merely abandons the opportunity to some less scrupulous and, therefore, more efficient agent."

"That is a tolerably sweeping proposition, Colonel Lumpkin," I suggested.

Crassus, of the Roman Senate, Operator in "Numidian Common" and "Circassian Preferred"

"It is indeed," said Colonel Lumpkin, "and to develop the point we might take an historical instance. From the dawn of history, and until quite recently, the slave trade has been one of the safest and most profitable commercial interests. It was a highly respectable interest, too. The incorruptible Cato derived large revenues from it, and was as highly praised, among his contemporaries, for the skilful husbandry of his human breeding farms as he was for his political virtues. Senator Crassus, the Chairman of the Steering Committee of the Roman Senate was a famous captain of industry in slaves, and operated in 'Numidian common' and 'Circassian preferred' as a modern statesman might operate in gas or sugar. Only a few generations ago, the carrying trade in slaves was one of the most respectable commercial interests protected by the British flag, so important indeed that a war with Spain was necessary, in order to protect its sacred *vested rights*. And yet, upon mere moral grounds this valuable commerce has disappeared from the sea. And why? Was it because the worshipful shareholders of the African Company were no longer willing to soil their hands with fat dividends from such a source? Was it because the directors who controlled its operations experienced a quickening sense of its baseness? No. It languished because it gradually came to be condemned by the public conscience. It perished because it could not endure under an enlightened publicity. Capital withdrew from it, not because it was wrong, but because under the penalties imposed it ceased to pay. This is always the moral attitude of Mammon. He obeys many moral laws, but he obeys them like a galley slave, because he must. Reform always comes from the outside. You will search history in vain for a single instance of a selfish interest that was ever reformed by its friends."

"But what is this public conscience? Where is it to be found?" asked Comegys.

"When it first appears," continued the Colonel, "it is generally regarded as an impertinent busybody. It is usually not represented on boards of directors. It has no voting rights and, of course, it doesn't draw dividends. As a general rule, indeed, it doesn't even have a standing in the courts. Mammon is unable to see that it has any interest in the matter at all and very naturally treats its protests with contempt. But in spite of his contempt it gradually legislates for him, and in due time impresses upon him an air of respectability which he learns to wear without the slightest discomfort. Indeed, he usually becomes quite proud of his acquired morality, and is often disposed to boast that he evolved it himself.

The Difference Between Private Morals and Public Morals

"It might be well here," said Colonel Lumpkin, "to point out that most captains of industry recognize two kinds of morals—private morals and public morals. The expediency of private morals is recognized by the most efficient profit getters. The code is based on the proposition that honesty is the best policy, and extends only so far as that generous ethical dictum can be profitably applied. This code inculcates the principle that even Napoleons of finance should generally tell the truth to each other, and is justified by the fact that business credit is a valuable institution and demands a certain amount of practical veracity. There is nothing sentimental about this doctrine. It is based on purely intellectual considerations and claims recognition because it pays.

"If Senator Shark and I should enter into a promoting contract, we would not think of swindling each other, our enlightened business instincts would condemn such a policy as amateurish and unprofitable. Aside from the fact that each party respects the other's powers of reprisal, we both know that the maximum profit in the enterprise is to be secured by robbing the general public, and that the fullest success in that operation demands a loyal and brotherly community of interest between us."

"But suppose your object is contrary to the public interest," suggested Whittaker.

"Oh, that comes under the other code," said Colonel Lumpkin, "the code of public morals, and therefore it does not appeal to the Senator and me. We do not hold our exalted positions in the financial world on account of our sensitiveness in that direction. Of course, we call in our expert on legal evasion whom we ironically call our lawyer, and if that resourceful gentleman can insure us against the penalties of the statute, we

have met all of our obligations in the matter."

"There you go again," cried Barlow indignantly. "I don't think it's fair to deny every trace of decency or benevolence to the captain of industry."

"I don't deny them," said Colonel Lumpkin. "He may decorate himself with the most noble virtues, so long as he doesn't permit them to interfere with his proper function of conveying capital to the maximum profit. Of course I would not have you believe that the great profit getter is entirely indifferent to the value of a pious and benevolent reputation. No one knows better than he that a good name is better than precious ointment. He is too good a judge of values to ignore such a desirable private asset. But he is not disposed to run a good thing into the ground. Piety in business is an excellent staff, but a devilish sorry crutch, and prudent men keep it with their Sunday clothes where it acquires a respectable Sabbath-day odor of sanctity — and moth-balls.

"In calculating what a man 'stands for,'" continued the Colonel, "you must consider his week-day occupations and not merely his Sabbath-day devotions or diversions. You must consider how he gets his dollars and not how he disburses his dimes. If he builds his fortune on fraud and chicanery, on stolen franchises, and padded balance sheets, on unfair rebates, and rotten lobbies, it is quite immaterial whether his private hobby be Sunday-schools or draw poker. Indeed, when he gets drunk and paints the town red, like an honest knave, we feel a certain humorous sympathy for him that dries up entirely when we see him on his knees before the deified egoism that he mistakes for God."

"But can't a man be a great promoter and exploiter and still be a good citizen?" asked Barlow.

"He can," answered Colonel Lumpkin, "but it isn't necessary. We are talking about the essential functions of profit conveyors, and not about accidents of taste or ornamentation."

"The point is this, Barlow," said Judge Docket interrupting. "*You* may be too scrupulous to float my little conspiracy against the public weal, but that doesn't close the deal. You simply don't fit into this particular pipe-line — but some other capitalist will. His morals and not yours must, therefore, measure the ethics of the guild."

No Man Without Sand Speaks of Conscience and Little Moral Blow-holes

"But still," continued Colonel Lumpkin, "this introduction of the individual, with his eddies and whirls of moral friction, has always had a retarding effect on the development of money making as an exact science. There are only a few very great men in any generation who are able absolutely to divorce their intellects from their souls. No ordinary man is perfectly free from little sand specks of conscience and little moral blow-holes. So long as mere men had to be used as conductors of capital, there were inevitable factors of waste in the noble quest for the maximum profit. But human ingenuity cannot long tolerate the imperfect handiwork of Nature, and, in this case, it has finally constructed an artificial or composite man of business, built up of scores of human aptitudes, intellects, and greeds, and free from the slightest grit of human conscience. This marvelous machine or 'artificial person,' as it is very aptly named in law, we call the corporation."

"They sometimes call it soulless corporation, do they not?" asked Comegys. "What do you think of that name?"

"As frequently happens," said Colonel Lumpkin, "the popular name is not only picturesque, but scientifically exact. The corporation is an efficient machine, and it is an efficient machine because it is soulless."

"But even admitting its aim to be unmoral," said Comegys, "I cannot see how you overlook the influence of the thousands of good men who must necessarily do their part under the corporate organization."

"Their liability is limited in that respect," said Colonel Lumpkin. "They are not employed for that purpose. Concerted action is efficient in so far as it eliminates every individual trait that does not contribute to securing the object in view. Of course, the efficiency of the corporation is based on several factors. It stands for organization, for the harmonious co-operation of many minds and many talents toward one end. It is an immortal creature, and not restricted to a fitful activity of three score years and ten. But its main adaptability to Mammon's problem of securing the maximum profit lies in the fact that it eliminates the human conscience with its impertinent and squeamish preference for what is merely fair and just. The corporation measures men by results.

It rates its human agents as it rates its engines and cars, by their bearing on the problem of profits. It does not concern itself with the ethical quality of the measures that lead to success. It employs the right man in the right place to overcome each particular obstacle to the maximum profit. The man of science who perfects its technical method is no more essential than that other expert who undermines the just restraints of law and public virtue. But its highest utility as an agent of capital lies in the fact that it enables reputable people to participate in the profits of disreputable business enterprises without disturbing their moral complacency.

Dividend Checks Don't Record all the Facts

"When you receive your quarterly check from the Consolidated Traction Company, it is so clean and crisp, and so prettily engraved that you never think of the iniquities it stands for. It does not bear an itemized statement of your share in the profits of corrupting the government of your native city. It does not specify the amount of your investment in the dishonor of aldermen and legislators. It does not remind you of your responsibility for the fanciful document that the company swears to as its balance sheet. It does not bring to your mind the misery and filth of the crowded slums that must continue to exist because your dividend requires the perpetuation of five-cent fares. It does not tell you of the illiterate gamins who are crowded out of school because your directors have *understated* to the Tax Commissioners by just as much as they have *overstated* to the Railroad Commissioners. These, and many other essential factors of maximum profit are considerately kept from your delicate sensibility; and so, when your check is cashed, you can indulge your benevolent instincts by making a little contribution for the conversion of the Senegambians, and another to provide hymn-books for the dear little Hottentots."

"But what are we to do?" asked Comegys, "isn't it interfering with the laws of Nature to attempt to regulate capital?"

"And isn't that a dangerous thing to do?"

Nature Won't Die of the Sulks if She Doesn't Get Her Own Way

"Not necessarily," said Colonel Lumpkin. "It all depends on whether your interference be judicious or otherwise. Civilization is the result of judicious interferences with Nature. Science tells us that the first man was a discontented ape who tried to improve and change things. If he had been a conservative like his father we would still be hanging by our tails in some tropical jungle, with no higher industrial problem than the cracking of cocoanuts. All of our arts and sciences result from the warfare of man against Nature. Our wealth itself is the spoils of countless victories won by men who were not willing to stand pat. Because we find a natural cause for an evil is no reason for submitting to it. It is our duty to mend the evil and let Nature make the best of it. She won't die of the sulks because she can't have her own way in every little thing.

"For example," continued Colonel Lumpkin, "it was Nature's decree that the creek on my farm should flood my corn-field every spring. Nature's arrangement of this matter didn't exactly suit me, and so I built a levee and compelled the stream to keep within its banks. That was a judicious interference with Nature and she didn't resent it. But if I should try to keep the creek from running at all, she would resent that interference as injudicious, and she wouldn't stand it."

"That's so," said Comegys, "I am beginning to see the point."

A Pig, Though Profitable, Does Not Need to Stay in the Parlor

"And while we are talking about my farm," continued Colonel Lumpkin, "I might say that I regard my hogs as my most profitable live stock, but for all that I do not find it necessary to keep my pig in my parlor. It is natural for my shoats to root up the sod in my pasture, but it isn't necessary, and so I put rings in their noses. I find that my porkers make very satisfactory bacon from corn-meal and clover, and so I don't find it necessary to give them the freedom of the strawberry patch. Of course, Comegys, if my prize Poland-China boar, Plutus, number 117, could state his economic views, he would probably tell me that in all these things I am violating the sacred principle of *laissez faire*. He would insist in the strongest terms that the barbed-wire fence between his pen and the garden is a serious obstruction to porcine enterprise. And he would be right, too, from a purely porcine point of view. But his reasoning would be wrong

because the porcine view-point is not the correct one. As a matter of fact I am not keeping my farm for the benefit of my pigs. I am keeping my pigs for the benefit of my farm."

"Then the quest of the maximum profit is not the final aim of society after all?" asked Comegys.

"By no means," said Colonel Lumpkin. "It is merely the law of business. Society has a number of interests that cannot be measured in commercial arithmetic. Indeed, if you come to think of it, the problem of good government is quite essentially different from the problem of Mammon. It is as essentially generous and altruistic as the problem of Mammon is selfish and brutal."

Use, in a Government, for Lincolns and Washingtons

"But how is good government to be obtained?" asked Whittaker.

"I have always understood," exclaimed Barlow, "that it can be most certainly secured by having the business man in politics. Isn't that right, Colonel Lumpkin?"

"Yes, Barlow," answered the Colonel. "That is true within certain limits. He is all right provided his commercial instincts are not too highly developed. His talents for order and industry and despatch are very valuable qualities. But if he is an absolutely frictionless profit conveyor, it is better not to waste his commercial efficiency in the public service. Indeed, he can generally serve society better by keeping him — "

"Inside of the barbed-wire fence," suggested Whittaker.

"That is not exactly what I intended to say, Mr. Whittaker," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "But it will serve the purpose. Your Napoleon of finance may imagine that he wants good government, but as he expects any particular government to be amenable in so far as his little franchise, or land grant, or subsidy, or tariff schedule is concerned, the concerted influence of his class must necessarily be oblique. Good government from his point of view is frequently an impertinent obstacle to getting the maximum profit, and therefore political corruption is an integral part of his business system. Government of interests, by interests, and for interests is a very different proposition from government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Of course, every wise state will encourage the investment and security of capital; but no policy with reference to capital can be sound that does not bear in mind the political unscrupulousness of the agents of Mammon. Indeed, the solution of the problem of good government requires the constant exercise of those very moral qualities that corporate ingenuity has been at such pains to eliminate.

"Of course, our Jay Goulds and Commodore Vanderbilts are exceedingly valuable members of society. But even their genius is not so universal but that we may find occasional employment for a Washington or a Lincoln. And, let me assure you that these types are not absolutely interchangeable. If you are seeking a great soul to guide you through a national crisis, or to uplift you in noble self-sacrifice, it is barely possible that you may be disappointed in Jay or the Commodore. While, on the other hand, if you are seeking all that the traffic will bear, it is possible that you might overlook some very comfortable dividends by relying too much upon George or Abraham."

"But it has been shown by one of our most popular orators," said Judge Docket, "that Shakspere frittered away his genius on Hamlets and King Lears because he had the misfortune to live before the days of promoting and stock-jobbing, and that if born a few centuries earlier even such great men as Mr. Gates and Mr. Schwab might have been restricted to writing epics or preaching crusades."

"There is something in that view," said Colonel Lumpkin, "but we must not push it too far. I have always contended that 'Paradise Lost' and the balance sheet of a Trust are both works of imagination; but I have never proposed to interpret them by exactly the same standards of criticism."

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MAMMON

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE LATE GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R. A.

THE STILL OF BALLYWAN

BY

STELLA F. WYNNE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

FATHER O'TOOL smiled to himself — not the smile of amusement, but the smile of meditation — that smile which seems to be simply the outward expression of an inner contentment.

And, indeed, the good Father O'Tool had cause for contentment. The potato crop had been good; the poor of his parish were less near to starvation this year than any other since he could remember; the squire had already paid his quarter's pew rent; and he had, that very afternoon, in his back kitchen, distilled eight good gallons of fiery Irish usquebaugh, almost under the very noses of the English revenue officers. As he thought of it the good man shook again and again with silent laughter.

Suddenly there broke in upon his pleasant meditations a loud squawking and flapping of wings, a great running about and shuffling of feet, and the high-pitched tones of an old voice, and the sweet, shrill laughter of a young voice.

Father O'Tool threw open the door between the kitchen and living-room to see what was disturbing the calm of his household, and his ample bulk filled it from side to side.

Suddenly, as he stood there on the threshold peering in, a large, gray-speckled hen flew from the beak of the still where she had taken refuge a moment before, and lighted on his head with a loud squawk of fear.

"Whist now, Biddy, whist," cried the red-cheeked girl who was chasing her, waving her apron in the air, "have ye no respect for his riverence at all, at all?" Then, with a sudden dive, she caught the refractory hen by the leg as it was making for the door.

Old Mrs. Macnamaragh, who did the "picking up" and cooking for the priest, and who, less agile than her granddaughter, had been guarding the entrance to the yard with outspread skirts, now came forward and said, with a little bob of the head:

"Sure, Father, th' young squire sint over that divil in the shape of a hen for your riverence's Sunday dinner —— "

"An' that mad Shane O'More," interrupted her granddaughter, "poked his head in th' door an' dumped her down like a sack of rye flour, as tho' a live hen 'ud stay still wan minute."

"'Tis a foine, fat fowl," said Father O'Tool, recovering his dignity, "a foine, fat fowl," and he prodded the captured hen, held up for his inspection, with a critical forefinger.

"Thin it's hard to tell," and Mrs. Macnamaragh nodded her head slowly. "It's many a wan I've seen as fat as that an' fatter, and whin ye git the feathers off thim ye'd think they'd been raised in the year of th' famine."

At this moment there was a sound of hoofs beating on the road outside, and then a voice called out of the darkness.

"Ho, Eileen — Eileen Burke — come out here, colleen, an' take me bridle."

"Sure it's Rory MacMahon," said Mrs. Macnamaragh, "now what 'ud bring mortal man out on sich a night?"

"Here, lass," said Rory MacMahon as Eileen came to his side, "jump up on me mare an' ride over to th' Widow O'Tilihy as fast as ye can, an' git Terry. Th' blackguard, Shane O'More, has told the Dublin excise men where th' still is hid, and three o' thim set out from Carrick M'Cross afoot the same time as I did."

He swung the girl into the saddle, gave his steaming mare a resounding whack on the withers, and called out as they disappeared in the dark:

"Now, colleen, don't let the grass grow under ye." Then he strode through the living-room into the kitchen.

"Father," he cried going up to the priest, who was now sitting peacefully by the fire, "th' English revenue men are coming from Carrick M'Cross. Shane O'More, the Orangeman, has turned Queen's evidence an' given us away."

Mrs. Macnamaragh dropped the pipe from between her withered lips, and began to wring her hands. "O wera, wera — musha, musha," she wailed. "What'll iver become of us? — we'll be kilt entirely."

"Hush, woman, stop your noise," said Father O'Tool. Then turning to Rory:

"Whin did they start?"

"Whin I did — an hour ago."

"Ahorse or afoot?"

"Afoot — the three o' thim, for there was not a man in all Carrick that 'ud lend a horse."

Father O'Tool looked hurriedly around his kitchen. The still, placed on loose stones, occupied the whole of one side. Beside it, just under the worm, was a vat three-fourths full, containing the eight gallons of freshly distilled whisky. Father O'Tool and Rory looked at one another in despair.

"They'll be here in less than an hour, Rory, me b'y, an' you an' me, an' Terry O'Tilihy, an' Eileen, who is as strong as a man, working together couldn't get the still apart and moved — much less hid away, in less than two hours. O, bad cess to that Shane O'More, bad cess to th' blackguard," and the good man raised his hands toward heaven in his anguish.

"Ye still have time if ye want to git out," said young MacMahon. "Ye can take me mare, and ride into th' next parish."

"No," said Father O'Tool, "I'll stay be the still to th' end."

"An' I'll stay be the still," said Rory MacMahon.

They sat down on opposite sides and gazed into the fire in dogged silence, while Mrs. Macnamaragh rocked to and fro, showering imprecations on the head of Shane O'More in her native Gaelic. It was thus that Eileen found them on entering the kitchen, followed by the tall, loose-jointed, red-haired pride of the O'Tilihy. MacMahon looked up dully.

"I guess we won't need ye, Terry," he said. "We havn't toime for anything."

Eileen took in the situation at a glance, and her face flushed.

"What," she cried, "do ye call yourselves *men* an' sit here be th' fire with your hands folded, waiting for the Englishmen to carry off your still? 'Tisn't enough that they take your country an' your governmint an' your lands — but they have taken th' spirit out o' your bodies. Up, men, the toime to sit with your hands holding your head is whin you're beaten."

Rory MacMahon sprang to his feet.

"What can we do, Eileen? he said. "Mither o' God — what can we do? Sure th' only firearms in th' country are the two

"Lighted on his head with a loud squawk of fear"

old broken cannon on the common o' Carrick M'Cross — what can we do against armed revenue men?"

"An' I am a man of God, and too old to foight," said Father O'Tool. "Why, I'd be put out o' th' church!"

Eileen Burke stamped her foot on the earth floor.

"'TERRY, DARLIN', SURE YOU'RE TH' ONLY WAN AMONGST US ALL_
WHOSE SINSE COMES TO TH' TOP IN AN EMERGENCY'"

"Have ye not heads fastened to your shoulders? Thin use thim — *think, think,* o' some way to delay th' revenue men an hour's toime, an' ye'll have no need of blunderbusses."

"Oi — Oi — Oi —," stuttered Terry O'Tilihy after a few moment silence. "Oi— Oi — thought of — of — some — some — something."

"Well, Tirence, speak it out, man — speak it out," said Father O'Tool.

"If — if — th' revenue men — came be th' road of Foive Forks — that which — that which — which — " Here the pride of the O' Tilihy looked helpless and threatened to stop altogether.

"Go on, Terry — 'that which,'" prompted Eileen.

"Which — which — leads be th' — th' — th' Bog o' — o' — o' Bally — Bally — Bally — "

"Leads be th' Bog o' Ballywan,'' cried Eileen, rushing up and grasping the pride of the O'Tilihy by the arm.

"Sure, I know what ye mane, Tirence, now kape quiet an' I'll say it."

"Tirence here says," she said turning to the rest, "that just below O'Brien's grist-mill the Bog o' Ballywan comes up within a stone's throw o' the Foive Forks Road. Now, Tirence suggests that if some one who knew th' little strip of firm land running through th' bog from th' side opposite th' Foive Forks Road 'ud go out on it an' groan and call for help just as the revenue officers were passing — it being a dark night an' they not knowing th' locality 'ud go t' help him. Tirence also says that tho' th' Bog o' Ballywan is as safe as your own door-step for a fair-sized man, still no one that iver once got in it was iver known to git out again in less than an hour — an' it mostly took considerable longer."

Having finished, Eileen turned to the pride of the O'Tilihy, and catching both his hands said:

"Terry, darlin', sure you're th' only wan amongst us all whose sinse comes to th' top in an emergency. You're ivery bit as bright as Daniel O' Connell, an' I 'm wonderin' if ye'll not be made Lord Lieutenant wan o' these days?"

"I'll go to th' bog," said Father O'Tool. "I'm too old and fat to be spry about moving things about, but sure I havn't preached twenty years in th' parish o' Ballywan without developing a good voice — an' I know th' paths through th' bog as I know th' Lord's Prayer."

"Take me mare," said young MacMahon, "She's pretty winded, poor lass, to carry a load loike your riverence, but sure she knows it's to save th' still and beat th' English."

"And mind," said Eileen, as they went with Father O'Tool to the door, "mind, now, how ye groan — that it don't be too hollow an' eerie like, or sure they'll think it's a banshee or the leprechawns, an' take to their heels instead o' coming to you."

The three stood still, listening, until the hoof-beats died awav, and then hurried into the kitchen. MacMahon and Terence O'Tilihy took off their coats, kicked them into opposite corners of the room, and began to unscrew the head from the alembic.

"Now, nana, darlin'," said Eileen to her grandmother as she rolled up her sleeves, "quit your cursin' o' Shane O'More and go into the other room out of harm's way, for we're going to pull the still to pieces."

And pull the still to pieces they did, working hard and fast for over an hour.

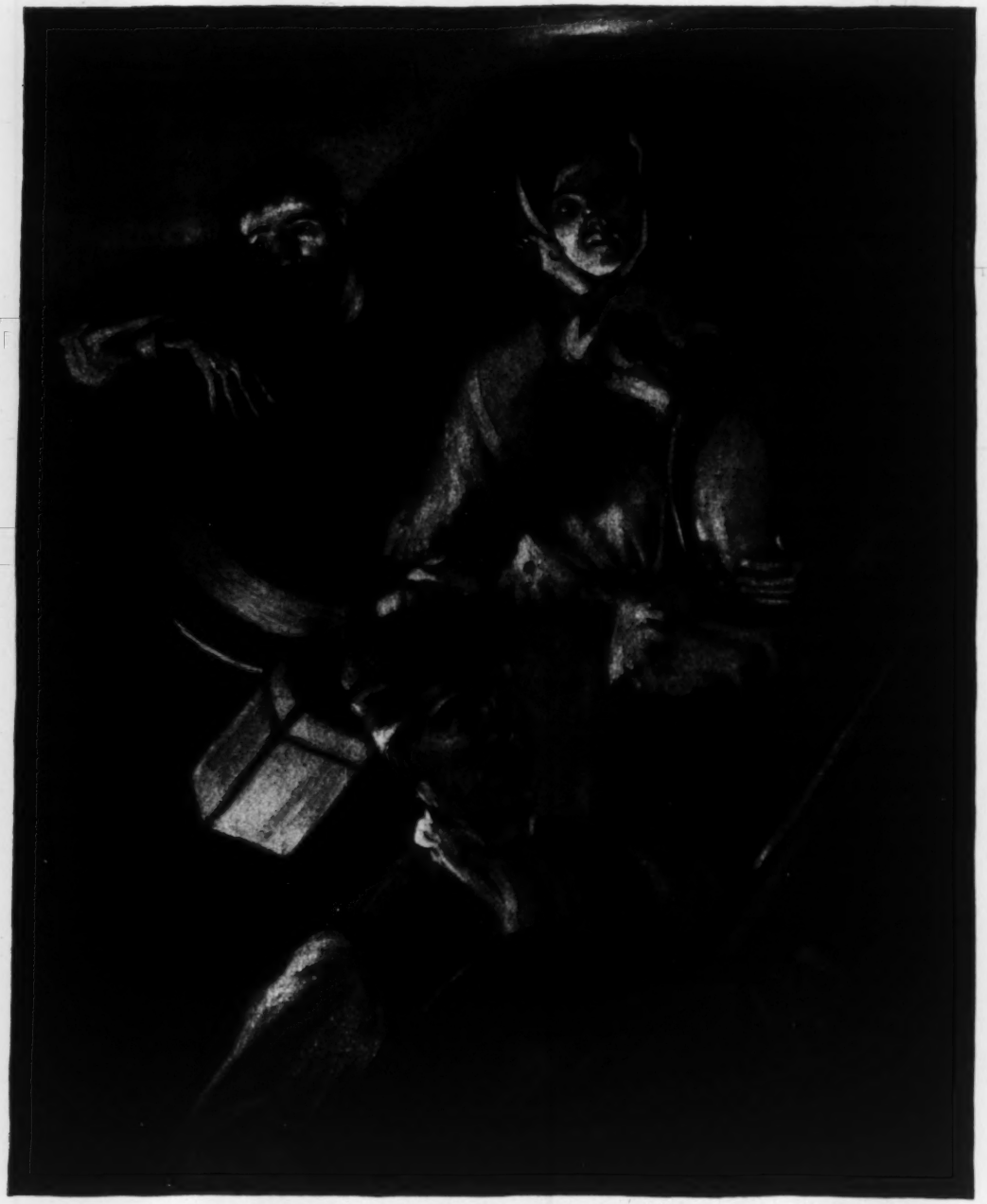
"Now," said Rory MacMahon, stopping to wipe the sweat from his forehead as the last disconnected part was placed on the floor, "now, lass, tell me where is th' place we're going to hide these things?"

"Th' well at th' end of the pasture lot," said Eileen. "There is a bundle of rope under the sink. We're to bind rope around each piece and lower it into th' well — thin we're to tie the free end of th' rope to pegs that Father O' Tool put in the sides of th' well. Be th' toime we git all in th' water'll have risen high enough to cover the pegs, and iverything'll look th' same as usual. Thin, whin things quiet down a bit, we can hoist the still."

"What — what — what — about th' — th' — th' — th' — "

"What about th' stones, Terry?" said MacMahon, looking at the mound of stones upon which the still had rested. "Sure we'll carry those out wan be wan first and drop thim in — they'll make a foine, soft restin' place for th' still."

After many trips to and from the kitchen and well the stones were disposed of. Then, one after another, they carried out and l lowered into the water head, beak, worm, condensing vessels, tubes, funnels and all the



"They carried out . . . all the various paraphernalia of the still"

various paraphernalia of the still. At last only the vat of usquebagh remained. The three looked at one another and then at the whisky.

"It'll have to go," said Eileen. "Eight gallons just fresh distilled this day."

"Is there no place in th' house we can hide it away?"

"No — no place."

"Think, colleen, no place?"

"No place at all, Rory."

"Thin," said MacMahon, "it'll have t' go into th' well — tho' it'll break Father O'Tool's heart — come, we'll dip it out in buckets until it gets light enough t' carry away."

It was not long before the eight good gallons were mixed with the well water, and the vat sunk.

"Sure," said Rory MacMahon, "Father O'Tool 'll have all the old topers in Roscommon drinking at his well."

"Rory," said Eileen sniffing the air, "if the Englishmen have noses an' come down as far as the end o' th' pasture — " she nodded her head significantly. Then the weary three trudged back to the kitchen, exhausted but triumphant. Old Mrs. Macnamaragh fried bacon and eggs and made coffee, which they ate and drank in the silence of utter weariness.

Then Mrs. Macnamaragh swept up the hard earth floor, pulled the kitchen-table over the place where the smoothness had been broken by the removal of the stones. With the departure of the still the kitchen, with its board-table scrubbed to whiteness, its well-ordered rows of pots and pans, its two glistening windows with their white, half-curtains, took on again, in the pleasant candle-light, that innocent and domestic air peculiar to kitchens — and no one would have ever dreamed that, a short hour before, it had harbored an illicit still. The three who had worked this transformation looked at one another and laughed aloud.

"Well," said Eileen, leaning her elbows on the table, "th' sooner the Englishmen come th' better."

MacMahon nodded. "Sure, they're welcome."

But neither priest nor revenue officers came soon.

About ten o'clock, as they sat waiting around the kitchen fire, the hoof-beats of a solitary horse were heard coming down the road.

"Kape quiet," said Eileen, "it's Father O'Tool coming back."

"Thin he's riding a different horse," said MacMahon, for my mare niver had a loose shoe."

"Stay in here, all of ye," said Mrs. Macnamaragh, "an' Oi 'll go to th' front door."

But there was no need of going to the front door, for the rider rode around the house to the back, hitched up his horse, and pushed open the door of the kitchen without knocking.

"Good-evenin', Shane," said Eileen, as the figure stood framed in the doorway between the light within and the dark without, amazement written large on his face.

"Come in, man, an' don't stand there gapin' as tho' ye saw your own ghost."

Shane O' More shuffled slowly in and sat down on the edge of a chair. Terry looked at him belligerently.

"Ye — ye — ye — ye — bla — black — black — g — gua — "

"As Terry says," cut in Eileen, fixing the pride of the O'Tilihy with her eye, "as Terry says, ye must be cauld riding so far this night. Now, won't ye have a little drop o' coffee to warm ye up?"

Shane O'More shook his head.

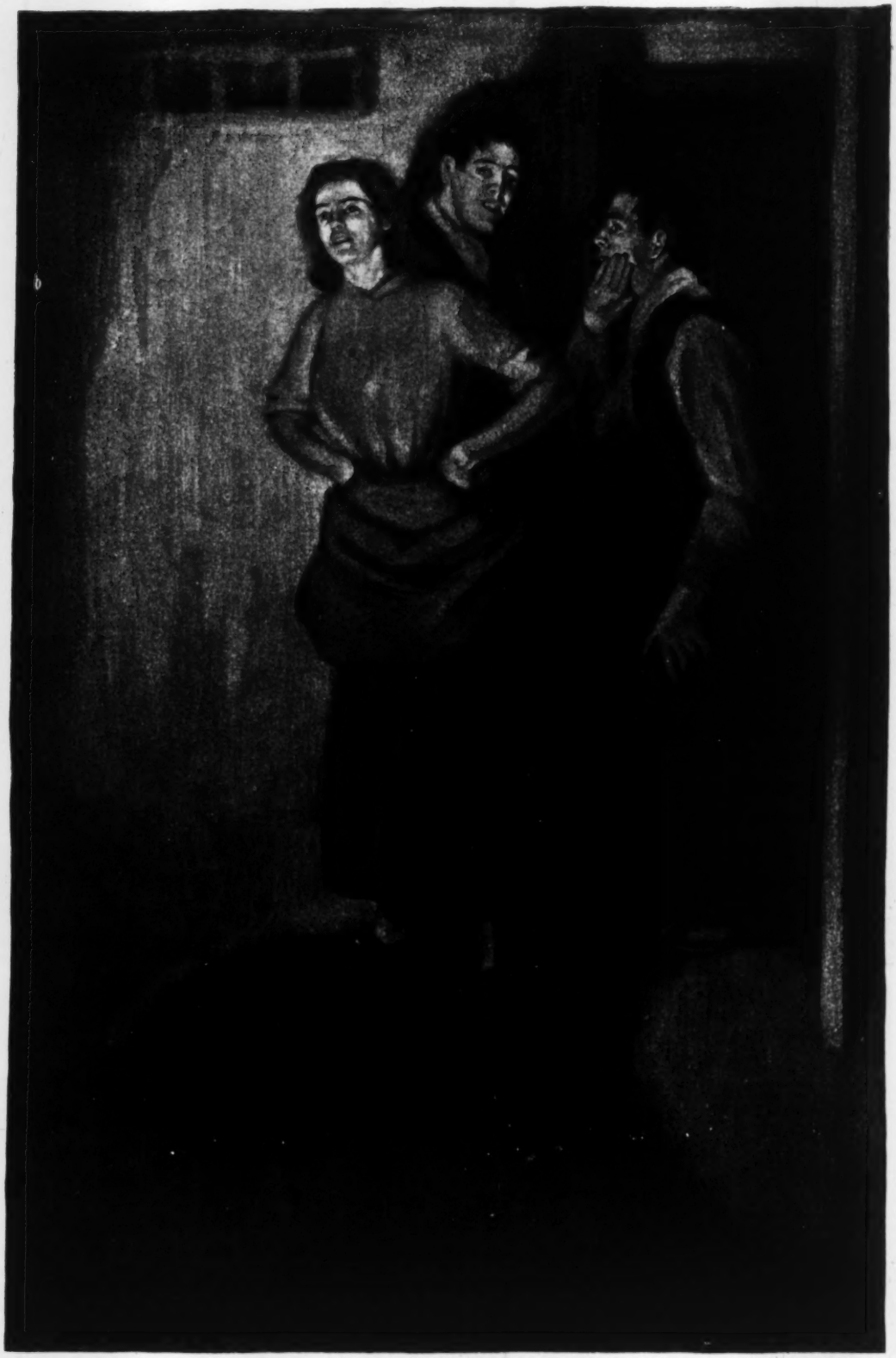
"The kitchen door was pushed open and a fat figure, covered with bog mud from top to bottom, stumbled in"

"Sure," said Rory MacMahon, "'tis like a woman to offer a man coffee — have we nothing stronger in the house?"

Eileen went to the closet and drew out a bottle labeled and stamped with the seal of the English revenue office.

"Here, man," she said, offering a glass to Shane O'More, "here's something that'll take the cockles off your heart."

"Shane O'More gulped down the fiery liquid — fiery only as Irish whisky can be



'"'SURE, DON'T TELL THIM,' SAID RORY IN A LOUD WHISPER, NUDGING TERRY, 'BUT I HAVE THE STILL IN ME POCKET!'"

fiery — and it seemed to give him fresh courage. He put down his glass and said:

"Where's th' still?"

"The still," said Eileen, "the *still?* Why, man, th' still has been gone these two years."

"What are ye sayin'? Oi saw it this afternoon whin Oi brought th' speckled hen from the young squire's."

Eileen raised her eyes to heaven.

"Sure, Shane O'More," she said, "ye must be bewitched be th' leprechawns — it's two long years ago since ye brought over th' speckled hen from the young squire's."

"Aye, well I remember it," said old Mrs. Macnamaragh. "'Twas th' divel of a hen, and as tough a wan as th' Lord iver made."

Shane O'More knit his brows.

"Where is Father O'Tool?" he asked.

"O, wera, wera, where have ye been, man, that ye know not he's been dead this twelve month?"

The look that stole over Shane O'More's face was lost on the company, for at that moment there was a shuffling of feet outside, a heavy knocking with the butt-end of a sabre at the outside door, and a voice cried:

"Open in the Queen's name!"

Mrs. Macnamaragh got up and went through the living-room, closing the kitchen door behind her. She opened the front door an inch and looked out.

"Is this the priest's house?" asked the leader of the three revenue officers.

"It is that," said Mrs. Macnamaragh, "and what d' ye mane be disturbin' decent peaceable folk at this hour o' night?"

"Is Father O'Tool inside?"

"Thin he is not."

"Where is he?"

"Sure he's gone to hear the last confession of Tim O'Brien, the grist-miller, who is dying this night."

"Well, old woman, stand aside." The leader advanced toward her. "We have been informed on good authority that there is a still on these premises, and we have come to search."

"Well, ye can search, and ye can *search*," answered Mrs. Macnamaragh stepping down the two steps from the living-room into the kitchen.

As the revenue officers came into the light of the kitchen a burst of laughter greeted their appearance. And truly the dignity of the Queen's law was never upheld by a more undignified trio. Their faces were bespattered with mud, and bits of bog rush still clung to their hair. Their gay, red coats hung limply around them, wet and dripping; their short breeches were foul with bog mud; the leader had sacrificed a cap, and each of the other two a boot apiece, to the goddess of Ballywan Bog.

Rory MacMahon rose from his seat, and with a sweeping bow worthy of Chesterfield at his best, motioned them up to the fire.

"Sure, gentlemin, we're glad to see ye — 'tis a cauld night to be swimming in Ballywan Bog, but thin, the English are iver fond of their bath."

The leader of the excise men gazed around the room and scowled darkly.

"Look sharp, now, boys," he said, "and see if you can find the still."

"Is it a still you're looking for, gentlemin?" asked Rory MacMahon. "Sure, the only still you'll find in these parts is in your own stomach."

"An' that's as true as God's word," added Mrs. Macnamaragh with a cackle of approval.

The excise men walked about the two rooms of the house, peering here and there, and looking as uncomfortable as only cold and hungry excise men can look.

"Sure, don't tell thim," said Rory in a loud whisper, nudging Terry, "but I have the still in me pocket!"

"What's this fresh-broken earth?" asked one of the revenue officers eyeing the ground under the table.

"Sure, that's the grave o' th' last English revenue officer that came into these parts," answered Rory, "We were digging it up a bit to plant some shamrock to kape his memory green."

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Eileen, "'Twas O'Rourke's pig that pushed th' door to, while I was out diggin' potatoes for th' dinner Thursday last — bad cess to the beast."

Here the officer spied Shane O'More lurking in a shadowy corner of the room.

"Is that you, O'More? Wasn't it here in the kitchen you said the still was?"

"Oi — did that," stammered Shane O'More, a little uncertainly.

"Well, where is it?"

"Oi don't know — sure Oi 'm lost entirely."

"The devil take you," cried the revenue officer. "Do you mean to say you led us a wild-goose chase?"

Here Eileen tapped the officer on the arm.

"A word with you, sir," she said in a low tone, and when she had drawn him aside: "Can it be, sir, that ye didn't know that Shane O'More was daft?"

"What's that you say?"

"Crazy, sir, crazy as a red hare. Two years ago he had a still and the revenue men came and raided it; since thin he's been clean daft over th' question o' stills. Sure, 'twas only a month ago he had it all over th' countryside that there was a still set up in th' best room o' the Manse. But I'll say this — except for stills an' speckled hens, he's as right as any man in Ballywan."

The revenue officer turned to O'More.

"Are you sure, O'More, that there was a still in the kitchen here?"

Shane O'More looked up perplexed. "An' didn't Oi see it with my own eyes, whin Oi brought over th' speckled hen this afternoon?"

The officer and Eileen looked at one another.

"When will Father O'Tool be home? I'd like to beg his pardon for the way we came into his house."

"Father O'Tool's been dead this twelve month," spoke up O'More sulkily from his corner.

Eileen raised her eyes and the officer nodded his head knowingly. "Come boys," he said. "We've a long way before us tonight."

"Won't ye' have a little drop o' something?" said MacMahon hospitably. "It's a cauld night an' it'll kape th' heart in ye for th' walk t' Carrick."

"Seeing we got into the bog," answered the officer, "we don't mind if we do."

Eileen brought forth the ostentatiously stamped and labeled bottle, and filled their glasses.

"How d' ye happen to miss th' road?" she inquired sympathetically.

"We heard some one screaming for help out there, and not knowing it was the bog we started in the direction of the cries."

"Sure," said Eileen, with round eyes, "'twas a banshee ye heard. The grist-mill is just opposite th' bog an' Tim O'Brien, Lord a' mercy on his soul, is dying this night; 'twas his banshee ye heard."

The excise men smiled and, bidding a cordial good-night, started off, followed a short distance behind by Shane O'More on his horse.

As the front door closed behind them, the kitchen door was pushed open and a fat figure, covered with bog mud from top to bottom, stumbled in.

"Th' Lord be praised," said old Mrs. Macnamaragh, clasping her hands. "We thought your riverence was kilt entirely."

"Oi missed me path," said Father O'Tool, dropping into a chair, "an' fell into th' bog; an' Oi just got out in time to see that divil o' a mare etting out for Carrick as fast as her legs 'ud carry her."

"Me mare knows where her fodder's kept," chuckled Rory.

"Ye should 'a' been here," said Eileen. "It 'ud done your heart good th' way we lied to the revenue officers."

"A — a — a — lie," said Terence, "told to — to — to — a — a — revenue — revenue — "

"A lie, Tirence, told to a revenue officer," said Father O'Tool wearily "is music in th' ears of God."

MY SIXTY SLEEPLESS HOURS

A STORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE

BY

HENRY ANDERSON LAFLER

THE building in which I was on the morning of April 18, 1906, consisted of two stories and was of brick. It was constructed, probably, in the late fifties, and lay in that part of San Francisco known as "the studio district" — a one time business section become semi-disreputable through age and decay. Upon the roof of this building had been erected at some more recent date a frame structure with an asphalt roof and a huge skylight. This structure, to all practical intents and purposes, was a black tent upon the roof of the brick building — an excrescence — a superfluity.

As, at 5:14:48 o'clock — the seismograph tells us that that was the precise moment — on the morning of April 18th, I lay on a couch beneath the skylight in my studio, I became conscious of violent motion and of the sound of a creaking and straining skylight. It was but a small fraction of a second between the moment when I became conscious of noise and motion and the moment when I stood naked, but for an undergarment, on the roof of the building, having leapt through the open window.

Our Flight from the Crumbling Buildings

The tilting, heaving, throbbing roof; the thick, furious roar of falling walls; the whitish-yellow dust that choked and blinded — these were the things that smote my senses. Yet there was no fear. The twenty-eight seconds that the earthquake lasted were a period of the intensest cerebration of which the human brain is capable, all directed towards the answering of the question, What shall I do to save the life that is in me and demands not to be miserably crushed out? To the west was a higher wall; I must avoid it. When the roof fell, should I leap to the court at the north, some twenty feet, or remain on the roof? Or should I leap to the roof of a larger but slightly lower building to the east? All these questions beat upon the brain with inconceivable rapidity. They demanded to be weighed and decision made so that I might live — *live!* Then the earthquake ceased. There was only the thick dust and the cries of women near and far. With sudden impulse, I leapt back through the window, crossed the studio at a bound, reaching the head of a curved stairway that led to the street. But it was now an *outside* stairway at whose head for a second's fraction I stood — the front wall of brick had fallen into the street! Down it I went, out into the street, across the heaped brick of the fallen wall, and up the street, crying to the people whom I rather understood than perceived through my senses to be round about me: "To Portsmouth Square, everybody, and look out for the live wires." Wires indeed were tangled across the street, but none bore deadly currents.

The Grotesque Gathering at Our First Refuge

Portsmouth Square is half a block from my doorway. In its center is a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson; to the east, facing it, is the Hall of Justice; to the west was (I use my tenses with care), Chinatown. Here gathered in a moment a group of half-clad men and a woman or two "pale with fright" — do you say? On the contrary — such is curious human nature — he of the full suit of underwear, or enveloping pajamas was frankly amused by him of the solitary undershirt. Indeed, as, in the thick dust that still enfolded us, we looked at each other's strange faces, that was the dominant sensation — amusement at our Carlyle-House-of-Peers-like aspect, and we laughed. Then some one said:

"This is no joking matter; this is a terrible blow to San Francisco," and we grew graver.

A waiter lent me an overcoat; the huge square began to fill with people; hysterical women with painted cheeks vomited forth from brothels and dance halls; in the wan morning cried upon their "Gawd." Hardy spirits began to think of getting back for their clothes over the brick strewn streets between the tottering walls. But it made a man pause to find, where the fallen front had fringed out in loose-lying, bricks, a man lying prone with neck so bent that his breast lay upon his head. When they turned him over his face was a blot.

But I crawled up the broken stairs, and discovered a curious thing. Not a pane in the skylight was even cracked!

Clothed, with the square for dressing room — in which, by this time, were thousands of persons, mostly mute, gaunt, blankly staring Chinese — a man began to think of his friends and seek them. Here a studio discovered itself vacant, its rear wall torn from the roof, and pictures all awry in a veil of dust. Up Telegraph Hill to the north, frame-houses showed only windows broken, plaster cracked, and chimneys fallen. Indeed, here is a good place to say that nine out of ten frame-houses in this city were only superficially injured by the great tremor; that modern, steel-frame office buildings showed, to the superficial but inquisitive eye, that early morning only occasional and apparently surface cracks; and that no buildings fell except brick structures built in the fashion of thirty or forty years ago. These are statements made upon the casual inspection of a few hours, and must be taken for their worth as such. No scientific eye may ever appraise the actual injury caused by the earthquake, for, alas! the subjects of the injury have vanished as a vision.

How Funston and the Soldiers Saved the Day

But to return. The dust of falling walls had scarcely settled when smoke and flames sprung forth at many points bounded on the west and southwest by Sansome and Market Streets, on the north by Clay Street, on the east by the Bay. In the remainder of the city, namely, the northwest half, which includes the residences of the rich and well-to-do, not a single fire occurred — strange as it may seem. San Francisco owes to this the fact that walls are standing within her borders at this hour.

An hour after the shock, in the district between the Bay and Sansome Street, with rolling smoke above, and roaring, furious flames breathing hotly in our faces, I came upon a fire-engine from whose stack the smoke came faintly as from a kitchen chimney, and about which stood the firemen with idle hands.

"For God's sake!"

"No water," said the Chief. "Mains all broken by the shock; can't do a thing."

"Dynamite!"

A shrug of the shoulders for reply. And not until an hour later did there come a resonant explosion that told that at least the fire was being fought, however futilely.

As I write of these things on the evening of the 20th, sixty hours from the moment of the earthquake — as I write these things, sitting in the open, in Portsmouth Square, facing gaunt and blackened walls, it seems as though long years had passed. These sixty hours, two or three of which I slept, seem like as many months; a decade in events; a fraction in a lifetime in emotions. And so it seems to all the people of the city. But just now I heard a soldier say: "When the shock came — say, that was in 1874, wasn't it? ——"

And saying "soldier" brings sharply "soldiers." *That* was the thrill! Amid the welter of emotions, the vast sense of insecurity, the useless engines, the foolish firemen, suddenly appeared in all its vast majesty the Government of the United States. I turned a corner, and there measuredly walked a man in blue, gun on shoulder, straight and tall. On the opposite side of the street another tramped. Beyond, another, and still another. Instantly we all became, not puny, pygmy creatures whom the earth in a mood had tossed about, but citizens of a nation, parts of a whole, compact and strong. Never was such a lesson in patriotism. And half of its force lay in its suddenness. The Presidio is several miles from Montgomery Street, and yet so instant was General Funston's action that before nine o'clock, if I mistake not, his men were guarding the great banks there.

They were young, those soldiers; boys merely; smooth of face, straight of back, slender of limb, yet masters of the great city — they and the fire! Many men in San Francisco know now, as they did not before, that if you desire to live you should obey, and that quickly, the slightest

command of those round-cheeked boys with guns on their shoulders.

My initial encounter with the soldiery was that first morning when I tried to save the contents of the studio. Two blocks away, orange flames, tinged with the black of tar smoke, boiled from a tall gray building. One block away, a solitary automobile, three or four hurrying black figures of men with dynamite, an officer or two, all in the white brilliance of the flames; half a block away the building that had housed me, and nearer, sitting a white horse in the middle of the street, a cavalryman keeping back the crowd.

And that with difficulty. "They're going to dynamite!" he would cry; "Keep back, keep back!" And the sullen crowd moved back, all save a few who had prized possessions still a block and a half away from the licking, disastrous, red tongues.

"Keep back, lady!" he shouted to an old woman in rusty black, who edged out from the crowd. "They're going to dynamite; the walls will fall; you'll get killed."

"I just want to get some o' my clothes, Mr. Soldier, please," she cried at him shrilly.

"Can't help it, lady. Get back — quick, now!"

Every moment he turned them back, old men, young men, rich and poor. One old Jew, who kept a pawnshop on that street, got a string of oaths for his persistence, I remember, and went off wailing for his lost silver and gold. And one man tried to run past, and was ridden down, and went off dragging a leg hurt by a blow of the horse's hoof.

But some got by. Not by wailful implorations — that only roiled the boy in blue. But when a man of evident strength and probable ability to take care of himself approached the cavalryman with a smile and said: "Say, old man, I've got a couple of things back there at 612 I'd kind of like to get. I'll take the risk. I'm husky. I won't get hurt. No danger yet. H——! I'm all right; do a fellow a favor," the cavalryman, more than once, gave a little nod, and the man went on to climb some treacherous stairs, and brave bricks and plaster that fell all about when the dynamite blasts went off.

By ten o'clock, looking at the city from Telegraph Hill, which stands in the northeast corner of that finger of land upon which the city lies, one could discern a score of fires. East of Sansome, in the neighborhood of Clay, wholesale stores were all ablaze. South, towards Market, and near the ferry there were fires. The Grand Opera House was afire, and throughout the South-of-Market district, where were the homes of the poor, the fire was making its way.

Our Slow Retreat Before the Flames

Not a breath of air was stirring till half past nine. Then there came the first, faint wisp of wind from the northwest, and we knew that the trade wind would blow all day, making the doom of south of Market certain, and assuring the safety (so we thought) of all points west and north of the lines of fire. Surely with a favoring wind they would be able to hold it with the dynamite — keep it from crossing streets in the wind's teeth. But no. By eleven o'clock the most graceful office building in the United States had caught fire from the south, and was burning slowly. The flames were up to the line of Sansome Street, and at twelve o'clock they crossed to the west side. They advanced slowly against the wind which increased, and it was not until towards nightfall that the flames reached Kearney at Portsmouth Square. Meantime all south of Market had burned. Of it I have no personal knowledge, but there, certainly, occurred the loss of life, there terror reigned. Fleeing before a fire wind-driven, the poor of the city — the respectable and hard-working poor — fled southward. Their outlet was the San Bruno Road, which winds south down the peninsula to hilly country land. That Hegira of the Poor bowed beneath its pitiful burdens was an epic spectacle.

At five o'clock I made the circuit of the line of fire. Kearney on the west, Market on the northwest to Golden Gate Avenue — such was its boundary, though great office structures, many of them the best the city boasted, still stood along Montgomery, California, Pine, and Bush Streets.

Evening brought many hundreds of people to the crest of Russian Hill, the most lofty hill within the city proper, lying some eight blocks west of Kearney, and as many more from the north shore of the peninsula, and there those hundreds witnessed the most tremendous of earthly spectacles. The wind veered to the northeast, and lying in the cool sweet grass on the slooping hill, free from personal danger, we watched the fire burn forty blocks in the city's heart.

It was a perfect night. In the clearest of clear northern skies the quiet stars shone large and pale. The air was warm as in summer. But for the sullen roar to the south, a man might need only to turn his face to the north to drink deep of the peace of things, the hush of the sky. Straight above, a pillar, rose the smoke serene, its edge against the wind as sharp defined as though it were indeed a luminous mountain. If my trigonometry serves me, it rose a mile and a half in height — calm, majestic, vast, its luminous mass making pale the stars that wandered near its borders.

As the evening advanced, and the wind slightly increased, and the fire burned more furiously, the sound of the flames grew to a roar; explosions continually occurred; the dull rumble of the falling walls of buildings from five to fifteen stories high came at short intervals. Loud and hard and resounding came the blasts of dynamite by which men laboring like fiends were vainly endeavoring to check the fire's advance.

All Races and Classes Camping Together in the Streets

The vast red banners of the fire must often have waved five hundred feet in the air. When walls fell, smoke and flames went skyward, propelled irresistibly. And colors! — all colors and all shades were there. Here, for a moment, showed a pale, clear yellow, then again a fiery red. There were perfect blues, there was violet, green, and rose yellow. Then would come dark sinister, demoniac hues, hateful as hell. That night were burned these buildings: Merchant's Exchange, Kohl Building, Palace Hotel, Crocker Building, Mills Building, the Bohemian and Pacific Union Club Building, the Shreve Building, the James Flood Building, the St. Francis Hotel, and hundreds lesser.

At five o'clock in the morning I went down the hill into the streets that cross Nob Hill, the district where were then the residences of the rich. The streets, lighted by the ghastly light, were full of people, camped for the night, or still dragging their goods away from the fire. Chinatown had debouched into these streets; coolies in blue blouses lay beside the huge wicker baskets packed with their effects, or went swiftly along at their curious trot, the baskets swung on the lithe pole across the shoulder. Other Chinese carried long lacquer boxes with curious clasps; here one dragged a great Oriential, brass bound chest of teakwood, and others on their backs bore unwieldy bundles, often wrapped in figured silks, or red and golden stuffs, or linen white as snow.

These people know how to camp. Where they had stopped, usually they spread matting; families of a half dozen, halted on the steps of a mansion or along its brown stone enclosing wall, looked like holiday parties. In their little portable stoves they had lighted fires and were making tea. Mothers admonished their children in red and blue embroidered caps, and fathers smoked their long pipes in slant-eyed silence. Those of the white race were camped less nonchalantly; they had not cared so much to make themselves comfortable. They crouched on door-steps or, rolled in blankets, lay at full length on the broad sidewalks.

The thing that I shall never forget is the noise of those thousands of dragging trunks. Scraping, grating rasping, they went painfully along — huge ones dragged with difficulty by the head of the family, wife and children pushing with their little strength; trunks with casters to which ropes had been attached pulled swiftly by young, boisterous fellows. I saw one trunk, which evidently contained all the earthly possessions of its bearers, being hustled swiftly along by seven stout little Japs, tandem, on a long rope. Upon couches and iron beds with casters some had bound their heaped-high possessions, and, more rarely, a vehicle was loading or headed away from the fire.

The Good-Humor of the Homeless

It was no melancholy or mournful crowd. It seemed as if it were some tremendous adventure, some strange holiday. Most knew that they themselves were in no personal danger and that their friends were safe. There was exhilaration in the amazing spectacle of the flames. Friends greeted each other with smiles, and there was humor in their "Everything gone up?"

"Oh, no, I've got $7.35 in my trousers' pocket." To know that twenty thousand copies of your magazine,* just printed, were fuel for fire, gave one not half the unpleasant sensation that a gross typographical blunder on the first page would have caused. There were jokes, there was laughter. The "To Let" and "For Sale"

*Mr. Lafler is the editor of a monthly published in San Francisco.

signs were always cause for facetiousness. I recall one huge "For Sale" sign upon a house where the family had gathered on the door-step.

"Offer you six bits," sang out a passer-by, bearing a big bundle.

"Make it a dollar and a quarter, and you can have her." Thus came the answer.

There were some women who cried quietly here and there; but it was really only the little children who held terror in their eyes and who cried as though their hearts would break.

At dawn, exactly twenty-four hours after the earthquake, I stood in the shadow of the massive wall of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, which stands next door to Mrs. Stanford's residence, and fronts the great Fairmont Hotel, and speculated whether the flames, whose hot breath was on my face, would cross the street, which alone intervened, and destroy the Institute of Art. South and east all was flame. The fire was making progress with the wind (which, however, died to a calm shortly after dawn) at the rate of about a block and a quarter an hour.

All day the flames burned steadily and slowly against the wind, which rose sharply after the morning calm. At some points the line advanced only two or three blocks all day. At the Fairmont, the advance was one block. South of Nob Hill, which is a district filled by the wooden houses of the moderately well-off, and dotted by great apartment structures and hotels, the advance during the second day of the fire was seven or eight blocks. But nowhere were the flames checked. The supply of dynamite temporarily gave out more than once. On the other hand, certain mains were found to contain water, and here and there a hose played on the fire. Hose was also laid to the Bay both on the north and east side of the city, and water pumped by tugs through these long distances to the fires. No drastic dynamiting was done anywhere in the city during these red days; no lines were cut straight through anywhere. The method was merely to destroy structures in the immediate path of the flames. Of this there is criticism.

The Exodus from the Peninsula

Meanwhile by circuitous routes people had been able to reach the ferries and all day thousands were leaving and none returning. The remainder of the population of the city moved slowly out toward open spaces at Black Point, the Presidio, the Cliff House, and Golden Gate Park — a hungry and a thirsty crowd. That any suffered poignantly except the very old, the sick, or children, I doubt, despite the tales that one hears. But I have a memory of a litter borne by two men that went by me in the night — a litter whereon lay a woman, very still. Behind it followed a woman with a bundle in her arms whence came a faint and plaintive cry — that of a child new-born.

Evening came, and again the city flowered in terrible red gorgeousness. About eight o'clock I stood on the balcony of one of the seven or eight houses that lie scattered on the very crest of Russian Hill. Only a few persons have been so adventurous as to build there. There are trees, and shrubbery, and grassy spaces. From the balcony there is, on any day, a magnificent view of the gray city, the blue shimmering Bay, and the green Berkeley hills beyond. That night — last night — the line of flame made an almost perfect running V, its easternmost corner south of Telegraph Hill, its point due south of Russian Hill, its other side touching Hyde, near Sutter. Chinatown and the district south of it was burned clean away. The white asphalt streets running through the black squares whereon flickered little green, blue (copper and lead, perhaps?) and red flames, made the effect of some great, strange, sinister plaid, wrought upon the loom of the earth. The conflagration itself, in deadly and conquering battle with the city, had now reached nearly everywhere wooden buildings, and while the wind fought it back nearly everywhere, it moved with swiftness. Looking down from the great height of the hill, comparison to an evil army with bloody banners was inevitable. And, as block after block fell, it became patent to the most loathe to believe, that the city would be destroyed. These buildings, on the hill, I thought, might escape, and rather desired to make my stand with them, but between nine and ten, the soldiers came and drove us back from what they held to be a place of peril.

I think an old man was left alone on the hill. He was a straight, white-haired old man, and wore a Grand Army button. I heard him beg the young, clean-faced lieutenant in command to be allowed to stay and try to save his house (there were no

firemen at this point as there were not at many others), and when I looked back I saw him standing straight and still, and the young lieutenant was coming away.

The houses on the hill stand. Last night, all night, the tides of flame washed the sides of the hill, and when morning dawned, the hill bore them safely and proudly — a green island in a sea of black.

The Strange Sights of Telegraph Hill

There was another hill where men sought for safety and found it. Telegraph Hill stands in the heart of the Latin Quarter, and while there are no houses on its top there is green room for a thousand people. And that number were there — perhaps the strangest diversity of races that eye ever saw within the border of this city. There were thin-faced, liquid-eyed Filipinoes, who stared with wistful muteness at the fire; there were Hawaiians, whom one knew not to be negroes by their comeliness if by nothing more. Mexican women with black shawls sat dumbly by the odd little pile of household stuffs, one holding, perhaps, a child's face to her breast. Italy was there in force, so Spain, and Greece, and Portugal, while Lascar sailors from a ship that lay at the wharves below gave the last added touch.

It was amazing how orderly this throng was. I was on Telegraph Hill twenty times, and I am sure never a soldier, and I think no police, came there. There was plenty of drink, but no one drunk; I haven't seen five drunken men in three days, though the military order that no liquor shall be sold is a dead letter — there has been plenty of drink for those who wanted it. On Telegraph Hill, with its thousand souls who put there confidence in its safety, I think there was not a brawl, not a quarrel, scarcely an angry word. Each family built itself a little nest — nest is the word — and ate or slept and watched the fire.

Many Saved Their Pets

One thing that struck me was the number of pets the people saved. I have seen several men and women who were bearing only a canary in its cage. I saw (this is unbelievable but true), a Chinaman in a vivid green coat bearing a vivid green parrot. And I saw a fat negro in a white sweater carrying two canaries, each in its own cage, the cages being neatly enveloped in white flannel so that the birds might not be frightened.

Few cats were saved. People do not care enough about cats to save them at an hour like that. But I never saw so many dogs, per capita.

I recall seeing, on Telegraph Hill, a little boy with a wooden cage of birds which included two pigeons. Another boy called to him: "Say, Will, wuz your pigeons all killed?"

"All but two," he said wistfully.

"Killed! Who is killed?" cried an old lady who overheard but the one word.

"My pigeons," said the boy, and the old lady glared at him.

The behavior of pigeons in the air was curious. They flew about and about, plunging into the smoke and out again. I thought I detected in the flight of some, uncertainty as if they had been burned. A flock of twenty wild geese circled about Russian Hill for hours the second night, honking faintly, the white plumage of their breasts showing clearly in the light of the flames. It seemed to me that they flew feebly when I saw them last, and I still wonder if, blinded and bewildered by the smoke, and weakened by the heat, at last they circled from their airy height and plunged into the flames. Bats came from among the trees and low shrubbery on Telegraph Hill, and flew about in that strange night made day by flames.

The rumors of destruction exterior to San Francisco furnished another strange phase. The wires were, of course, at once out of service; among the people there was no means of communication. At ten or eleven o'clock Wednesday, a Salvation Army lieutenant told me that she had heard that Los Angeles had been totally destroyed; that Portland and Seattle had been wiped out by a tidal wave; that Chicago "was under water." I know now that these things are not true. Yet thousands upon thousands still do not know that they are but rumors. Not ten minutes ago a man in uniform approached me where I sit writing and asked me about the safety of Los Angeles. Not a person with whom I have spoken during the past three days who had not heard that "Chicago was under water." Originating in some curious, unexplainable way, the rumor must have fled from lip to lip, with speed incredible, till, within the space of a day, it had startled the ears of hundreds of thousands of the people of the city.

These rumors, impossible of proof or disproof for forty-eight hours, added enormously to the sense of the vastness of the disaster. For all we knew, San Francisco's might have been the last flickering pulse of a mighty shock that had made Europe a sea, made the bed of the Atlantic Ocean dry land, and destroyed all the cities of the world.

The Fire's End and Our Return to the Ruined City

By morning of the third day, the flames had done their worst. At Van Ness Avenue, a wide and stately street that runs north and south far west of the center of the city, the conflagration ended! The fire finished its work of devastation in the northeast corner of the peninsula on the morning of the third day, by burning to the water's edge. There fire and water met and as has been its wont from the beginning, fire sullenly withdrew.

At noon, that day, starting from Telegraph Hill, I came afoot down the hot blank streets, a hot wind in my face, almost sure that I was first to traverse that mephitic path. But away down at the foot of the hill, I found a decrepit negress, evil to look upon, tugging at a little old trunk. Farther on I came from the leveled spaces to where the windowless walls of brick buildings without floors still stood, and at length, over hot brick and smoking, charred timbers, to Portsmouth Square.

Those of us who at the risk of our lives had carried our goods to the square found them safe. It is true that this typewriter of mine upon which I write at this moment has a piece of charred wood at the bottom of the "cage," and the wooden keybars of e, f, ?, and 5 are charred just a trifle; but otherwise it is all right. Six feet from me is a wooden cross made by two stakes, and running from it north and south is a row of notched hard-wood sticks each a foot high. Every one bears a number, and each number represents the body of a man killed by the earthquake. The morgue is just across the street, and these are the bodies of those brought there in the early morning of the first day. By ten o'clock the morgue itself was in danger from fire, and so the corpses were brought across the street to the square and buried. One of them, I reflect, is the Chinaman with the blot for a face. As I look up from my seat towards the Hall of Justice, I can see the barred windows of the cells which occupied the top floor, but beyond the bars is now but the blue of the sky. They released the prisoners there, they tell me. I think they had punishment enough in that one hideous moment when the earthquake came, the walls toppled, and they were helpless in their iron cells. And then, what fear must have been upon them when they heard the crackling of the flames and saw red through the barred windows.

But now Portsmouth Square is not only habitable but inhabited. The trees are still green, the shrubs still tremble in the wind, and the galleon with golden sails that tops the granite monument of Stevenson still proudly sails with golden pennant flying.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21st, 2 A. M.

This photograph of Mr. Lafler writing this article was taken unawares to him. He afterwards came across it accidentally

Robin Goodfellow — His Friends

by

Rudyard Kipling

Illustrated by André Castaigne

III

The Winged Hats.

THE next day happened to be what they call a Wild Afternoon. Father and Mother went out to pay calls: Miss Blake went for a ride on her bicycle, and they were left all alone till seven o'clock.

When they had seen their dear parents and their dear preceptress politely off the premises, they got a cabbage-leaf of raspberries from the gardener, and a Wild Tea from Ellen. They ate the raspberries to prevent their squashing, and they meant to divide the cabbage-leaf with Three Cows down at the Theater, but there was a dead hedgehog which they simply had to bury.

Then they went on to the Forge, and found old Hobden the hedger at home with his son, the Bee Boy, who is not quite right in his head, but who can pick up swarms of bees in his naked hands, and he told them the rime about the slow-worm:

If I had eyes as I could see,
No mortal man would trouble me.

Then they all had tea together, and Hobden said the loaf cake which Ellen had given them was almost as good as what his wife used to make, and he showed them how to set a wire at the right height for a hare. They knew about the rabbits already.

Then they climbed up the Long Ditch into the lower end of Far Wood. This is sadder and darker than the Volaterrae end because of an old marlpit full of black water, where weepy, hairy moss hangs round stumps of the willows and alders. But the birds come to perch on the dead branches, and Hobden says that the bitter willow-water is a sort of medicine for sick animals.

They sat down on a felled oak-trunk in the shadows of the beach undergrowth, and were looping the wires Hobden had given them, when they saw Parnesius.

"How quietly you came," said Una, moving up to make room. "Where's Puck?"

"The Faun and I have disputed whether it is better that I should tell you all my tale, or leave it untold," he replied.

"I only said that if he told it as it happened, you wouldn't understand it," said

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Puck, jumping like a squirrel from behind the log.

"I don't understand all of it," said Una, "but I like hearing about the Picts."

"What *I* can't quite understand," said Dan, "is how Maximus knew all about the Picts when he was in Gaul."

"He who makes himself Emperor anywhere, must know everything, everywhere," said Parnesius. "We had this much from Maximus's mouth after the Games."

"Games? What games?" said Dan.

Parnesius stretched his arm stiff out.: thumb pointed to the ground. "Gladiators! That sort of game," he said. "There were two days' Games in his honor when he landed all unexpected at Segedunum on the east end of the Wall the day after we had met him. Two days' Games we held; but I think the greatest risk was run, not by the poor wretches on the sand, but by Maximus. In the old days Legions kept silence before their Emperor. So did not we. You could hear the solid roar run west along the Wall as his chair was carried rocking through the crowds. The garrison beat round him; clamoring, clowning, asking for pay; for change of quarters; for anything that came into their wild heads. That chair was like a little boat among waves—dipping and falling, but always rising again after one had shut the eyes." Parnesius shivered.

"Were they angry with him?" said Dan.

"No more angry than wolves in a cage when their trainer walks among them. If he had turned his back an instant, or for an instant had ceased to hold their eyes, there would have been another Emperor made on the Wall that hour. Is it not so, Faun?"

"So it is; so it always will be," said Puck.

"Late in the evening a messenger came for us, and we followed to the Temple of Victory, where he lodged with Rutilianus, the General of the Wall. I had hardly seen the man before, but he always gave me leave when I wished to take heather. He was a great glutton, and kept five Asian cooks, and he came of a family that believed in oracles. We could smell his good dinner when we entered, but the tables were empty. He lay snorting on a couch. Maximus sat apart among long rolls of accounts. Then the doors were shut.

" 'These are your men,' said Maximus to the General, who propped his eye-corners open with his gouty fingers, and stared at us like a fish.

" 'I shall know them again, Caesar,' said Rutilianus.

" 'Very good,' said Maximus. 'Now hear! You are not to move man or shield on the Wall except as these boys shall tell you. You will do nothing except eat and sleep without their permission. They are the head and arms. You are the belly!'

" 'As Caesar pleases,' the old man grunted, 'If my pay and profits are not cut, you may make any Ancestors' Oracle my master. Rome has been!—Rome has been!' Then he turned on his side to sleep.

" 'Enough,' said Maximus. 'We will get to what I need.'

"He unrolled full copies of the number of men and supplies on the Wall—down to the sick that very day in Hunno hospital. Oh, but I groaned when his pen marked off detachment after detachment of our best—of our least worthless—men. He took two towers of our Scythians; two of our North British auxiliaries; two Numidian cohorts; the Dacians all; and half the Belgians—It was like an eagle pecking a carcass.

" 'And now, how many catapults have you?' He turned up a new list, but Pertinax laid his open hand there.

" 'No, Caesar,' said he. 'Do not tempt the Gods too far. Take men, or engines, but not both, or we refuse.' "

"Engines!" said Una.

"The catapults of the Wall—huge things forty foot high to the head—firing nets of raw stone or forged bolts. Nothing can stand against them. He left us our catapults at last, but he took a Caesar's half of our men without pity. We were a shell when he rolled up the lists—an empty shell!

" 'Hail Caesar! We about to die salute you!' said Pertinax laughing. 'If any enemy leans against the Wall now, it will tumble.'

" 'Give me the three years Allo spoke of,' he answered, 'and you shall have twenty thousand men of your own choosing up here. But now it is a gamble—a game played against the Gods. You play on my side?'

" 'We will play, Caesar,' I said, for I had never met a man like this man.

" 'Good. To-morrow,' said he, 'I proclaim you Captains of the Wall before the camp.'

"So we went into the moonlight, where they were cleaning the ground after the Games. We saw great Roma Dea atop of the Wall, the frost on her helmet, and her spear pointed towards the North Star. We saw

the twinkle of night-fires all along the guard-towers, and the line of the black catapults growing smaller and smaller in the distance. All these things we knew too well, but that night they seemed very strange to us, because the next day we were to be their masters.

"The men took the news well, but when Maximus went away with half our strength, and we had to spread ourselves into the emptied towers, and the townspeople behind the Wall complained that trade would be ruined, and the autumn gales blew — it was dark days for us all. Here Pertinax was more than my right hand. Being born and bred among the great country-houses in Gaul, he knew the right words to give to all — from Roman-born to those dogs of the Third Legion — the Libyans. And he spoke to each as though that man were as high-minded as himself. Now *I* saw so strongly what things were needed to be done, that I forgot things are only accomplished by means of men.

"I feared nothing from the Picts, at least for that year, but Allo warned me that the Winged Hats would come in from the sea at each end of the Wall to show the Picts how weak we were. So I made ready in haste, and none too soon. I shifted our best men to the ends of the Wall, and set up screened catapults by the beach. The Winged Hats would drive in before the snow-squalls — ten or twenty boats at a time, at Segedunum or Ituna, according as the wind blew.

"Now a ship coming in to land men, must haul down her sail. If you, then, wait till you see her men gather up the sail's foot, the catapults can jerk a net of loose stones (bolts go clean through the cloth), into the bag of it. Then she turns over, and the sea makes everything clean again. A few men may come ashore, but very few . . . It was not hard work except the waiting on the beach in blowing sand and snow. And that was how we dealt with the Winged Hats all that winter.

"Early in the spring, when the east winds blow like skinning knives, they gathered again off Segedunum with many ships. Allo told me they would never rest till they had taken a tower from us in open fight. Certainly they fought in the open. We dealt with them thoroughly through a long day, and when all was finished, one man dived clear of the wreckage of his ship, and swam towards shore. I waited, and a wave tumbled him at my feet.

"As I stooped, I saw he wore such a medal as I wear." Parnesius raised his hand to his neck. "Therefore when he could speak, I addressed him a certain Question which can only be answered in a certain manner. He answered with the necessary Word — the word that belonged to the Degree of Gryphons in the science of Mithras my God. I put my shield over him till he could stand up. You see I am not small, but he was a head taller than I. He said: 'What now?' I said: 'At your pleasure, my brother, to stay or to go.'

"He looked out across the surf. There remained one ship unhurt, beyond range of our catapults. I checked the catapults and he waved her in. She came as a hound comes to a master. When she was yet a hundred paces from the beach, he flung back his hair, and swam out. They hauled him in, and went away. I knew that those who worship Mithras are many and of all races, so I did not think much more upon it.

"A month later, I saw Allo with his horses — by the old temple of Pan, O Faun — and he gave me a great necklace of gold studded with coral.

"At first I thought it was a bribe from some tradesman in the town — meant for Rutilianus. 'Nay,' said Allo. 'This is a gift from Amal, that Winged Hat whom you saved on the beach. He says you are a man.'

"'He is a man, too. Tell him I will wear his gift,' I answered.

"'Oh, Amal is a young fool; but speaking as men, your Emperor is doing such great things in Gaul that the Winged Hats are anxious to be his friends, or better still, the friends of his servants. They think you and Pertinax could lead them to victories!'

"'Allo,' I said, 'You are the corn between the two millstones. Be content if they grind evenly, and don't thrust your hand between them.'

"'I?' said Allo. 'I hate Rome and the Winged Hats equally, but if the Winged Hats thought that some day you and Pertinax might join them against Maximus, they would leave you in peace while you considered it. Time is what we need — You and I and Maximus. Let me carry a pleasant message back to the Winged Hats — something for them to make a council over. We barbarians are all alike. We sit up half the night to discuss anything a Roman says. Eh?'

"'We have no men. We must fight with words,' said Pertinax. 'Leave it to Allo and me.'

"So Allo carried word back to the Winged Hats that we would not fight them if they did not fight us, and they (I think they were a little tired of losing men in the sea), agreed to a sort of truce. I believe Allo also told them we might some day rise against Maximus as Maximus had risen against Rome.

"Indeed they permitted the corn-ships which I sent to the Picts to pass North that season without harm. Therefore the Picts were well fed that winter, and since they were in some sort my children, I was glad of it. We had only two thousand men on the Wall, and I wrote many times to Maximus and begged — prayed — him to send me only one cohort of my old North British auxiliaries. He could not spare them. He needed them to win more victories in Gaul.

"Then came news that he had defeated and slain the Emperor Gratian, and thinking he was now secure, I wrote again for men. He answered: — 'You will learn that I have at last settled accounts with the boy Gratian. There was no need that he should have died, but he became confused and lost his head: which is a bad thing to befall an Emperor. Tell your Father I am content to drive two mules only; for unless my old General's son thinks himself destined to destroy me, I shall rest Emperor of Gaul and Britain, and then you, my two children, will presently get all the men you need. Just now I can spare none.'"

"What did he mean by his General's son?" said Dan.

"He meant Theodosius, Emperor of Rome, who was son of Theodosius the General under whom Maximus had fought in the old Pict War. The two men never loved each other, and when Gratian made the younger Theodosius Emperor of the East (at least so I've heard), Maximus carried on war to the second generation. It was his fate: it was his fall. But Theodosius is a good man, as I know.

"I wrote back to Maximus, that though we had peace, I should be happier with a few more men and some new catapults. He answered: 'You must live a little longer under the shadow of my victories, till I can see what Theodosius intends. He may welcome me as a brother-Emperor, or he may be preparing an army. In either case I cannot spare men just now.'"

"But he was always saying that," said Dan.

"It was true. He did not make untrue excuses. Thanks, as he said, to the news of his victories, we had no trouble on the Wall for a long, long time. The Picts grew fat as their own sheep among the heather, and as many of my men as lived were well exercised in their weapons. Yes, the Wall looked strong. For myself, I knew how weak we were. I knew that if even a false rumor of any defeat to Maximus broke loose among the Winged Hats, they might come down in earnest, and then — the Wall would go! For the Picts I never cared; but in those years I learned something of the strength of the Winged Hats. They increased their strength every day, but I could not increase my men. Maximus had emptied Britain of troops behind us, and I felt myself to be a man with a rotten stick standing before a broken fence to turn bulls.

"Thus, my friends, we lived on the Wall; waiting, waiting, waiting for the men that Maximus never sent!

"Presently he wrote that he was preparing an army against Theodosius. He wrote, and Pertinax read it over my shoulder in our quarters: 'Tell your father that my destiny orders me to drive three mules or be torn in pieces by them. I hope within a year to finish with Theodosius, son of Theodosius, once and for all. Then you shall have Britain to rule, and Pertinax, if he chooses, Gaul. To-day I wish strongly you were with me to beat my Auxiliaries into shape. Do not, I pray you, believe any rumor of my sickness. I have a little evil in my old body which I shall cure by riding swiftly into Rome.'

"Said Pertinax: 'It is finished with Maximus. He writes as a man without hope. I, a man without hope, can see this. What does he add at the bottom of the roll?' "Tell Pertinax I have met his uncle, the Duumvir of Divio, and that he has accounted to me quite truthfully for all his Mother's monies. I have sent her with a fitting escort, for she is the mother of a hero, to Nicœa, where the climate is warm."

" 'That is proof,' said Pertinax. 'Nicœa is not far by sea from Rome. A woman there could take ship and fly to Rome in time of war. Yes. Maximus foresees his death, and is fulfilling his promises one by one. But I am glad my Uncle met him.'

" 'You think blackly to-day?' I asked.

" 'I think truth. The Gods weary of the play we have played against them. Theodosius will destroy Maximus. It is finished.'

" 'Will you write him that?' I said.

" 'See what I shall write,' he answered, and he took pen and wrote a letter cheerful as the light of day, tender as a woman's and full of jests. Even I, reading over his shoulder, took comfort from it till — I saw his face!

" 'And now,' he said, sealing it, 'we be two dead men, my brother. Let us go to the temple.'

"We prayed a while to Mithras, where we had many times prayed before. After that, we lived day by day among evil rumors till winter came again.

"It happened one morning that we rode to Segedunum to look at the catapults, and found on the beach a fair-haired man, half frozen, bound to some broken planks. Turning him over, we saw by his belt-buckle that he was a Goth of an Eastern Legion. Suddenly he opened his eyes and cried loudly: 'He is dead! The letters were with me, but the Winged Hats sunk the ship.' So saying, he died between our hands.

"We asked not who was dead. We knew. We raced before the driving snow to Hunno, thinking perhaps Allo might be there. We found him already at our stables, and he saw by our faces what we had heard.

" 'It was at a place called Aquileia,' he stammered. 'Maximus was beaten, bound, and beheaded. He sent a letter to you written while he waited to be slain. The Winged Hats met the ship and took it. The news is running through the heather like fire. Blame me not! I cannot hold back my young men any more!'

" 'I would we could say as much for our men,' said Pertinax laughing. 'But, Gods be praised, they cannot run away.'

" 'What do you do?' said Allo. 'I bring an order — a message from the Winged Hats that you join them this day with your men and march south to plunder Britain.'

" 'It grieves me,' said Pertinax, 'but we are stationed here to stop that thing.'

" 'If I carry that answer, they will kill me,' said Allo. 'I always promised the Winged Hats that you would rise when Maximus fell. I did not think he could fall.

" 'Alas, my poor barbarian,' said Pertinax, still laughing. 'Well, you have sold us too many good ponies to be thrown back to your friends. We will make you a prisoner, although you are an ambassador.'

" 'Yes, that will be best,' said Allo, holding out a halter. We bound him lightly, for he was an old man.

" 'Presently the Winged Hats may come to look for you, and that may give us more time. See how the habit of playing for time sticks to a man,' said Pertinax as he tied the rope.

" 'Nay,' I said. 'Time may help. If Maximus wrote us letters while he was a prisoner, Theodosius must have despatched the ship. If Theodosius can send ships, he can send men.'

" 'How will that save us?' said Pertinax. 'We serve Maximus, not Theodosius. Even if by some miracle of the Gods, Theodosius down south sent and saved the Wall, we could not expect more than the death Maximus died.'

" 'It concerns us to defend the Wall, no matter what Emperor dies, or makes die,' I said.

" 'That is worthy of your brother the philosopher,' said Pertinax. 'Myself I am without hope, so I do not say solemn and stupid things. Rouse the Wall!'

"We armed the Wall from end to end: we told the centurions that there was a rumor of Maximus's death and which might bring down the Winged Hats, but we were well sure even if it were true that Theodosius for the sake of Britain would send us help. Therefore, we must stand fast. My friends, it is above all things strange to see how men bear ill-news! Often the strongest till then become the weakest, while the weakest as it were reach up and steal strength from the Gods. So it was with us. Yet my Pertinax by his jests and his labors had put heart and training into our poor numbers during the past years — more than I should have thought possible. Even our Libyan cohort — the Thirds — stood up in their padded cuirasses, and did not whimper.

"In three days came seven chiefs and elders of the Winged Hats. Among them was the young man, Amal, whom I had met on the beach, and he smiled when he saw my necklace. We made them welcome, for they were ambassadors. We showed them Allo, alive but bound. They thought we had killed him, and I saw it would not have vexed them if we had. Allo saw it, too, and it vexed him. Then in our quarters at Hunno, we came to Council.

"They said that Rome was falling, and that we must join them. They offered me all South Britain to govern after they had taken some tribute out of it.

"I answered: 'Patience. This Wall is not

weighed of light plunder. Give me proof that my General is dead.'

" 'Nay,' said one elder, 'prove to us that he lives,' and another said cunningly — 'What will you give us if we read you his last words?'

" 'We are not merchants to bargain,' cried Amal. 'Moreover, I owe this man my life. He shall have his proof.' He threw across to me a letter (well I knew the seal), from Maximus.

" 'We took this out of the ship we sunk,' he cried. 'I cannot read, but I know one sign at least which makes me believe.' He showed me a dark stain on the outer roll that my heavy heart perceived was the valiant blood of Maximus.

" 'Read!' said Amal. 'Read and let us hear whose servant you are!'

"Said Pertinax, very softly, after he had broken seal and looked through it: 'I will read it all. Listen, barbarians!' He read from that which I have carried next my heart ever since."

Parnesius drew from his neck a folded and spotted piece of parchment, and began in a hushed voice:—

" To Parnesius and Pertinax, the not unworthy Captains of the Wall, from Maximus, once Emperor of Gaul and Britain, now prisoner waiting death by the sea in the camp of Theodosius — Greeting and Good-by!

" 'Enough,' said young Amal, 'there is your proof! You must join us now!'

"Pertinax looked long and silently at him, till the fair man blushed like a girl. Then read Pertinax:—

" 'I have joyfully done much evil in my life to those who have wished me evil; but if ever I did any evil to you two, I repent, and I ask your forgiveness. The three mules which I strove to drive have torn me in pieces as your father prophesied. The naked swords wait at the tent door to give me the death I gave to Gratian. Therefore I, your General and your Emperor, send you free and honorable dismissal from my service, which you entered, not for money or office, but, as it makes me warm to believe, because you loved me!'

" 'By the Light of the Sun,' Amal broke in. 'This is in some sort a man! We may have been mistaken in his servants!'

"And Pertinax read on:—

" 'You gave me the time for which I asked. If I have failed to use it, do not lament. We have gambled very splendidly against the Gods, but they hold weighted dice, and I must pay my stakes. Remember, I have been, but Rome is, and Rome will be! Tell Pertinax his Mother is in safety at Nicæa, and her monies are in charge of the Prefect at Antipolis. Make my remembrances to your Father and to your Mother, whose friendship was great gain to me. Give also to my little Picts and to the Winged Hats such messages as their thick heads can understand. I would have sent you three legions this very day if all had gone right. Do not forget me. We have worked together. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!'

"Now that was my Emperor's last letter." (The children heard the parchment crackle as he returned it to its place.)

" 'I was mistaken,' said Amal. 'The servants of such a man will see nothing except over the sword. I am glad of it.' He held out his hand to me.

" 'But Maximus has given you your dismissal,' said an elder. 'You are certainly free to serve — or to rule — whom you please. Join — do not follow — join us!'

" 'We thank you,' said Pertinax. 'But Maximus tells us to give you such messages as — pardon me, but I use his words — your thick heads can understand.' He pointed through the door to the foot of a catapult wound up.

" 'We understand,' said an elder. 'The Wall must be won at a price.'

" 'It grieves me,' said Pertinax laughing, 'but so it must be won,' and he gave them of our best southern wine.

"They drank and wiped their yellow beards in silence till they rose to go.

"Said Amal stretching himself (for they were only barbarians), 'We be a goodly company. I wonder what the ravens and the dogfish will make of some of us before the snow melts.'

" 'Think rather what Theodosius may send,' I answered; and though they laughed, I saw that my chance shot troubled them.

"Only old Allo lingered behind a little.

" 'You see,' he said, winking and blinking, 'I am no more than their dog. When I have shown their men the secret short ways across the bogs, they will kick me like one.'

"' Then I should not be in haste to show them those ways,' said Pertinax, 'till I was sure that Rome could not save the Wall.'

"' You think so? Woe is me!' said the old man. 'I only wanted peace for my people,' and he went out stumbling through the snow behind the tall Winged Hats.

"In this fashion then, slowly, a day at a time, which is very bad for doubting troops, the War came upon us. At first the Winged Hats swept in from the sea as they had done before, and there we met them as before — with the catapults, till they sickened of it. Yet for a long time they would not trust their duck-legs on land, and I think when it came to revealing the secrets of the tribes, the little Picts were afraid or ashamed to show them all the roads across the heather. I had this from a Pict prisoner. They were as much our spies as our enemies, for the Winged Hats oppressed them, and took their little stores.

"Then the Winged Hats began to roll us up from each end of the Wall. I sent runners southward to see what news might be in Britain, but the wolves were very bold that winter among the deserted stations where the troops had once been, and none came back. We had trouble too with the forage for the ponies along the Wall. I kept ten, and so did Pertinax. We lived and slept in the saddle, riding east or west, and we ate our worn out ponies. The people of the town also made us some trouble till I gathered them all in one quarter behind Hunno. We broke down the Wall on either side of it to make as it were a citadel. Our men fought better in close order.

"By the end of the second month, we were deep in the War as a man is deep in a snow-drift or in a dream. I think we fought in our sleep. At least I know I have gone on the Wall and come off again, remembering nothing between, though my throat was harsh with giving orders, and my sword, I could see, had been used.

"The Winged Hats fought like wolves — all in a pack. Where they had suffered most, there they charged in most hotly. This was hard for the defenders, but it held them from sweeping on into Britain.

"In those days Pertinax and I wrote on the plaster of the bricked archway into Valentia the names of the towers, and the days on which they fell one by one. We did not look to live.

"The fight was always hottest to left and right of the great statue of Roma Dea, near to Rutilianus's house. By the Light of the Sun, that old fat man, whom we had not considered at all, grew young again among the trumpets. I remember he said his sword was an Oracle. 'Let us consult the Oracle,' he would say, and put the handle against his ear, and shake his head wisely. 'And *this* day is allowed Rutilianus to live,' he would say, and tucking up his cloak, he would puff and pant and fight well. Oh, there were jests in plenty on the Wall to take the place of food.

"We endured for two months and seventeen days — always being pressed from the sides into a smaller space. Three times Allo sent in word that help was coming; we did not believe but it helped our men.

"The end came not with shoutings of joy, but like the rest as in a dream. The Winged Hats suddenly left us in peace for a night, and the next day; which is too long for spent men. We slept at first lightly, expecting to be roused, and then like logs, each where he lay. May you never need such sleep! When I waked, our towers were full of strange, armed men, who watched us snoring. I roused Pertinax, and we leaped up together.

" 'What' said a young man in clean armor. 'Do you fight against Theodosius? Look!'

"North we looked over the red snow. No Winged Hats were there. South we looked over the white snow, and behold, there were the Eagles of two strong legions encamped. East and west we saw flame and fighting, but by Hunno all was still.

"' Trouble no more,' said the young man. ' Rome's arm is long. Where are the Captains of the Wall?'

"We said we were those men.

" 'But you are old and gray-haired,' he cried. 'Maximus said that they were boys.'

" 'Yes, but that was a year ago,' said Pertinax. 'What is our fate to be, you fine and well-fed child?'

" 'I am called Ambrosius, a secretary of the Emperor,' he answered. 'Show me a certain letter Maximus wrote from a tent at Aquileia, and perhaps I will believe.'

"I took it from my breast, and when he had read it, he saluted us, saying: 'Your fate is in your own hands. If you choose to serve Theodosius, he will give you a Legion. If it suits you to go to your homes, we will give you a Triumph.'

" 'I would like better a bath, wine, food, razors, soaps, oils, and scents,' said Pertinax laughing.

" 'Oh, I see you are a boy,' said Ambrosius. 'And you?' turning to me.

" 'We bear no ill-will against Theodosius, but in war' — I began.

" 'In war it is as it is in love,' said Pertinax. 'Whether she be good or bad,

"'YOU COULD HEAR THE SOLID ROAR RUN WEST ALONG THE WALL AS HIS CHAIR WAS CARRIED ROCKING THROUGH THE CROWDS'"

one gives one's best once, to one only. That given, there remains no second worth giving or taking.'

" 'That may be true,' said Ambrosius. 'I was with Maximus before he died. He warned Theodosius that you would never serve him, and frankly I say I am sorry for my Emperor.'

" 'He has Rome to console him,' said Pertinax. 'I ask you of your kindness to let us go to our homes, and get this smell out of our nostrils.'

"None the less they gave us a Triumph!"

"It was well earned," said Puck, throwing a piece of bark into the still water of the marlpit. The black oily circles spread dizzily as the children watched them.

"I want to know, oh, ever so many things," said Dan. "What happened to Allo? Did the Winged Hats ever come back?"

"And what happened to the fat old General with the five cooks?" said Una. "And what did your mother say when you came home?"

"She'd say you're sittin' too long over this old pit, so late as 'tis already," said Hobden's voice behind them. "Hst!" he whispered.

He stood still, for not twenty paces away, a magnificent dog-fox sat on his haunches, and looked at the children as though he were a friend of theirs.

"Oh, Mus' Reynolds — Mus' Reynolds," said Hobden, under his breath. "If I knowed all was inside your head, I'd know something wuth knowin'. Mus' Dan an' Miss Una, come along o' me while I lock up my liddle hen-house."

NEW MUSIC FOR AN OLD WORLD

DR. THADDEUS CAHILL'S DYNAMOPHONE AN EXTRAORDINARY ELECTRICAL INVENTION FOR PRODUCING SCIENTIFICALLY PERFECT MUSIC

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE

DR. Thaddeus Cahill's extraordinary invention, of which technical accounts have already been published, is now ready for installation in New York City. It will certainly attract wide popular attention and discussion. At first, and naturally enough, it astonishes chiefly by its unique physical aspects. No musical instrument ever departed further from the ordinary conception of what a musical instrument should be. Filling a large basement with steel machinery — shafts, dynamos, electric alternators, transformers, and switch-boards, it gives the impression of nothing so much as a busy machine-shop, or the center of a considerable manufacturing industry.

No musicians are in evidence: only a workman or two in oily garments. Of ornamentation, with which one associates great musical instruments like pipe-organs and grand pianos, there is not the slightest appearance. A further examination might well puzzle even an expert if he had no inkling of the mystery of the machine. Operating at full speed it apparently produces nothing at all. Nowhere is there the slightest sound of music: you may sit and watch it playing a symphony of Beethoven and hear nothing save a staccato of metallic clicks from the electric switches, accompanied, if you examine closely, by minute sparks and flashes. Noise there is, but no music.

Largest Musical Instrument Ever Built

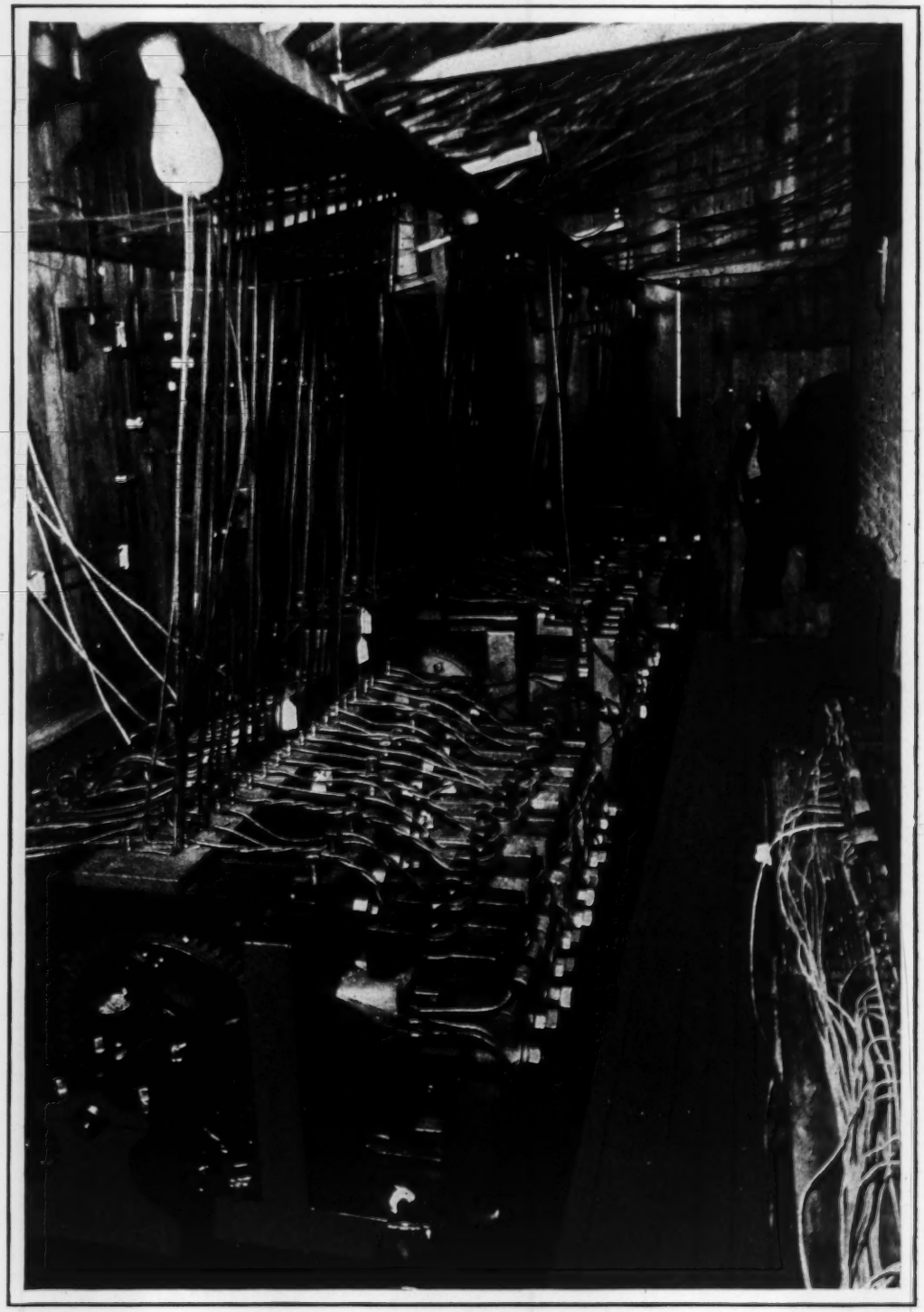
Other aspects are equally unique. Of all musical instruments ever constructed it is certainly the largest and heaviest: none other, probably, ever cost so much money, over $200,000, having been expended in building the first machine; and none ever required, or gave opportunity for more human skill in playing.

But the physical appearance of the instrument, impressive as it is, does not compare for interest with its less evident but more significant features. Suggestively enough, Dr. Cahill's invention is located in a building not far from the Metropolitan Opera House, the center of musical art in this country.

At the present time those who wish to listen to a Conried orchestra must themselves come to the music, they must pay high prices for their seats in the opera house and only a selected few — limited by the size of the auditorium and the cost of admission — can at any time hear the music.

Invention May Work Revolutionary Changes

Dr. Cahill's new invention suggests, if it does not promise, a complete change in the system by which a comparatively few rich people enjoy the best music to the exclusion of all others. Instead of bringing the people to the music the new method sends the music to the people. As I have said, the instrument itself produces no music, it merely gives out electrical waves of various sorts which are carried over wires like a telegraph message. Highly skilled musicians located in a quiet room distant from the whir of the machinery, regulate the production of these waves by playing upon keyboards similar to those of the pipe-organ. Connecting with the central plant, cables are laid, in the streets, from which wires may be



WHAT THE DYNAMOPHONE LOOKS LIKE

This is the first, small experimental machine. The one now being installed in New York is much larger

run into your house or mine, or into restaurants, theaters, churches, schools, or whereever music is desired. Upon our table, or attached to the wall, we have an ordinary telephone receiver with a funnel attached. By opening a switch we may "turn on" the music. The electric waves sent out by the great central machine are transformed, by the familiar device of the telephone, into sound waves, and reach our ears as symphonies, lullabies or other music, at the will of the players. Louder tones and greater volume of music may be secured for theaters and churches, by the simple regulation of a switch. Of course the same selections, performed by the musicians, go over the wires at the same time, so that you and I may sit in our homes on Easter morning and hear the same music that is being produced in the churches, or in the evening, dining at the restaurant, we may enjoy the identical selections given in the opera house or the theater. It is the dream of the inventor that, in the future, we may be awakened by appropriate music in the morning, and go to bed at night with lullabies — sleep-music being a department of musical composition which he thinks has been sadly neglected. The machine as now constructed is, indeed, peculiarly adapted to the sweet, soft strains of sleep-music. It would be difficult to produce more exquisite effects than Dr. Cahill gets in such selections as "Traumerei."

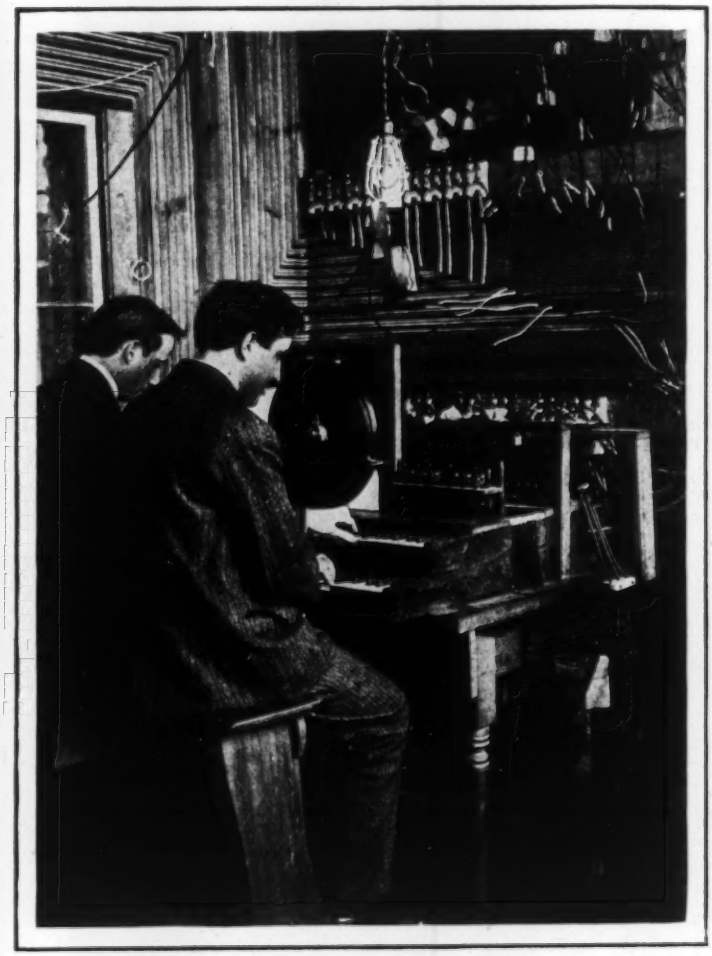
EIGHT INDUCTORS CORRESPONDING TO THE EIGHT C'S ON A PIANO

The large inductors produce the deep notes, the small, the high notes. They are mounted on the same shaft, and turn together, so that the dynamophone cannot get "out of tune"

Democracy of Music

As the machine is developed, and as the players become more expert, we may enter upon quite a new era of music, what may be called, indeed, the democracy of music. We cannot really herald the complete dominance of democracy until we have good music, great pictures, and the best books at the command of every citizen. Museums, galleries, and process printing have gone far towards bringing that equal opportunity of all citizens for the enjoyment of great pictures, which is the dream of the social philosopher. Free libraries have placed the best and rarest books at the command of any man who wishes to use them. But music, by its nature ephemeral and costly of production, has not so easily submitted itself to such democracy of enjoyment. Poor music may be had anywhere: good music is rare: it is hived up in grand opera houses, and supported by playing upon the social vanity of the rich. It is a pastime for society. To this fact, indeed, may be traced the slow development, much deplored by critics, of musical taste in this country.

Dr. Cahill's instrument, without in any way overestimating its capabilities, or suggesting that it will displace the present forms of musical art, gives us a hint of what the music of the future may be like. With its wires spreading in every direction, not only in the streets of cities and into city homes, but by means of a system of long distance transmission, even now quite feasible, the best music may be delivered at towns, villages, and even farmhouses up to a hundred miles or more from the central station. Small country



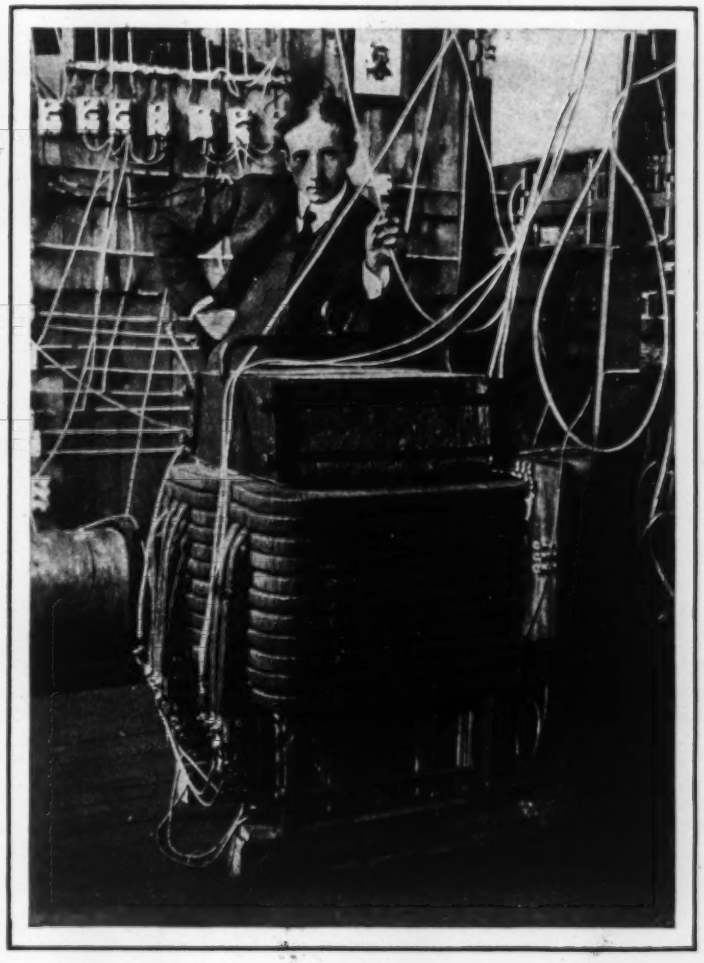
MUSICIANS PLAYING THE DYNAMOPHONE

churches, town halls, schools, at present holding up no ideals of really good music, may be provided with the same high-class selections that are daily produced by the most skilful players in the cities.

One's first feeling, upon hearing of the new machine, is one of utter incredulity. When the telephone was invented the idea of talking over wires was just as inconceivable: and more recently the announcement that messages might be conveyed from Europe to America wholly without the use of wires, was looked upon with much the same skepticism. But Dr. Cahill's machine is actualiy in existence, players have been trained to perform upon it, and the music has really been conveyed over wires and produced in distant halls and houses, as it will soon be delivered through the streets of New York. When one is convinced that so much of the story is true his next impression — for we are of weak faith — is that this is only another device, like the phonograph, or the much advertised piano-player, for producing mechanical music. In other words, we imagine a sort of overgrown, hurdy-gurdy. The news of all great inventions seems at first too good to be true. It is amusing, the wistfulness with which the inquirer, eager to believe in the instrument, is sure to ask: "But is the music not mechanical? Cannot you hear the machinery? Is it possible that such a machine can be made to convey the emotion of the player?"

How the New Music is Produced

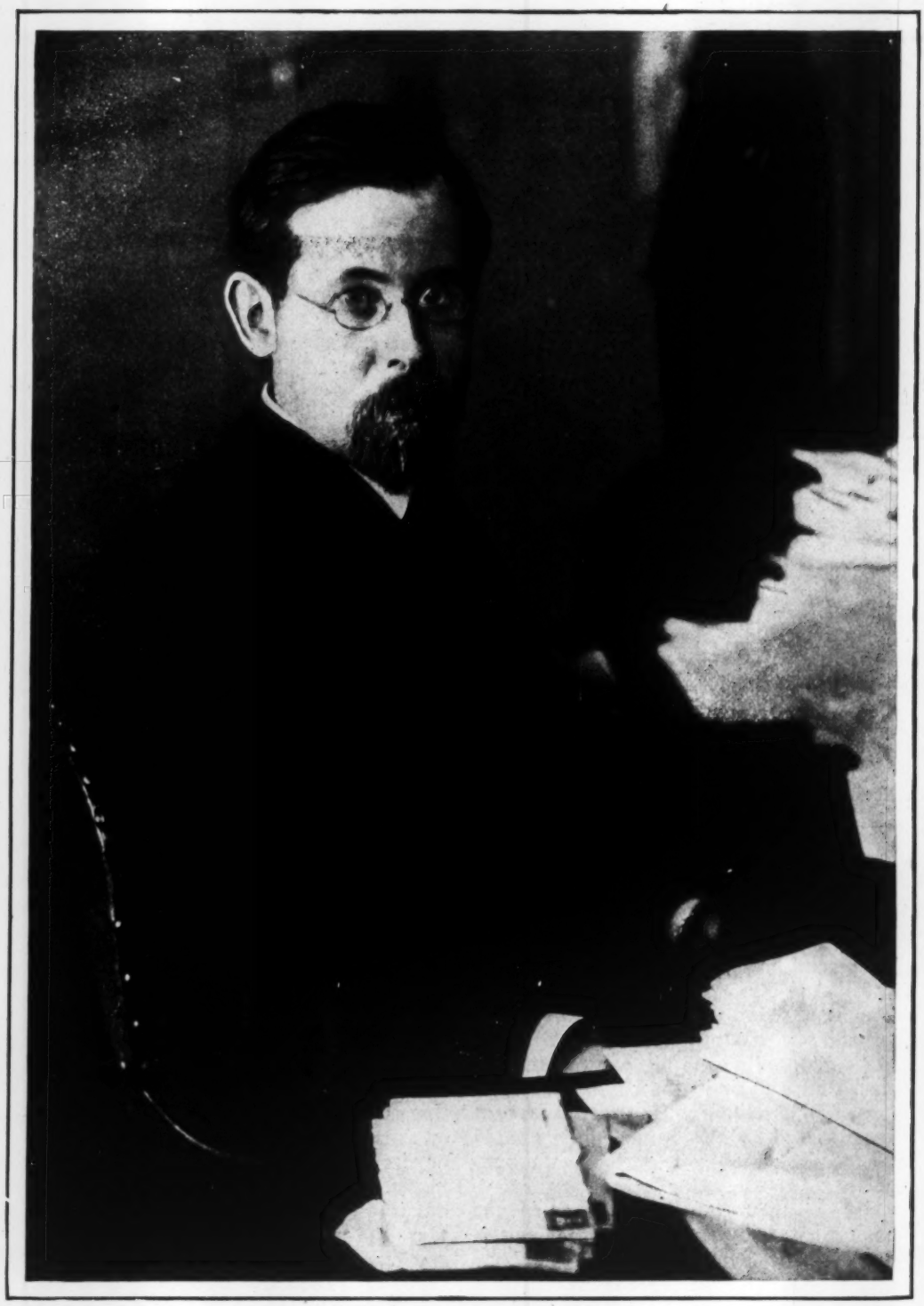
These were the questions uppermost in my own mind when I went to Holyoke, Massachusetts, where Dr. Cahill has his laboratory, and where he has just completed



A TONE-MIXER

Where the currents producing various tones are combined to give a musical note

his second machine, the one now being installed in New York City. A wire runs from the laboratory to the Hamilton Hotel, about a mile away, and the telephone receiver, fitted with a big paper horn, was placed on a chair in the ball-room at the top of the building. A switch near at hand turned on the music and regulated the tones, either soft or loud, the musicians, of course, being located at the keyboard in their own small room at the laboratory, a mile away. I am not a musical critic, but of a few things any one may at once make sure. When the music began, it seemed to fill the entire room with singularly clear, sweet, perfect tones. Although expecting somehow to hear the whir of machinery, or the scraping sounds common to the phonograph, I was at first so much interested in the music itself that I did not once recall its source. Afterwards, I listened especially for some evidence of the noisy dynamos which I had just seen, but without distinguishing a single jarring sound; nor was there any hollowness or strangeness traceable to the telephone or its horn attachment. It was pure music, conveying musical emotion without interference or diversion. As one listens, the marvel of it grows upon him — the marvel and the possibilities which it suggests. The music apparently comes out of nothingness, no players to be seen, no instrument, nothing but two wires running out of the wall; and in hundreds of different places widely separated — the present



DR. THADDEUS CAHILL, THE INVENTOR

machine can supply over one thousand subscribers — the same music may be heard at the same moment.

A Hundred Instruments in One

The first impression the music makes upon the listener is its singular difference from any music ever heard before: in the fullness, roundness, completeness, of its tones. And truly it is different and more perfect: but strangely enough, while it possesses ranges of tones all its own, it can be made to imitate closely other musical instruments: the flute, oboe, bugle, French horn and 'cello best of all, the piano and violin not as yet so perfectly. Ask the players for fife music and they play Dixie for you with the squealing of the pipes deceptively perfect. Indeed, the performer upon this marvelous machine, as I shall explain later, can "build up" any sort of tone he wishes: he can produce the perfect note of the flute or the imperfect note of the piano — though the present machine is not adapted to the production of all sorts of music, as future and more extensive machines may be.

After several selections had been given I was conscious of a subtle change in the music. Dr. Cahill said:

"Mr. Harris has taken Mr. Pierce's place."

It is quite as possible, indeed, to distinguish the individuality of the players upon this instrument as it is upon the piano or violin. The machine responds perfectly to the skill and emotion of the player; he gets out of it what he puts into it: so that the music is as much a human production as though the player performed upon a piano. In an hour's time we had many selections, varying all the way from Bach and Schubert to the "Arkansas Traveler" and a popular Stein song. One duet was played by Mr. Pierce and Mr. Schultz. The present machine is best adapted to the higher class of music. It does not produce with any great success the rattle-bang of rag-time, which is perhaps an advantage.

By the time I had heard the music and had speculated upon what the influence of such an instrument might be upon the development of the aesthetic side of our common life, I wanted to understand the invention itself and to know something of the man who created it.

A first glance at the machinery in the Holyoke laboratory is rather discouraging to the ordinary visitor who is untrained in the science of electricity and sound. It seems, like the pictures which go with this article, almost too difficult to understand. But, like all great inventions, its fundamental principles are really simple.

How the Invention was Made

Some inventions, like the X-ray apparatus, partake of the nature of brilliant discoveries, being the fortuitous result of experiment along other lines. When Roentgen produced the first X-ray photograph he was as much astonished as the world was afterwards. The true invention, however, begins with a definite vision in the inventor's mind: he knows what he is looking for, and like the artist who devotes himself laboriously to the technique of his art, he is willing to experiment with patience and in obscurity for years in giving material form to his vision.

Dr. Cahill has made no great new discovery, he has established no new fundamental law; but by applying well-known principles and devoting twelve years of his life to toilsome experimentation he has produced a wonderful new instrument.

The vision, which is the essence of an invention, in this case was of a machine which should produce scientifically perfect tones.

What is a Perfect Musical Instrument?

Most of us have no conception of how imperfect are all of our existing musical contrivances, especially the more complex ones like the violin, piano, pipe-organ. Dr. Cahill was brought up in Oberlin, Ohio, a town having a musical conservatory and much devoted to good music. He developed a keen interest in the scientific side of the art and he was impressed with the remarkable inefficiency of all sorts of instruments. The violin is marred by poverty of chord capacity, while the piano, having excellent chord capacity, cannot be kept in perfect tune, and suffers from the dwindling of the notes: that is, the sound is loud when the string is first struck, and gradually dies out. Dr. Cahill calls the pipe-organ a "dead instrument." It has no sympathy and gives little control of

tones: when the key is down the tone cannot be further influenced by the player.

It occurred to Dr. Cahill that it should be possible to construct a machine which would give the player *absolute control of the tones produced*, thereby uniting all the perfections of the various instruments and eliminating their defects. The ideal instrument, to his mind, was one which would enable the player to express his emotion in all its power and intensity as nearly without mechanical hindrance as possible. He did not at first think of distributing music by wires: that was a later invention. His first desire was a perfect instrument, giving as he says "a sustained tone controlled by the touch." For example, after a piano player strikes a key, the sound, loud at first, dwindles rapidly away: he cannot control or regulate it: he must use it as it is. Suppose he could hold it as long as he pleased, in all its initial power and beauty: suppose he could cause it to swell or dwindle at will, suppose he could make it, at any moment, just as loud or soft as he desired; in other words, suppose he could mold that tone under his hands as a potter molds clay, would not his capacity as a musician be enormously increased? Would he not be able to express more perfectly the full emotion of his musical genius? Such control was what Dr. Cahill had in view in working out his invention.

Story of Dr. Cahill's Unusual Career

Dr. Cahill is by nature a scientist and inventor. He has been inventing since he was thirteen years old. At that age he was the expert stenographer of an Ohio court, and out of his experience with the imperfections of the modern typewriter grew the idea of an electric typewriter, which he afterward invented and which is now successfully in use. At fourteen he was making telephones, the Bell company having refused to sell him instruments to experiment with. A little later, while still in his teens, he began work with musical devices, and he continued during a partial course in Oberlin College, to study and experiment. Later he went to Washington where he earned his living by means of a clerkship in the House of Representatives, attending the Columbian University in the evening, and finally graduating from the Law Department, third in a class of over one hundred.

In addition to the bread-winning work of the day, and the law studies of the night, the young man, having an iron constitution and the tenacity of a genuine purpose, continued without interruption to work on his inventions, experimenting at first with sirens and afterwards with various magnetic and electrical devices. At times, although his income was small, and the cost of apparatus great, he kept two draughtsmen at work. His room and an old basement were at first his laboratories. Through many years the inventor's brothers, Arthur T. and George F. Cahill, have been his faithful assistants.

Lord Kelvin Encourages the Inventor

After many years of work Dr. Cahill in 1900 completed his first machine. The next two years he spent in experimenting with the machine, perfecting plans for a larger plant. During this period, he distributed the music from his laboratory, in one part of Washington, to his office or home in another. In 1902, he transmitted it to the residence of George Westinghouse, of air-brake fame, in Washington, and to the office of a friend in Baltimore. The musical effects were considered wonderful by those who heard them. Several capitalists became interested in the invention — foremost among them, O. T. Crosby, a pioneer of electrical railroading and F. C. Todd, of Baltimore. Their zealous advocacy and financial support of it have been of the greatest importance to the new art and its inventor. Several eminent scientists, among them Lord Kelvin, visited the inventor's laboratory and encouraged him to continue his work. The same year he opened a large laboratory at Holyoke, Massachusetts, and after four years more of work, Dr. Cahill is now nearly ready for the first public presentation of the results of his experiments. Few inventions have ever been so kept in darkness until they reached the perfection necessary for immediate commercial use. And few inventors have so combined the genius to produce a machine, with the legal knowledge to protect it with patents, and the business acumen to raise the very great sums of money necessary to carry on the experiments, which have cost a fortune, and to build a commercial plant which has cost $200,000. more.

How does the New Machine Produce Music?

We may now come to the machine itself. What is it? How does it produce music?

A musical note, in its simplest sense, is a pleasant sound, produced by vibrations in the air. Strike a key of a piano: the string vibrates and sets the air to pulsating, sound waves are conveyed to our ears and we hear a musical note. Some strings produce rapid vibrations and give us high notes. Others, slower vibrations with low notes. By striking various keys in succession these vibrations may be blended or combined to produce music.

Every one knows how different is the music produced, for example, by the piano from that of the cornet or violin. The tones are wholly different. Why?

Helmholtz in his great work on "Sensations of Tone" analyzed musical tones as a chemist analyzes water. A tone which seems to us perfectly simple may be extremely complex Helmholtz showed that, when a note struck, we have first a "ground tone," consisting of a certain number of vibrations a second. But this is not all: accompanying the "ground tone" and coexisting with it are other vibrations called "harmonics," which are two, three, four, five or more times as rapid.

In some instruments the ground tone is strong and clear, and the harmonics much less distinct — as in the violin and the flute. In brass instruments the ground tone is weaker and the harmonics stronger. In other words, the quality of a musical instrument depends upon the combination of the original ground tone and its many harmonics.

Helmholtz and His Tuning Forks

Helmholtz, by the use of many tuning forks, one giving the pure primary tone, the others yielding the pure harmonics, was actually able to "build up" or imitate the tones of various instruments.

Here, then, in its acoustic form, was one of the basic ideas out of which the music of the future will grow — is now growing. If Helmholtz could have gone on and built a machine for operating and controlling his tuning forks he could have produced any sort of music he desired, and with scientific perfection. But such a machine would have presented mechanical difficulties impossible of solution. Helmholtz, moreover, had no idea of *producing music*. His work was to investigate the physiological basis of our musical sensations.

Dr. Cahill, on the contrary, using the scientific knowledge which Helmholtz and a host of others had developed, sought to create a new system of musical production that would be more plastic and expressive than anything known before. Later he set himself the further task of finding some way of distributing widely the music so produced.

It is impossible here to describe the tortuous and difficult pathway of his progress, or to tell of the obstacles which he was compelled to surmount. It will be sufficient to explain, simply — for it is really simple — how he finally solved the problem.

Electricity Used to Produce Music

Electricity, like sound, travels in waves or vibrations, electricity in the ether, and sound in the air. Why should there not be a way, argued Dr. Cahill, for producing the various vibrations corresponding to the pitch of a musical note by electricity and then changing them into sound-vibrations? This was the problem he studied: and he finally hit upon the use of electric dynamos. Each dynamo was so built that it gave out alternating currents which vibrated (or alternated, as the electrician would say) at a certain rate. Each dynamo produced vibrations representing a single pure musical tone, or a single one of Helmholtz's tuning forks. Other dynamos or alternators were used to represent other pure tones, until in the present machine Dr. Cahill has not fewer than 145 such alternators. They are placed upon great steel shafts, and operated by power machinery. Each alternator is connected by wires with the playing keyboard in another room. When one key is pressed one alternator gives off its vibrations: when two are pressed, two alternators come into play. Let us suppose, now, that the player wishes to produce the peculiar sweet note of an A string (open) upon the violin. The ground tone of the A string has 435 vibrations a second. One key controlling one alternator will produce this ground tone, but it will sound more like a flute note than a violin note. Harmonics must be added — exactly as Helmholtz built up a tone with his tuning forks. Stops are drawn producing the first harmonic, 870

vibrations, the second harmonic, 1,305 vibrations and so on, until the approximate note of the violin is reached. In other words, the player, by using the proper keys and stops can construct the tones of any instrument he wishes. He can have the clear note of the flute, the heavy burr of the 'cello or the squeal of the fife. The qualities of all instruments — the vivacity of the piano, the emotion of the violin, the purity of the clarinet, are thus within instant reach of the player upon a machine of this type. The present instrument with 145 alternators, while producing the most extraordinary results, will not reach all of the combinations necessary, let us say, to produce the marvelously complex music of an orchestra, but the inventor is already planning a much larger machine, with hundreds of alternators, upon which eight or ten musicians may perform together, making possible heights of musical harmony never before imagined.

The Grooming of an Electrical Current

The fundamental feature of the machine, then, lies in these alternators, but many other devices, wonderful inventions in themselves, contribute to the production of musical sound. For example, the currents from various alternators must be combined to make a given tone: consequently the inventor has produced what he calls "tone-mixers" where the various sorts of vibrations, carried on wires, are combined. Leaving the mixer, mysterious as it is to the non-technical mind, the current is "refined" by passing it through other devices, from which it emerges ready for distribution by wire to the subscriber in his home or at his restaurant. It is perfectly marvelous, the way in which these currents are regulated and controlled — molded as it were, by the delicate touch of the artist's hand.

How the Music is Telephoned

One final device is necessary. So far we have only an electrical current, properly mixed and refined, to produce a given musical tone, but there is no sound whatever. The machine itself, as I have said, is silent. The inventor here has recourse to the simple device of the telephone receiver, the purpose of which is to translate an electric current, which comes to it over the wires, into sound waves. The familiar little black diaphragm of the telephone is made to vibrate by the current and that vibration is communicated to the air, producing sound waves which we hear, exactly as we hear the sound waves excited by a piano string. Thus the new music comes to us. It can be transmitted over ordinary telephone wires and received in our ordinary telephones, but inasmuch as the current used for the music is much stronger than that employed for carrying the human voice, it is the plan of the inventor to have separate wires laid in the streets, and a separate telephone apparatus in the theater or in the home of the subscriber. In New York the plan is ultimately to have four different sets of wires, one carrying operatic music, one classical music, one sacred music, and one popular airs, so that subscribers may take their choice.

Having produced his new instrument it was necessary to find an operator. Curiously enough, although Dr. Cahill is a profound student of music and a lover of musical art he plays no instrument. About three years ago Edwin H. Pierce, a professional pianist and organist of many years' experience, undertook the task of mastering the new instrument. The keyboard which he uses fills all one side of the music room. It is surrounded by a jungle of wires leading from the keyboard to the 2,000 or more switches which control the instrument. The musician sits on a high bench, like that of a pipe-organ, with double-banked keyboard. Sixteen stops are used to regulate the harmonics, and there are other devices, pedals and "expression levers," for otherwise controlling the tones. One telephone with a funnel is arranged behind the player, so that by listening to his own music he may get exactly the proper effects.

Learning to Play the Dynamophone

Learning to play the new instrument has been like some wonderful new discovery in an unknown musical world. Here were limitless musical possibilities waiting to be utilized. The musician uses his keys and stops to build up the voices of flute or clarinet, as the artist uses his brushes for mixing colors to obtain a certain hue.

It is like seeing a conjurer's trick to hear Mr. Pierce add tone to tone from the stops which represent the harmonics, only to have the whole suddenly blend in one perfect note at the drawing of the last stop. By combining, for example, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th partials with the 4th and 5th predominating he can produce a marvelously beautiful oboe tone. Mr. Pierce has been devoting all his time for two years to the instrument, and does not yet consider himself by any means the master of it. In fact the instrument itself has been growing and changing. Two other performers, Mr. Schultz and Mr. Harris, have learned it under his instruction.

The player uses one hand on the keys for giving the tones, and one at the stops for giving the quality. In future instruments there may be many players with one great leader, as in an orchestra, having the whole performance under his control and interpreting his own musical genius. And such players will not lack the stimulus of an audience, for it is the intent of the inventor to have the operating portion of the instrument located in a hall or opera house where the public may be admitted to hear the same music which is being rendered at the same moment in a thousand different places.

It will be noted that I have spoken throughout of the invention as the "new instrument." It is indeed so new that it is yet without a definitely chosen name. The inventor has suggested both "telharmonium" and "dynamophone" — both descriptive terms — with a preference for the latter. The workmen in the shop speak of "electric music." In the end the public will probably choose its own name — as it has named the automobile.

Effect of the New Music on Musical Art

Will the new instrument tend to affect the present musical art?

If it reaches in practice anything like the perfection of its experimental performances it will undoubtedly become a most valuable addition to the range of musical possibilities. As a pure economic proposition, it will furnish really good music much cheaper than the ordinary small orchestras: and there will be little danger of strikes of musicians. After a machine is installed in a city, a dozen or twenty highly skilled performers may easily supply thousands of restaurants, churches, schools and homes, with music. In the Boston Symphony Orchestra twenty men play first violin and twenty second violin — in order to produce the necessary volume of sound. In the new instrument the player has unlimited volume at his instant command.

We Shall Keep the Old with the New

But it would be absurd to say that the new instrument will even seriously interfere with the presentation of great music of any sort. It will rather add to the public interest in music and the appreciation of musical art. The automobile has not driven out the horse, and in an age of electric lights we still use gas and kerosene oil, not to mention candles. More people will become interested, and more musicians developed, and the possibilities of greater ranges of musical effect may encourage the development of an entirely new music, at present hardly imagined.

But the new instrument as at present constructed, has its limitations. Its own peculiar and beautiful tones may in their very sweetness and perfection fail to please every one. As artists and architects know, there is a certain appeal to the senses in that which is imperfect and irregular, though there is no reason why a great musician, using the new instrument, should not introduce those very dissonances which lend to the perfection of art. At present the instrument is better adapted to classical music than to the lively popular airs which many people really enjoy, whether they should or not. Moreover, we shall miss the sight, pleasing to many of us, of the humanity of the histrionic leader with his "pale, bleak forehead, and his long black hair," the fat man with the trombone, and last and not least, the "little man in the tin shop."

We welcome the new with eagerness: it has a great place to fill: it may revolutionize our musical art: but, in accepting the new, we shall not give up the old.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

IX

LONDON IN 1852—MAZZINI AND KOSSUTH—THE DECISION TO COME TO AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

ABOUT the middle of June I arrived in London. Kinkel had already selected rooms for me on St. Johnswood Terrace, not far from his house, and he had also found pupils for me to whom I was to give lessons in the German language and in music, the proceeds of which would be more than sufficient to cover my modest wants. The well-known paradox that you can have more in London for a shilling and less for a pound, than anywhere else, that is to say that you can live very cheaply and comparatively well in modest circumstances, while life on a grand scale is very expensive, was at that time as well founded as undoubtedly it still is. I could have found a great many more pupils if I had been able to speak English. But, strange as this appeared to myself in later life, my musical ear still rebelled against the sound of the English language, and could not conquer its repugnance. The peculiar charm of its cadence I began to appreciate only as I learned to speak it with fluency. In teaching German to others the Princess De Beaufort's methods in teaching me French proved of great use to me.

Some of my pupils took a very lively interest in old German literature and requested me to read with them the Nibelungenlied and, as not seldom happens, in my role of teacher I learned more of the subject I had to teach than I had known before and than I would have learned otherwise. I taught and learned with real enthusiasm, for — I may permit myself here to remark by the way — the Nibelungenlied is, in my opinion, certainly not in elegance of diction, but surely in dramatic architecture, the grandest and most powerful epic presented by any literature.

In my social intercourse the Kinkel family naturally occupied the first place. Their house was small, and modestly furnished. But in this house dwelt happiness. Kinkel had regained the whole cheerful elasticity of his being. His hair and beard were, to be sure, touched with gray, but the morbid pallor which his imprisonment had imparted to his face had yielded to the old fresh and healthy hue. With cheerful courage he had undertaken the task of finding for his family in a foreign country a comfortable existence, and his efforts were crowned with success. To the private lessons he gave were added lectures and other engagements at educational institutions. During the first months he earned enough to give his wife a fine grand piano and Frau Kinkel won in a large social circle an excellent reputation as a teacher of music. The four children promised well as they grew up. There could have been nothing more pleasant and instructive than to see Frau Kinkel occupied with the education of her two boys and two girls. They not only began to play on the piano as soon as they were physically able, but they also sang with perfect purity of tone and naïve expression quartets composed by their mother especially for them.

The joy I felt when I observed the new life of this family I cannot well describe. I learned to understand and appreciate one

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great truth: there is no purer or more beautiful happiness in this world than the consciousness that one has contributed something toward the happiness of those one loves, without demanding any other reward than this consciousness.

The gratitude of Kinkel and his wife was so sincere and untiring that it frequently embarrassed me. They constantly were looking for something that they could do to please me. At the time when I was thinking of settling down in London it was hard work for me to induce them to accept my declination when they uttered the wish that I should live in their house. Now I had at least to consent to their pressing proposition that my youngest sister should come over from Germany to be educated in their home like a child of the family. This turned out happily as my sister was also blessed with that cheerful Rhenisch temperament that radiates sunshine. Then Frau Kinkel insisted upon giving me further lessons upon the piano, and I resumed my musical studies with renewed zest. My teacher taught me to enjoy Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann, and conducted me through the enchanted gardens of Chopin's music. But more than that, she taught me thoroughbass and thereby opened to me a knowledge which in the course of time I learned most highly to value as an enrichment of musical enjoyment. Then she put at my disposal her fine grand piano which was reverenced in the family as a sacred thing, and upon which, aside from herself, I was the only one privileged to practice and to improvise, although there was, for such things, another instrument of less value in the house.

The Kinkels, naturally, introduced me also in the social circles which were open to them. Of course my ignorance of the English language I felt as a great drawback. But I had the good fortune of establishing relations of something like friendship with several English families in which German or French was spoken. Then I learned to understand how much sincere warmth of feeling there may be hidden in English men and women who often appear cold, stiff, and formal. I was soon made to feel that every word of friendly sympathy addressed to me and every invitation to more intimate intercourse — words which with other people pass as mere superficial expressions of politeness — was to be taken as perfectly honest and seriously meant. Theirs was true hospitality without pretension and without reserve, in which one breathed the atmosphere of assured confidence. I have also not infrequently been surprised in this friendly intercourse with persons who at first acquaintance seemed to be rather dull, by the reach of thought, the treasures of knowledge, the variety of experiences and the comprehensive views of life and of the world, which came forth in familiar talks.

At that period, the German language was much in fashion in England, probably owing to the circumstance that the popularity of Prince Albert, whose merit as the patron of the great International Exposition of 1851 was universally recognized, had reached its highest point. It had become a wide-spread custom to sing German songs at evening parties and the German "Volkslieder" seemed to be especial favorites. I could not but be amused when a blushing miss, at an evening party, was solemnly conducted to the piano "to give us a sweet German folk song" and she then, in slow time and in a tone of profound melancholy, which might have indicated a case of death in the family, rendered the merry German tune: "Wenn i' komm, wenn i' komm, wiederum komm."

In later years I have often regretted that at that time I did not take more interest in the political life of England and did not seek acquaintance in political circles. But even without this I received a deep impression of the country and the people. How different was the restless commotion in the streets of London in its mighty seriousness and its colossal motive power from the gay, more or less artistically elegant, but more than half frivolous activity that entertains the visitor on the streets of Paris; and how different from the half military, half philistine appearance presented by Berlin, which at that time had not yet become a world city! How well justified, how natural, appeared to me the national pride of the Briton when in Westminster Hall I beheld the statues and busts and in the Abbey the tombs of the great Englishmen, which stood there as monuments of mighty thoughts and deeds. How firmly founded appeared to me the free institutions of the people to whom civil liberty was not a mere phrase, a passing whim, or a toy, but a life-principle, the reality of which the citizen needed for his daily work, and that lived in the thoughts and aspirations of every Englishman as

something that is a matter of course ! I saw enough of the country and of the people to feel all this, although we refugees in London lived separate lives as on an island of our own in a great surrounding sea of humanity.

A large number of refugees from almost all parts of the European continent had gathered in London since the year 1848, but the intercourse between the different national groups — Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians — was confined more or less to the prominent personages. All, however, in common nourished the confident hope of a revolutionary upturning on the continent soon to come. Among the Germans there were only a few who shared this hope in a less degree. Perhaps the ablest and most important person among these was Lothar Bucher, a quiet, retiring man of great capacity and acquirements, who occupied himself with serious political studies, and whom I was to meet again in later life as Bismarck's most confidential privy-councilor. In London as in Switzerland the refugees zealously discussed the question to whom should belong the leadership in the coming revolution. Of course this over sanguine conception of things gave rise to all sorts of jealousies as will always happen among people similarly situated ; and the refugees therefore divided into parties which at times antagonized one another with considerable bitterness.

When Kinkel arrived in London he occupied, naturally, a very prominent position among the refugees and became, so to speak, the head of a large following. But he also had his opponents who would recognize in him only a poet, a learned man, and a political dreamer, but not a "practical revolutionist," fit to be a real leader in a great struggle. Many of these opponents gathered, strange to say, around Arnold Ruge, a very able and widely-known philosopher and writer, to whom the name of a mere learned man and political dreamer might have been applied even more justly. Then there were groups of socialistic workingmen who partly gathered around Karl Marx and partly around August Willich ; and finally many neutrals who did not trouble themselves about such party bickerings, but went individually each his own way.

Kinkel certainly was not free from ambition nor from illusory hopes of a speedy change in the Fatherland. But his first and most natural aim was to make a living for his family in London. This claimed his activity so much that he could not, to so great an extent as he might have wished, take part in the doings of the refugees, a great many of whom had no regular occupation. Neither was it possible for him to keep open house for his political friends, to put his working hours at their disposal, and to make the home of his family the meeting place of a debating club for the constant repetition of things that had been told many times before.

Kinkel was therefore reproached with giving to the cause of the revolution too little, and to his family interests, too much of his time and care, and it was said that he was all the more to blame as he owed his liberation in a high degree to the helpfulness of his democratic friends. However unjust this reproach, it touched Kinkel deeply. He was in this state of mind when a scheme was pro posed to him, characteristic of the feverish imagination of the political exiles. The scheme was to raise a "German National Loan," of I do not remember how many million thalers, to be redeemed at a certain time after the establishment of the German Republic. The money thus raised was to be at the disposal of a central committee to be expended in Germany for revolutionary ends. To expedite the levying of that national loan Kinkel was to go to America without delay, and by means of public agitation, in which his personal popularity and eminent oratorical gifts were expected to prove highly effective, induce the Germans living in America, and if possible, native Americans, too, to make liberal contributions. In the meantime some of his friends were through personal efforts to win the assent of other prominent refugees to this plan, and thus, if possible, to unite refugeedom in one organization. But Kinkel was to leave for America forthwith without exposing the project to the chance of further consultation, so that the refugees who otherwise might have doubted or criticized the plan, would have to deal with it as an accomplished fact.

In later years it must have appeared to Kinkel himself as rather strange, if not comical, that he could ever have believed in the success of such a plan. At any rate this project was one of the most striking illustrations of the self-deception of the political exiles. But there can hardly be any doubt that the reproaches directed against Kinkel as to his giving more care to the well-being of his family than to the revolutionary cause,

and as to his owing a debt of gratitude to his friends in further efforts for the revolutionary movement, was to him one of the principal motives for accepting this plan without hesitation. Only a few days after the matter had been resolved upon in a confidential circle Kinkel broke off his activity as a teacher in London — a very great sacrifice for him thus to expose his family to new hazards — and departed for America. I, being still quite young and inexperienced, was sanguine enough to consider the success of such an undertaking possible, and went into it with zeal. I was considered capable of doing some diplomatic service and therefore was charged with the task of traveling to Switzerland in order to win the assent of the prominent refugees living there, and so to prepare the foundation for a general organization. This task I assumed with pleasure, and on the way paid a visit to Paris, of which I did not, however, advise the polite prefect of police, and soon met my old friends in Zurich. For these I had, because of the liberation of Kinkel, become an entirely new person since my departure a year before. They now attributed to me a great deal more insight and skill than I possessed, and my diplomatic mission therefore met but little difficulty — that is to say, the prominent refugees, in the expectation that a national loan would through Kinkel's agitation in America, turn out a great success, readily declared their willingness to join the proposed movement.

The most important man and at the same time the most stubborn doubter I found there, was Loewe von Calbe. As the last president of the German National Parliament he had gone in the spring of 1849 with the remnant of that assembly from Frankfurt to Stuttgart and there he had, arm in arm with the old poet Uhland, led the procession of his colleagues to a new meeting place, where it was dispersed by a force of Würtemberg cavalry. He was a physician by profession, and had acquired a large treasure of knowledge in various directions by extensive studies. He made the impression of a very calm, methodical thinker, who also possessed the courage of bold action. There was something of well-conditioned ease in his deportment, and when the sturdy, somewhat corpulent man sat down, looked at the listener with his uncommonly shrewd eyes, and then exposed his own opinion in well-formed, clear sentences, pronounced in slow and precise cadence, he made the impression of authority, the very presence of which was apt to convince even before the argument had been conducted to its last conclusions. Loewe was not nearly as sanguine as most of us as to the possibility of a speedy revolution of things in Germany, although even he was not entirely untouched by the current illusions of the exile's life. He expressed his doubts as to the chances of the projected national loan; but as he did not altogether repel the plan, and I was anxious to win him for this enterprise by further conversations about it, I accompanied him on a walk through the "Berner Oberland."

Until then I had seen the snowy heads of the Alps only at a distance. Now for the first time I came near to them and so to speak, sat down at their feet. We walked from Bern to Interlaken and then by way of Lauterbrunnen and the Wengern Alp, to Grindelwald; then we ascended the Faulhorn and finally turned to the lakes by way of the Scheideck. We stopped at the most beautiful points long enough to see the finest part of this range. Of all the wonderful things that I saw, the deepest impression was produced upon me not by the vast panoramas, as from the top of the Faulhorn, where large groups and chains of the Alps are embraced in one view; but it was the single mountain peak reaching up into the blue sunny ether from a bank of clouds that separated it from the nether world, and standing there as something distinct and individual. It was the image of the eternally firm, unchangeable, certain, looking down as from a throne in serene sunlight upon the eternally unstable and untrustworthy. This picture became especially impressive when behind a veil of cloud, the dull mysterious thunder of the plunging avalanches was heard. As we were favored by constantly beautiful weather I enjoyed this spectacle frequently and always with a feeling that I cannot designate otherwise than devotional.

I was so deeply touched by all this magnificence that I envied every peasant who could spend his life in such surroundings. But my enthusiasm was sobered by an enlightening experience. On the village street of Grindelwald I noticed one day a man of an intelligent face who was saluted by the children playing on the street, with especial interest. From his appearance I concluded that he must be the schoolmaster of the village, and I was not mistaken. I stopped and

asked him for some information about local conditions, and found him amiably communicative. He told me that in the valley of Grindelwald, a valley covering hardly more than four or five square miles, there were people who had never passed its boundaries. The whole world as seen by them was therefore enclosed by the Schreckhorn, Mönch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and Faulhorn. In my enthusiasm I remarked that the contant sight of so magnificent a landscape might perhaps satisfy the taste of any man. The schoolmaster smiled and said that the ordinary peasant was probably least conscious of this grand beauty. He saw in the phenomena of nature which he observed, rather that which was to him advantageous or disadvantageous, encouraging or troublesome, or even threatening. The cloud formations which caused us a variety of sensations and emotions, signified to him only good or bad weather; the thunder of the avalanches reminded him only that under certain circumstances they might do a great deal of damage; he saw in the fury of the mountain hurricane, not a grand spectacle, but destructive hail-storms and the danger of inundations, and so on. I asked the schoolmaster whether it was not true what we frequently heard of the famous Swiss homesickness, that those born and reared in these mountains could not be satisfied or happy elsewhere, and if forced to live in foreign parts were consumed by a morbid longing for their mountain home. The schoolmaster smiled again and thought such cases of homesickness did occur among the Swiss, but not in larger number nor with greater force than with the inhabitants of other regions. Everywhere he supposed there might be people that adhere to the habits and conditions of life of their homes with a warm and even morbid attachment. But he knew also of a large number of Swiss who in foreign countries, even on the flat prairies of America, had settled down and felt themselves well satisfied there.

"Am I to understand from you," I asked, "that the Swiss himself does not appreciate the beauty of his country?"

"No, not that," answered the schoolmaster; "the more educated people know everywhere how to appreciate the beautiful because of its beauty; but the laboring man who here is always engaged in a struggle with nature must be told that the things which are to him so often troublesome and disagreeable, are also grand and beautiful. When his thought has once been directed to that idea, he will more and more familiarize himself with it, and the Swiss," added the schoolmaster with a sly smile, "also the uneducated Swiss, have now learned to appreciate the beauty of their country very highly."

This sounded to me at first like a very prosaic philosophy, but as I thought about it I concluded that the schoolmaster was right. The perception of natural beauty is not primitive, but the result of education, of culture. Naïve people do not possess it or at least do not express it. The aspects of nature, mountain, valley, forest, desert, river, sea, sunshine, storm, etc., etc., are to them either beneficent, helpful, or disagreeable, troublesome, terrible. It is a significant fact that in Homer with all the richness of his pictures there is no description of a landscape or of a natural phenomenon from the point of view of the beautiful. We remark the same in the primitive literature of other countries. In the same spirit spoke the farmer from one of the flat prairies of the West of America who once traveled on a steamboat on the magnificent Hudson and when he heard an enthusiastic fellow-traveler exclaim, "How beautiful these Highlands are," answered dryly, "It may be a pretty good country but it's a little too broken."

My diplomatic mission in Switzerland was quickly accomplished. I had soon the assent of almost all the prominent exiles to the plan of the national loan and I thought I had done a good service to the cause of liberty. Then I returned to London. Frau Kinkel asked me to live in her house during the absence of her husband, and I complied with her wish; but life in that house was no longer as cheerful as before Kinkel's departure. I then felt how great the sacrifice was that Kinkel had made by undertaking the mission to America. Frau Johanna had seen him go with sadness and anxiety. She could not be blamed for thinking that the burden imposed upon her by the political friends was all too heavy. She accepted her lot but not without serious dejection. Her health began to suffer and conditions of nervousness appeared, and it is probable that then the beginning of that heart-disease developed which a few years later brought her to an early grave. The news which we received from Kinkel, was indeed, as far as he himself was concerned, very satisfactory; but it

did not suffice to cheer the darkened soul of the lonely woman, however heroically she tried to seek courage in her patriotic impulses and hopes.

Kinkel had much to tell in his letters of the cordiality with which the Germans in America had welcomed him. Wherever he appeared his countrymen gathered in large numbers to listen to the charm of his eloquence. As he traveled from city to city one festive welcome followed another. The enthusiasm of the mass-meetings left nothing to be desired. Although Kinkel at that period spoke English with some difficulty he was obliged to make little speeches in that tongue when native Americans took part in the honors offered to him. So he visited all the important places in the United States, north, south, east, and west. He also paid his respects to President Fillmore and was received with great kindness. These happenings he described with bubbling humor, and all his letters breathed a keen enjoyment of his experiences as well as great interest in the new country. In short, his journey was successful in all respects, except in that of the German National Loan. Indeed, committees were organized everywhere for the collection of money and for the distribution of loan certificates; but the contributions finally amounted only to a few thousand dollars, a small sum with which no great enterprise could be set on foot. Kossuth, who visited the United States a few months later for a similar purpose and who enjoyed a greater prestige and was received with much more pomp, had the same experience. And it was really a fortunate circumstance that these revolutionary loans miscarried. Even with much larger sums hardly anything could have been done except to organize hopeless conspiracies and to lead numbers of patriotic persons into embarrassment and calamity without rendering any valuable service to the cause of liberty.

At that time, however, we thought otherwise. Emissaries were sent to Germany to investigate conditions there and to build up the revolutionary organization — that is to say, to find people who lived in the same illusions as the exiles, and to put these in correspondence with the London committee preparatory to common action. Some of these emissaries exposed themselves to great dangers in traveling from place to place, and most of them returned with the report that there was general discontent in Germany, and that an important disturbance might soon be looked for. That there was much discontent in Germany was undoubtedly true. But of those who really dreamed of another general uprising there were only a few. The revolutionary fires had burned out; but the exile was so unwilling to accept this truth as to be inclined to look upon whoever expressed it as a suspicious person. He therefore worked steadily on.

At that time I was favored by what I considered a mark of great distinction. One day I received a letter from Mazzini, written in his own hand, in which he invited me to visit him. He gave me the address of one of his confidential friends who would guide me to him. His own address he kept secret for the reason, as was generally believed, that he desired to baffle the espionage of the monarchical governments. That the great Italian patriot should invite me, a young and insignificant person, and so take me into his confidence, I felt to be an extraordinary honor. Mazzini was looked upon in revolutionary circles, especially by us young people, as the dictatorial head of numberless secret leagues, as a sort of mysterious power which not only in Italy but in all European countries was felt and feared. Wonderful stories were told of his secret journeys in countries in which there was a price on his head, of his sudden, almost miraculous, appearance among his faithful followers here and there, of his equally miraculous disappearance as if the earth had swallowed him; and of the unequaled skill with which he possessed himself of the secrets of the governments while he knew how to conceal his own plans and acts. By us young ones he was regarded as the embodied genius of revolutionary action, and we looked up to his mysterious greatness with a sort of reverential awe. I therefore felt, when I was called into his presence, as if I was to enter the workshop of the master magician.

The confidential friend designated by Mazzini conducted me to the dwelling of the great leader situated in an unfashionable street. In the vicinity of his house we met several black-eyed, bearded young men, manifestly Italians, who seemed to patrol the neighborhood. I found Mazzini in an extremely modest little apartment which served at the same time as drawing-room and office. In the middle of the room there was a writing-table covered with an apparently

confused heap of papers Little models of guns and mortars served for paper weights; a few chairs, and if I remember correctly, a haircloth sofa, completed the furniture. The room as a whole gave the impression of extreme economy.

Mazzini was seated at the writing-table when I entered, and rising he offered me his hand. He was a slender man of medium stature, clad in a black suit. His coat was buttoned up tight; around his throat he wore a black silk scarf without any show of linen. His face was of regular, if not classic cut, the lower part covered with a short black beard streaked with gray. The dark eyes glowed with restless fire; his dome-like forehead topped with thin, smooth dark hair. In speaking, the mouth showed a full, but somewhat dark row of teeth. His whole appearance was that of a serious and important man. Soon I felt myself under the charm of a personality of rare power of attraction.

Our conversation was carried on in French which Mazzini spoke with perfect ease although with some of the accent peculiar to the Italians. He was constantly smoking while he spoke, but he developed even in this confidential conversation between two men an eloquence such as I in my long life have hardly ever heard again — warm, insinuating, at times vehement, enthusiastic, lofty, and always thoroughly natural. The three greatest conversationalists with whom it has been my good fortune to come into touch were Mazzini, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Bismarck. Of these Dr. Holmes was the most spirited in the "bel esprit" sense; Bismarck the most imposing and at the same time the most entertaining in point of wit, sarcasm, anecdote, and narratives of historical interest, brought out with rushing vivacity and with lightning-like illumination of conditions, facts, and men; but in Mazzini's words there breathed such a warmth and depth of conviction, such enthusiasm of faith in the sacredness of the principles professed and of the aims pursued by him, that it was difficult to resist such a power of fascination. While looking at him and hearing him speak I could well understand how he could hold and constantly augment the host of his faithful adherents, how he could lead them into the most dangerous enterprises and keep them under his influence even after the severest disappointments.

Mazzini had undoubtedly given up, if not formally, yet in fact, his membership in his Church. But there was in him, and there spoke out of him, a deep religious feeling, an instinctive reliance upon a higher Power to which he could turn and that would aid him in the liberation and unification of his people. That was his form of the fatalism which is so often united with great ambitions. He had a touch of prophetic mysticism which sprang from the depths of his convictions and emotions, and was free of all charlatanism and all affectation, all artificial solemnity. At least that was the impression made upon me. I never observed in him any suggestion of cynicism in his judgment of men and things — that cynicism in which many revolutionary characters pleased themselves. The petty and usually ridiculous rivalries among the leaders of the exiles did not touch him; and discord and quarreling among those who should have stood and worked together, instead of eliciting sharp and offensive criticism, only called from him expressions of sincere and painful regret. The revolution he aimed at was not merely the attainment of certain popular rights, not a mere change in the constitution of the state, not the mere liberation of his countrymen from foreign rule, not the mere reunion of all Italy in a national bond; it rather signified to him the elevation of the liberated people to higher moral aims of life. There vibrated a truthful and noble tone in his conception of human relations, in the modest self-denying simplicity of his character and his life, in the unbounded self-sacrifice and self-denial which he imposed upon himself and demanded of others. Since 1839 he had passed a large part of his life as an exile in London, and in the course of this time he had established relations of intimate friendship with some English families. It was undoubtedly owing to the genuineness of his sentiments, the noble simplicity of his nature, and his unselfish devotion to his national cause, not less than to his brilliant personal qualities, that in some of those families a real "Mazzini cult" had developed which sometimes showed itself capable of great sacrifices.

The historic traditions of his people, as well as the circumstance that to the end of liberating his fatherland he had to fight against foreign rule, made him a professional conspirator. As a young man he belonged to the "Carbonari," and then there followed, instigated and conducted by him, one conspiracy upon another, resulting in

insurrectionary attempts which always failed. But these failures did not discourage him; they rather stimulated his zeal to new efforts. In the course of our conversation he gave me to understand that he had preparations going on for a new enterprise in upper Italy, and as he probably considered me a person of influence in that part of German refugeedom which would control the disposition of our prospective national loan, he wished to know whether we would be inclined to support his undertaking with our money. At any rate, he evidently desired to create among us a disposition favorable to such cooperation. He no doubt took me for a more influential person than I was. I could only promise him to discuss the matter with Kinkel and his associates, after his return from America. But I did not conceal from Mazzini that I doubted whether the responsible German leaders would consider themselves justified in using moneys which had been collected for employment in their own country, for the furtherance of revolutionary uprisings in Italy. This remark gave Mazzini an opportunity for some eloquent sentiments about the solidarity of peoples in their struggle for liberty and national existence. At that time neither of us knew yet how small would be the result of the agitation for a German National Loan,

I was honored with another meeting that has remained to me hardly less memorable. In October, 1851, Louis Kossuth came to England. After the breakdown of the Hungarian revolution he had fled across the Turkish frontier. His remaining on Turkish soil was considered objectionable by the Austrian Government, and unsafe by his friends. The Sultan, indeed, refused his extradition. But when the Republic of the United States of America, in general sympathy with the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, offered them an American ship-of-war for their transportation to the United States, that offer was unhesitatingly accepted. But Kossuth did not intend to emigrate to America for the purpose of establishing there his permanent residence. He was far from considering his mission as ended and the defeat of his cause as irrevocable. He, too, with the sanguine temperament of the exile, dreamed of the possibility of inducing the liberal part of the old, and also of the new world to take up arms against the oppressors of Hungary, or at least to aid his country by diplomatic interference. And, indeed, could this have been accomplished by a mere appeal to the emotions and the imagination, Kossuth would have been the man to achieve it. Of all the events of the years 1848 and 1849, the heroic struggle of the Hungarians for their national independence had excited the liveliest sympathy in other countries. The brave generals, who for a time went from victory to victory and then succumbed to the overwhelming power of the Russian intervention, appeared like the champions of a heroic legend, and among and above them stood the figure of Kossuth like that of a prophet whose burning words kindled and kept alive the fire of patriotism in the hearts of his people. There was everything of heroism and tragic misfortune to make this epic grand and pathetic, and the whole romance of the revolutionary time found in Kossuth's person its most attractive embodiment. The sonorous notes of his eloquence were, during the struggle, heard far beyond the boundaries of Hungary in the outside world. Not a few of his lofty sentences, his poetic illustrations, and his thrilling appeals had passed from mouth to mouth among us young people at the German Universities. And his picture, with the thoughtful forehead, the dreamy eyes, and his beard-framed chin, became everywhere an object of admiring reverence.

When now, delaying his journey to America, he arrived in London, the enthusiasm of the English people seemed to know no bounds. His entry was like that of a national hero returning from a victorious campaign; the multitudes crowding the streets were immense. He appeared in his picturesque Hungarian garb, standing upright in his carriage, with his sabre at his side, and surrounded by an equally picturesque retinue. But when he began to speak, and his voice with its resonant, and at the same time mellow, sound poured forth its harmony over the heads of the throngs in classic English, deriving a peculiar charm from the soft tinge of foreign accent, then the enthusiasm of the listeners mocked all description.

Kossuth had been offered the hospitality of the house of a private citizen of London who took an especial interest in the Hungarian cause; and there during his sojourn in the British capital, he received his admirers and friends. A kind of court surrounded him; his companions, always in their Hungarian national dress, maintained in a ceremonious way his pretension of his still being

the rightful Governor of Hungary. He granted audiences like a prince, and when he entered the room he was announced by an aide-de-camp as the "Governor." All persons rose and Kossuth saluted them with grave solemnity. Among the exiles of other nations these undemocratic formalities created no little displeasure. But it was Kossuth's intention to produce certain effects upon public opinion, not in his own, but in his people's behalf; and as to that end it may have seemed to him necessary to impress upon the imagination of the Englishmen the picture of Hungary under her own Governor, and also to illustrate to them the firm faith of the Hungarians themselves in the justice of their cause, it was not improper that he should have used such picturesque displays as means for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Our organization of German refugees also sent a deputation to Kossuth to pay their respects, and of the deputation I was one. We were ushered into the reception room in the customary way and there saluted by aides-de-camp, with much gold lace on their coats — handsome fellows with fine black mustaches and splendid white teeth. At last Kossuth appeared. It was the first time that I came near to him. The speaker of our deputation introduced us each by name, and as mine was called Kossuth reached out his hand to me and said in German: "I know you. You have done a noble deed. I am rejoiced to take your hand." I was so embarrassed that I could not say anything in response. But it was, after all, a proud moment. A short conversation followed in which I took but small part. A member of our deputation spoke of the socialistic tendencies of the new revolutionary agitation. I remember distinctly what Kossuth answered. It was to this effect: "I know nothing of socialism. I have never occupied myself with it. My aim is to secure for the Hungarian people national independence and free political institutions. When that is done my task will have been performed."

On public occasions wherever Kossuth put forth his whole eloquence to inflame the enthusiasm of Englishmen for the Hungarian cause, his hearers always rewarded him with frantic applause; but his efforts to induce the British government to take active steps against Russia and Austria in behalf of Hungary, could not escape sober criticism, and all his attempts to get the ear of official circles and to come into confidential touch with the Palmerston ministry came to nothing. In fact, the same experience awaited him in the United States; great enthusiasm for his person and for the heroic struggles of his people, but, then, sober consideration of the traditional policy of the United States and an unwillingness to abandon that traditional policy by active intervention in the affairs of the Old World.

Before Kossuth began his agitation in America Kinkel had returned from there. He had much to tell of the New World that was good and beautiful, although he was obliged to confess to himself that the practical result of his mission was discouragingly trifling. With robust energy he resumed his interrupted activity as a teacher, and with him the old sunshine returned to the Kinkel home.

We greatly regret that the restrictions of the serial publication oblige us to omit here that part of the narrative which refers to the Russian baroness Bruning and Miss Malvida von Meysenburg. It will appear unabridged in the book edition—The Editor.

Now an event occurred which essentially darkened the horizon of refugeedom, and which also gave to my fate an unexpected and decisive turn.

The reports which we had received from our friends in Paris made us believe that Louis Napoleon, the President of the French republic, was an object of general contempt, that he played a really ridiculous figure with his manifest ambition to restore the empire in France and to mount the throne, and that every attempt to accomplish this by force would inevitably result in his downfall and in the institution of a strong and truly republican government. The tone of the opposition papers in Paris, gave much color to this view. All of a sudden on the 2nd of December, 1851, the news arrived in London that Louis Napoleon had actually undertaken the long expected *coup d'état*. He had secured the support of the army, had occupied the meeting place of the national assembly with troops, had arrested the leaders of the opposition as well as General Changarnier who had been entrusted by the national assembly with its protection, had laid his hand upon several other generals suspected of republican sentiments, had published a decree restoring universal suffrage which had been restricted by the national assembly, and issued a proclamation to the French people;

in which he accused the parliamentary parties of criminal selfishness and demanded the establishment of a Consulate, the Consul to hold office for ten years. Exciting reports arrived in rapid succession. Members of the national assembly had met in considerable numbers and tried to organize resistance to the *coup d'état*, but were soon dispersed by military force. At last the news came that the people, too, were beginning to "descend into the streets" and to build barricades. Now the decisive battle was to be fought.

It is impossible to describe the state of mind produced among the exiles by these reports. We Germans ran to the meeting places of the French clubs because we expected to receive there the clearest and most reliable tidings, perhaps from sources which might not be open to the general public. In these clubs we found a feverish excitement bordering upon madness. Our French friends shouted and shrieked and gesticulated and hurled opprobrious names at Louis Napoleon and cursed his helpers, and danced the Carmangole and sang "Ça Ira." All were sure of a victory of the people. The most glorious bulletins of the progress of the street fight went from mouth to mouth. Some of them were proclaimed by wild-looking revolutionary exiles who had jumped upon tables, and frantic screams of applause welcomed them. So it went on a night, a day, and again a night. Sleep was out of the question. There was hardly time for the necessary meals. The reports of victory were followed by others that sounded less favorable. They could not and would not be believed. They were "the despatches of the usurper and his slaves"; "they lied"; "they could not do otherwise than lie"; but the messages became more and more gloomy. The barricades which the people had erected in the night of the second and third of December had been taken by the army without much trouble. On the fourth, a serious battle occurred on the streets of the faubourgs St. Martin and St. Denis, but there, too, the troops had remained masters of the field. Then the soldiery rushed into the houses, and murdered without discrimination or compassion. At last there was the quiet of the graveyard in the great city. The popular rising had been comparatively insignificant and powerless. The usurper who had but recently been represented as a weak-minded adventurer, the mere nephew of his uncle, had succeeded in subjecting Paris. The departments did not move; there was no doubt the Republic was at an end, and with its downfall vanished also the prospect of the new revolutionary upheaval which, on the impulse coming from France, was expected to spread over the whole European continent.

Stunned by all these terrible reports, and mentally as well as physically exhausted, we quietly returned to our quarters. After I had recuperated from this consuming excitement by a long sleep, I tried to become clear in my mind about the changed situation of things. It was a foggy day and I went out because I found it impossible to sit still within my four walls. Absorbed in my thought, I wandered on without any definite aim, and found myself at last in Hyde Park, where, in spite of the chilly air, I sat down on a bench. In whatever light I might consider the downfall of the Republic and the advent of a new monarchy in France, one thing seemed to me certain. All the efforts connected with the revolution of 1848 were now hopeless; a period of decided and general reaction was bound to come, and whatever the future might bring of further developments in the direction of liberal movement, must necessarily have a new starting point.

With this conviction my own situation became equally clear to me. It would have been childish to give myself up to further illusory hopes of a speedy return to the Fatherland. To continue our plottings and thereby bring still more mischief upon others appeared to me a reckless and wicked game. I had long recognized the exile's life to be empty and enervating. I felt an irresistible impulse not only to find for myself a well-regulated activity, but also to do something really and truly valuable for the general good. But where and how? The Fatherland was closed to me. England was to me a foreign country and would always remain so. Where then? "To America," I said to myself. "The ideals of which I have dreamed and for which I have fought, I shall find there, if not fully realized, but hopefully struggling for full realization. In that struggle I shall perhaps be able to take some part. It is a new world, a free world, a world of great ideas and aims. In that world there is perhaps for me a new home. Ubi libertas ibi patria."— I formed my resolution on the spot. I would remain only a short time longer in

England to make some necessary preparations, and then off to America!

I had sat perhaps half an hour on that bench in Hyde Park, immersed in my thoughts, when I noticed that on the other end of the bench a man was sitting who seemed likewise to be musingly staring at the ground. He was a little man, and as I observed him more closely, I believed I recognized him. Indeed, I did. It was Louis Blanc, the French socialist leader, a former member of the provisional government of France. I had recently in some social gathering been introduced to him and he had talked with me in a very amiable and animated way. Indeed I had found him uncommonly attractive. When I was through with my own thoughts, I arose to go away without intending to disturb him, but he lifted his head, looked at me with eyes that seemed not to have known sleep for several nights, and said, "Ah, c'est vous, mon jeune ami! c'est fini, n'est ce pas? C'est fini!" We pressed one another's hands. His head sank again upon his breast and I went my way home to inform my parents at once, by letter, of the resolution I had taken on that bench in Hyde Park. Some of my fellow exiles tried to dissuade me from it, picturing to me all sorts of wonderful things which would happen very soon on the European continent and in which we refugees must take an active part; but I had seen too thoroughly through the unreality of these fantastic imaginings to be shaken in my resolve.

Now something happened that infused into my apparently gloomy situation a radiance of sunshine, and opened to my life unlooked for prospects. A few weeks previous to Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* I had some business to transact with another German exile and visited him in his residence in Hampstead. I vividly remember how I went there on foot through rows of hedges and avenues of trees, where now, probably is a dense mass of houses, not anticipating that a meeting of far greater importance than that with him was in store for me. My business was soon disposed of and I rose to go, but my friend stopped me and called out into an adjacent room, "Margaretha, come in, if you please, here is a gentleman with whom I wish you to become acquainted. This is my sister-in-law," he added, turning to me "just arrived from Hamburg on a visit." A girl of about eighteen years entered; of fine stature, a curly head, something childlike in her beautiful features, and large, dark, truthful eyes. This was my introduction to my future wife. On the 6th of July, 1852, we were married in the Parish Church of Marylebone in London. I have put down in writing how it all came to pass in those otherwise so gloomy days; but that part of my story naturally belongs to my children only and to our inner home circle.

In August we were ready to sail for America. Before my departure Mazzini invited me to visit him once more. He confided to me the secret of a revolutionary enterprise which he had in hand and which, as he said, promised great results. There was to be a new uprising in Lombardy. With his glowing eloquence he pictured to me how the Italian soldiers of liberty would crowd the Austrians into the Alps, and how then similar movements would spring from this victorious insurrection in all other countries of the European continent, and that then such young men as should be on the spot to help carry on the work so prosperously begun. "All this will happen," he said, "before you will reach America, or shortly after. How you will wish not to have left us! You will take the next ship to return to Europe. Save yourself this unnecessary voyage." I had to confess to him that my hopes were not so sanguine as his; that I did not see in the condition of things on the continent any prospect of a change soon to come, which might call me back to the Fatherland and to a fruitful activity; that, if in the remote future such changes should come, they would shape themselves in ways different from those that we now imagined, and that then there would be other persons to carry them through. Mazzini shook his head, but he saw that he could not persuade me. Thus we parted and I never saw him again.

A short time after my arrival in America I did indeed hear of the outbreak of the revolutionary enterprise which Mazzini had predicted to me. It consisted in an insurrectionary attempt in Milan which was easily suppressed by the Austrian troops and resulted only in the imprisonment of a number of Italian patriots. And Mazzini's cause, the unity of Italy under a free government, seemed then to be more hopeless than ever.

Kossuth returned from America a sorely disappointed man. He had been greeted by the American people with unbounded

From a pencil drawing by Charles Schmolze, London, 1851

CARL SCHURZ

enthusiasm. Countless multitudes had listened to his enchanting eloquence and overwhelmed him with sympathy and admiration. The President of the United States had reverentially pressed his hand and Congress had received him with extraordinary honors. There had been no end of parades and receptions and festive banquets. But the government of the United States, with the approval of the American people, steadfastly maintained the traditional policy of non-interference in European affairs. Kossuth's appeal for "substantial aid" to his country in its struggle for independence had been in vain. When he returned to England he found that the popular enthusiasm there, which had greeted him but a few months before, was burnt out. He still tried to continue the advocacy of his cause by delivering addresses in various English cities, and, was listened to with the most respectful and sympathetic attention as a very distinguished lecturer. When he appeared on the streets he was no longer cheered by multitudes surging around him. Persons recognizing him would take off their hats and whisper to one another: "There goes Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot." His cause, the independence of his country, seemed to be dead and buried.

Mazzini and Kossuth — how strangely fate played with those two men! Mazzini had all his life plotted and struggled and suffered for the unification of Italy under a free national government. Not many years after the period of which I speak, the national unity of Italy did indeed come, first partially aided by the man Mazzini hated most, the French Emperor Louis Napoleon, and then greatly advanced by the marvelous

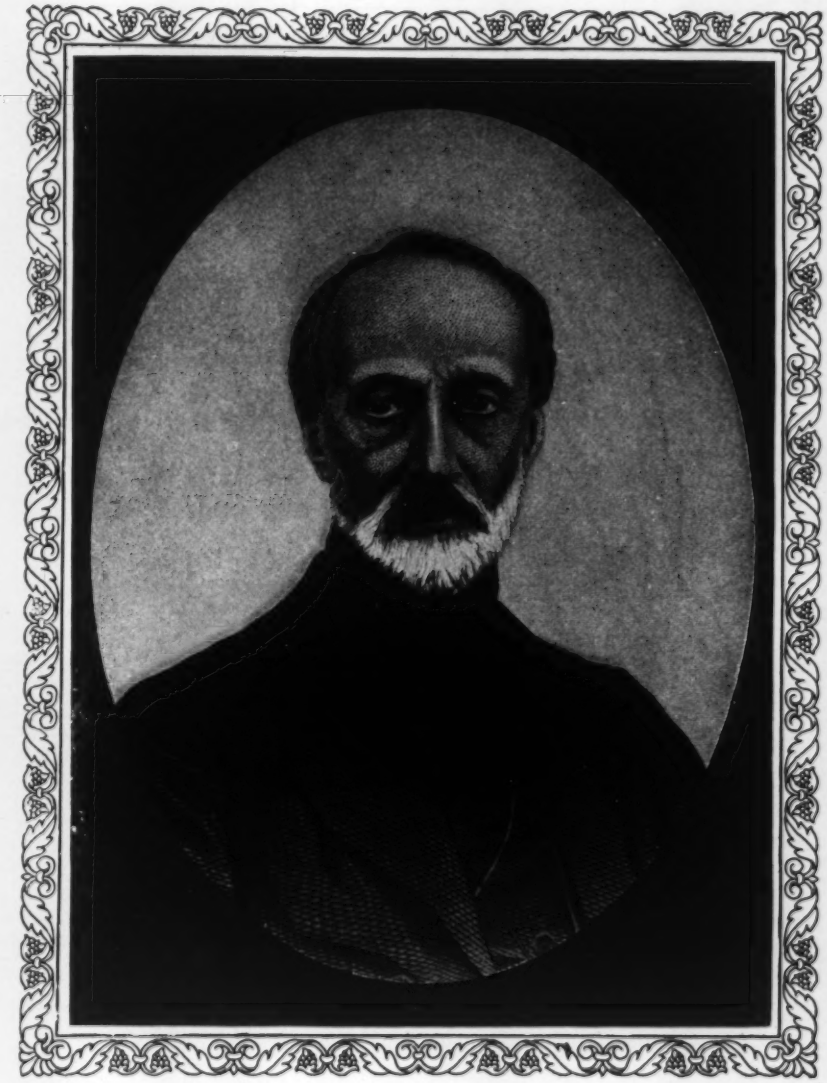
From the daguerreotype made by Hawes of Boston during Kossuth's visit to America

LOUIS KOSSUTH

"a prophet whose burning words had kindled and kept alive the fire of patriotism in the hearts of his people. . . . The whole romance of the revolutionary time found in Kossuth's person its most attractive embodiment"

campaign of Garibaldi, which is said to have been originally planned by Mazzini himself, and which reads in history like a romantic adventure of the time of the Crusades. Finally the unification of Italy was fully achieved under the auspices of the dynasty of Savoy; and Mazzini, the Republican, at last died in an obscure corner in unified Italy where he had hidden himself under a false name, an exile in his own country.

Kossuth had agitated with his wonderful eloquence and then conducted a brilliant though unfortunate war for the national independence of Hungary. A defeated man, he went into exile. In the course of time a large measure of the political autonomy, the substantial independence of Hungary as a self-governing country, was accomplished by peaceable means, and the Hungarian people seemed for a while to be contented with it. But it was accomplished under the kingship of the house of Hapsburg; and Kossuth, who never would bow his head to the Hapsburg, inflexibly resisted



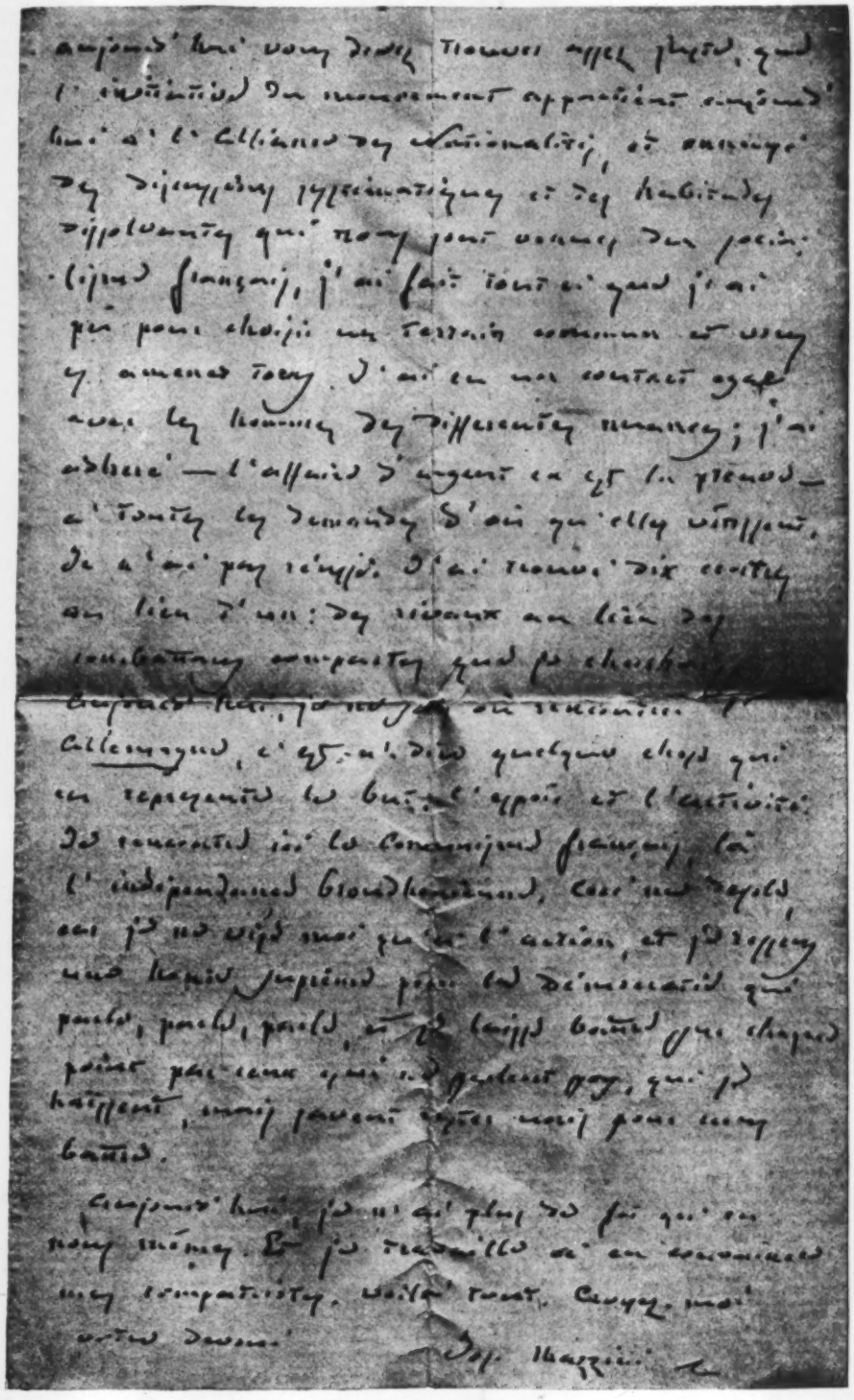
GUISEPPE MAZZINI

" Mazzini was looked upon in revolutionary circles, especially by us young people, as the dictatorial head of numberless secret leagues, as a sort of mysterious power which not only in Italy but in all European countries was felt and feared "

every invitation calling him back to his country whose legendary national hero he had not ceased to be ; and he finally died as a voluntary exile at Turin, a very old and lonely man.

A large part of what those two men had striven for was at last won — but it then appeared in a form in which they would not recognize it as their own.

The German revolutionists of 1848 met a similar fate. They fought for German unity and free government and were defeated mainly by Prussian bayonets. Then came years of stupid political reaction and national humiliation in which all that the men of 1848 had stood for seemed utterly lost. Then a change. Frederick William IV, who more than any man of his time had cherished a mystic belief in the special divine inspiration of Kings, fell insane and had to drop the reins of government. The Prince of Prussia, whom the revolutionists of 1848, had regarded as the bitterest and most uncompromising enemy of their cause, followed him, first as Regent and



FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY GUISEPPE MAZZINI TO CARL SCHURZ DURING THEIR SOJOURN IN LONDON, 1851

Translation on page 317

then as King — destined to become the first Emperor of the new German Empire. He called Bismarck to his side as prime minister — Bismarck who originally had been the sternest spokesman of absolutism and the most ardent foe of the revolution. And then German unity with a national parliament was won, not through a revolutionary uprising, but through monarchical action and foreign wars.

Thus, if not all, yet a great and important part of the objects struggled for by the German revolutionists of 1848, was after all accomplished — much later, indeed, and less peaceably and less completely than they had wished, and through the instrumentality of persons and forces originally hostile to them, but producing new conditions which promise to develop for the united Germany political forms and institutions of government much nearer to the ideals of 1848 than those now existing. And many thoughtful men now frequently ask the question — and a very pertinent question it is — whether all these things would have been possible had not the great national awakening of the year of 1848 prepared the way for them.

But in the summer of 1852 the future lay before us in a gloomy cloud. In France Louis Napoleon seemed firmly seated on the neck of his submissive people. The British government under Lord Palmerston had shaken hands with him. All over the European continent the reaction from the liberal movements of the past four years celebrated triumphant orgies. How long it would prove irresistible nobody could tell. That some of its very champions would themselves become the leaders of the national spirit in Germany even the most sanguine would in 1852 not have ventured to anticipate.

My young wife and myself sailed from Portsmouth in August and landed in the harbor of New York on a bright September morning. With the buoyant hopefulness of young hearts we saluted the new world.

TRANSLATION OF THE MAZZINI LETTER

Party spirit has not crept in among us, at least on my side. Dominated by the idea, which you must find sufficiently just, that the initiation of the movement belongs to-day to the Alliance of Nationalities, and weary of the systematic discussions and disintegrating methods which have come to us from French socialism, I have done the utmost I could to choose a common ground and bring you all to it. I have stood in equal relations with the men of different shades of political opinion. I have acceded — the matter of the money is a proof of this — to all demands, no matter whence they came. I have been unsuccessful. I have found ten centers instead of a single one; rivals instead of the compact ranks of combatants I sought. To-day I do not know where to be looking for *Germany* — I mean, for that which represents the aim, the hope, the activity of Germany. On one hand I meet French communities, on the other, Proudhonian independence. This deeply grieved me, for I aim singly at action, and feel excessive shame for democracy which talks, talks, talks, and allows itself to be beaten at every point by those who do not talk, who hate one another, but have the sense to remain united for the purpose of defeating us.

To-day I no longer have faith in any but ourselves. And I work to convince my countrymen of this. That is all.

Believe me. Devotedly.

Jos. MAZZINI.

THE CAREER OF CARL SCHURZ

Carl Schurz died at his home in New York City May 14, 1906, in his seventy-eighth year. The editorial tribute and the sketch of Mr. Schurz's career which appeared in the New York Evening Post on the day of his death seem such a just appreciation of a great character that they are here reprinted — EDITOR.

CARL SCHURZ was born March 2, 1829, in the village of Liblar, near Cologne; in 1840 he entered the Catholic Gymnasium of Cologne, and in 1846 proceeded to the University of Bonn with the intention of studying philosophy and history. Like many other ardent and generous-minded young students, he fell under the influence of Prof. Johann Gottfried Kinkel. Kinkel was a poet, an orator, an idealist; a man fitted by nature to arouse the enthusiasm of youth, and ready, when occasion called, to attest his faith by his works. He threw himself unreservedly into the revolutionary movement of 1848, and served as a private among the insurgents in the spring of 1849. Schurz, following the example of his friend and teacher, served as adjutant of General Tiedemann, and, when the latter surrendered the fortress of Rastadt with forty-five hundred revolutionary troops on July 21, 1849, he made an almost miraculous escape from it through the sewer connecting with the Rhine, and fled to Switzerland.

In the following summer he returned to Berlin, under an assumed name, for the purpose of liberating Kinkel, who had been taken prisoner, tried for treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. With the aid of wealthy sympathizers, this daring and romantic project was carried to a successful conclusion in November, 1850, and created a sensation throughout Europe. Friedrich Spielhagen, the popular novelist, born in the same year as Schurz, and his fellow-student and friend at Bonn, has embodied this adventure as a stirring episode in his book "Die von Hohenstein," in which Schurz figures as Wolfgang von Hohenstein, and Kinkel as Dr. Münzer. In fact, a more remarkable instance of self-sacrifice and heroism for friendship's sake has seldom been recorded, and it demonstrated the singular nobility of Schurz's character. Schurz and Kinkel escaped on a Mecklenburg vessel to Leith, in Scotland. Of the latter we may here take leave, merely mentioning that, after a five years' residence in this country, he held a professorship at a girls' school in London, where he also established a German newspaper, *Hermann*, in 1866 accepted a call to the Polytechnikum in Zurich, and died there on November 15, 1882.

Schurz spent about two years in London and Paris, supporting himself by giving music lessons and by acting as correspondent of German newspapers. In July, 1852, he married Margaret Meyer, the daughter of a well-known Hamburg merchant. The match was a romantic one, the acquaintance being traceable to the fame of Schurz's exploit in liberating Kinkel, and was the beginning of a long and happy union, broken only by the death of the wife in March, 1876.

Came to America in 1852

In September, 1852, Schurz crossed the ocean and took up his abode in Philadelphia, where he remained for three years, removing then to Watertown, Wisconsin. He attached himself at once to the newly formed Republican party, and in the following year, 1856, made German speeches which contributed so materially to carrying Wisconsin for Fremont by a majority of more than 13,000 votes, that in 1857, although he had but just become a citizen, he was nominated Republican candidate for lieutenant-governor, and came within one hundred and seven votes of an election. Two years later he was offered the same nomination and declined it.

His First English Speech in Lincoln-Douglas Campaign

His first English speech, made in 1858, during the senatorial contest in Illinois

between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, attracted general attention, and was widely circulated under the title of "The Irrepressible Conflict."

In the following year he began the practice of law in Milwaukee. On a lecturing tour through New England he made a decided impression by attacking the ideas and policy of Douglas, and by opposing a proposed Constitutional amendment directed against naturalized citizens. The latter subject he again brought before the National Republican Convention of May, 1860, which he attended as chairman of the Wisconsin delegation, and which, upon his motion, incorporated in the fourteenth paragraph of the party platform a declaration unequivocally pledging the Republican party against all legislation by which the existing political rights of immigrants could be impaired or abridged. Moreover he supported George William Curtis in his successful appeal for the insertion in the platform, of the sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, which had been denied to Mr. Giddings. Although he steadily cast the vote of his whole delegation for William H. Seward, Schurz was appointed a member of the committee to notify Lincoln of his nomination; a member of the National Republican Committee, consisting of one representative from each state; and also a member of the Executive Committee, which then consisted of only seven members. During the ensuing canvass he made many brilliant speeches in German and in English, which were an important factor in bringing about the election of Lincoln, who, after his inauguration, recognized the valuable services of Schurz by appointing him United States minister to Spain.

Resigned Post as Minister to Spain to Enter the Army

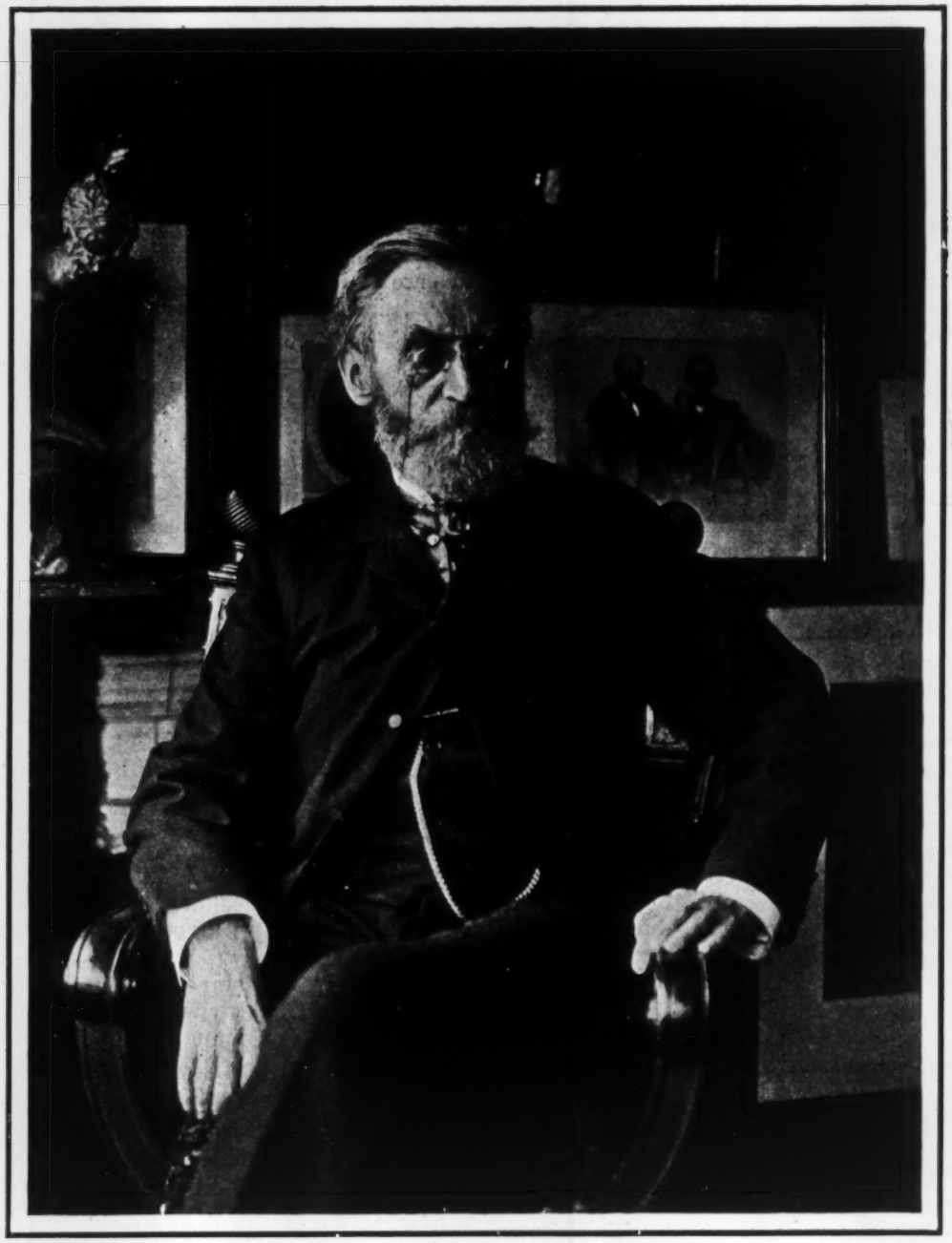
Schurz presented his credentials to Queen Isabella on July 16, 1861, but in December resigned his post, and, after a brief visit to his native land, returned to his adopted country in January, 1862, to take service in the Union Army.

He was commissioned brigadier-general in April, and on June 17th took command of a division in the corps of Gen. Franz Sigel, participating in the second battle of Bull Run (August 29th and 30th). He was appointed major-general on March 14, 1863, and on May 2nd commanded a division of Gen. Oliver O. Howard's Eleventh Army Corps, at the battle of Chancellorsville. With the same corps he participated in the battles of Gettysburg and Chattanooga, and served under Sherman in the Georgia campaigns. The surrender of General Johnston to General Sherman on April 26, 1865, terminated the War; and Schurz, having obtained leave of absence, proceeded at once to Washington and resigned his commission as general. His resignation was filed May 5th, and was the first one received by the War Department, with the sole exception of General Sigel's which was filed May 4th.

In the summer of 1865, Schurz was commissioned by President Johnson to make a tour of the Southern States and prepare a report on their condition and the state of public sentiment. He made a careful and conscientious study of the subject, and embodied the result of his investigations in a candid and judical-minded report, in which he recommended that before readmitting the rebellious States to full political rights, a Congressional committee be sent there to make a thorough survey of the ground and suggest appropriate legislation. In the winter of 1865-66 Schurz was Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune;* in 1866 he went to Detroit and became editor of the Detroit *Post;* in 1867 he removed to St. Louis to become editor and, with Emil Pretorius, joint proprietor of the *Westliche Post.*

In 1867 he made a journey to Europe, and was received in Germany with distinguished consideration; in an interview with Bismarck the latter requested him to give a history of his Kinkel exploit, and, after listening to the account with great interest, remarked that he thought, in Schurz's place, he would have acted in the same way.

Having been appointed temporary chairman of the Republican Convention of May, 1868, which nominated General Grant, Schurz was instrumental in inserting in the platform a resolution recommending a general amnesty. Even during the War, and while in active service in the field, Schurz had not intermitted his activity as a political orator, but had occasionally taken leave of absence, when it seemed necessary to rouse public sentiment to support the Administration, and in 1864 had made some notable speeches in the second Lincoln canvass. As a matter of course he was one of the most effective speakers in



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Very sincerely yours

C. Schurz

FROM HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH

the campaign of 1868, which resulted in the first election of Grant. On January 19, 1869 the Legislature of Missouri elected him senator, and he took his seat at the special session beginning March 4th, being the first German-born citizen who had ever been a member of the upper house of Congress.

Schurz's Career in the Senate

The career of Carl Schurz in the Senate would have been sufficiently remarkable if regarded merely as a demonstration of his great gifts as a parliamentary orator and of his readiness as a debater. He was not only the most effective speaker in the Republican party, but the greatest orator who has appeared in Congress in our generation. Unlike many of his most distinguished colleagues, he never resorted to inflated or bombastic rhetoric, and never stooped to any of the well-worn artifices with which demagogues, from time immemorial, have been wont to tickle the ears of the mob. As was truly said of him, he always spoke as a rational man to rational men; he was always sure of his subject and always full of it, and the natural consequence was, that he always had something to say that was worthy of serious attention even from those who might differ from him in opinion. His unusual natural gifts for oratory he had sedulously cultivated by a diligent study of the best models, with the remarkable result that, although he had arrived at man's estate before acquiring a practical acquaintance with our language, his English style very rarely, and even then only very slightly, betrayed his foreign birth and education.

The late Professor Price of Columbia — the most competent of judges — once said that Mr. Schurz's mastery of English was the most astonishing intellectual feat that he had ever known. It was not simply that this German had learned to speak English without mistake or accent, nor that he had acquired a rich and varied vocabulary. The amazing thing was that he appeared to have penetrated the very spirit of the alien speech. Its idioms seemed native to him. Among its living growths he moved with ease and certainty. His crisp pronunciation, his flexible handling of phrase and instinctive building up of sentence and climax made listening to him a blending of delight and wonder. We hear frequent boasts of bi-lingual achievements, but they relate ordinarily to the restricted speech of travel or social intercourse or diplomacy. Mr. Schurz could, in either tongue, be playful or powerfully argue, soar or thunder, and do it with the facility and grace of one to the vernacular born.

But he has a better claim than that to the respect of the American people. Bacon tells us that "talk is but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love," and Schurz's greatness as an orator lies in this, that he not only spoke as a rational man to rational men, but as a man of heart and of conscience, who judges other men by himself, and feels that his best hold is in appealing to the better nature of his hearers. What he said of Sumner in his unsurpassed eulogy of the Massachusetts senator, that "he stands as the most pronounced idealist among the public men of America," might with equal truth be said of himself. The course of events has taken his part in nearly all the controversies which put him at odds with his party in the Senate. He was in advance of public sentiment, not so much by reason of any superior foresight or political sagacity, as because of his fidelity to his ideals, and his conviction that, in the long run, truth was bound to prevail.

The Original Independent in Politics

He was the original Independent in politics, and the whole political faith of the Independent can be educed from his utterances. He was a warm advocate of civil service reform, of tariff reform, of currency reform, at a time when the friends of any kind of a reform were few and far between, and had nothing to expect from either party but obloquy and sneers. Perhaps the greatest practical service he rendered at this time was in his unwavering advocacy of correct principles on the currency question. He was almost the only public man who never made any concession on this point to ignorant public clamor, and his mastery of the subject was equal to the honesty and courage with which he stood for the right. The two speeches against inflation and in favor of a return to specie payments which he made in the Senate on January 14th and February 24, 1874, were models of sound doctrine. Of the second of them Prof. Bonamy Price of Oxford, certainly a sober-minded and competent critic, said that it was the ablest speech ever made on banking in any parliament,

that its range and solidity were wonderful, and that it offered a body of detailed doctrine which almost throughout will bear the test of the closest examination. Any adequate account of Schurz's course in the Senate will confirm the judgment of William M. Evarts that Schurz had presented, under adverse circumstances, an instance of an elevated American statesman, and the opinion of James Russell Lowell, who thought his loss to the Senate a national misfortune.

Retirement from the Senate

The complimentary dinner at which the sentiments just quoted found expression was given to Schurz on April 27, 1875, to mark the regret which honest men of all parties felt at his retirement from the Senate, at his being (in the words of one of them) "exiled from one party by his independence and principles, and repelled by the other apparently because it is too ignorant to recognize his value in public life." It was certainly an unusual tribute to be tendered to a man whose public life was apparently closed, and it found an appropriate echo on the following day in a banquet and serenade given by Germans, and a few weeks later in another banquet given to him in Berlin by Americans and attended by many Germans of distinction. But a more signal vindication awaited him on his return from Europe. Although he had broken with and defied the Republican party by taking sides against it in the Louisiana question, in the matter of the Ku-Klux laws, in advocating a general amnesty; although he had opposed the Administration in the San Domingo discussion, in the debates of the sale of arms to France, and on abuses in the New York Custom House; although he had originated the Liberal Republican movement in Missouri in 1870 and had thereby given the first impetus to the current of independence in politics which has since swept the country; although he had presided over the Liberal convention of May, 1872, which nominated Horace Greeley for the Presidency and had advocated (with much reluctance, it is true) the election of Greeley: although he had done all these things, and many others that equally demonstrated how little amenable he was to the ordinary canons of the party discipline, and how much he placed the cause above the party — in spite of all this, no sooner had he returned home, than he was appealed to by the Ohio Republican Committee to stump that State in favor of Hayes and honest money, as against Allen and inflation.

Work in the Hayes Campaign

Within a week he was in harness, and resumed, with all his wonted boldness and brilliancy, the good fight against financial folly, quackery, and knavishness which he had fought in the Senate, and which he was to fight over again for many years to come.

It was to his valiant efforts more than to those of any other one man that the victory then achieved was due. In the Presidential election in the following year he once more cast in his lot with the Republican party, believing, as did many other Independents, that sound currency and civil service reform were, on the whole, safer with Hayes and his following than with the Democratic supporters of Tilden. There was an impression abroad that he had received positive pledges from Hayes that civil service reform would be carried out in good faith. At all events, he threw himself into the canvass with his customary energy, and his appointment by Hayes to the secretaryship of the interior was only a just recognition of the importance of his services; and at the same time a partial redemption of the pledge, if a pledge there was, in regard to civil service reform, of which it was on all sides admitted that Schurz was a sincere and ardent advocate. So well was this understood by the enemies of the reform that, while his nomination was pending, they spread a report that his confirmation would be opposed by some Republicans from a "dispassionate belief" that he did not possess business experience and administrative ability enough for the proper discharge of the multifarious duties of the office.

Secretary of the Interior

The duties of the office were, indeed, multifarious, but Schurz was soon to convince the country that an idealist can be a very practical man in any business which is compatible with honesty, industry, intelligence, and courage. He was confirmed on March 11th, and before a week had expired he assured the clerks that no removals would be made except for cause, unless the force had to be reduced, in which case the

least competent would be removed; that no promotions would be made except for merit; and that, as there were no vacancies, no recommendations to office would be entertained. This was not empty declamation, for Schurz did not even bring a new private secretary with him. On April 6th he promulgated an order providing for the investigation and practical determination of questions connected with appointments, removals, and promotions, by means of a board of inquiry composed of three clerks of the highest class; and his subsequent actions demonstrated that there was no sham about this measure, but that it was meant in sober earnest. The reform of the service, however, was but a small part of the work. The new secretary, in violation of all precedent, made up his mind to master personally the business of his office, which included the management of the Indian service, with an army of officers, a quarter of a million of Indians and their land reservations; the Pension Office, the Patent Office, the census, the public lands, the geological and geographical surveys, the transactions with the land grant railroads, and numerous other matters. He worked from nine till six, and sometimes late at night, and made the most of his time by devoting to business the hours which most of his predecessors had sacrificed to politics and wire-pulling. As a natural consequence, he unearthed numerous abuses which previous secretaries had known nothing about, and probably did not want to know.

Reforms in Indian Affairs

He found the service in a deplorable condition, particularly the Indian Bureau. The secretary of the interior, and even the commissioner of Indian affairs, were kept in ignorance of what was going on, and contractors and Indian agents were allowed full swing. As fast as Schurz could fasten the responsibility for wrongdoing, or negligence, or even mere carelessness, he made changes and removals right and left, regardless, as he had ever been, of the enemies he made. His efforts to check the timber thieves brought him into conflict with powerful corporations, and with his old Republican antagonists in the Senate; while his intelligent and well-considered Indian policy was attacked not only by a noisy company of traders, who had a vested interest in corruption, but by army officers on the one hand, and by well-meaning, sentimental philanthropists on the other. All of these foes he faced undismayed, and did not allow clamor or vituperation to swerve him from what he considered the straight path of duty. He put an end to the swindling of Indians by agents who were appointed to protect them, and in four years gave the wards of the nation a better start towards civilization than they had ever had before. During his term of office the agricultural products raised by them were doubled. In his first annual report he outlined an Indian policy, the chief points of which were: the maintenance of good faith with the tribes; the discouragement of hunting; the concentration of tribes dependent on hunting, within reservations; their conversion to agriculture and stock-raising; the establishment of schools and of agency farms; together with many other similar measures which suggested themselves to a humane, conscientious, and highly educated official, who had taken pains to master the subject, and was no respecter of persons or of unreasoning prejudices. In other departments, he displayed the same capacity for practical business. During four years he recovered and paid into the Treasury almost as much money for timber depredations as had been collected in twenty-two years before, and he was the first to demonstrate the ability of the Pacific railway companies to establish a sinking fund for the payment of their indebtedness to the Government.

His Political Purity

Without going more into detail, it will be seen that in his official career as a Cabinet minister Schurz was as great a contrast to the ordinary politician as he was during his term in the Senate. Instead of laboring for his own aggrandizement, and striving to build up a party of personal adherents, on whose coöperation he could count through thick and thin; instead of currying favor with men of influence by conniving at abuses which helped the party; instead of using his official power to reward his friends and intimidate his enemies; instead of resorting to any such devices, which are but too familiar in our politics, he was a veritable tribune of the people, always ready to use his great abilities to promote the public welfare, and for the furtherance of good government.

Apart from the specific services which he rendered as legislator, as administrator of a public trust, as a popular orator, in procuring the enactment of salutary laws, in preventing the passage of bad ones, in purifying the civil service and purging it of scandals, in promoting public economy and justice, in combating financial heresies and educating public sentiment — apart from all this, which would suffice to give him a strong claim on the national gratitude, he has a still stronger claim to admiration and respect, in that, in a time of great corruption and demoralization, he was found faithful among the faithless; faithful, that is, to a high ideal of public duty and private morality. His life will ever be a shining example to the rising generation, the hope of mankind, showing them that it is still possible for a man to achieve great honors and high station without bartering away his soul for a mess of pottage. It is his unblemished character more than his brilliant talents that will secure him a place in American history.

Returning to private life when his term of office had expired, and making his home in New York, Schurz become one of the editors of the *Evening Post* in July, 1881, and retained the position until December 9, 1883. In 1884 he took a prominent part in the Independent movement, which was called into being as a revolt against tendencies in the Republican party that represented the antipodes of everything he stood for. He had himself contributed materially by example and by precept to creating the public feeling which made such a movement possible, and he contributed no less to its culmination in the election of Grover Cleveland, with whom he had, indeed, much in common. The leisure afforded him by his release from public duties he employed to good purpose in writing his "Life of Henry Clay," which appeared in 1887, and at once secured him a high rank as a man of letters. It was widely recognized as the best life of Clay, and the best work of the series in which it is published. This work, together with his contributions to periodicals, notably his *Atlantic Monthly* article on Abraham Lincoln, will insure him a secure place among American authors. Repeatedly chosen president of the National Civil Service Reform Association, his speeches and activities in that behalf were notable. He was also connected with various large business enterprises, in which his capacity no less than his integrity gained him the esteem of his associates; but he was too honest and unmercenary, in a money-getting age, to enrich himself. His quiet refusal to accept the large sum which admiring German-Americans offered him, was characteristic of the man. In the elections of 1888 and 1892 he again effectively supported Cleveland, although in the latter year his health did not permit him to take as active a part as he had been accustomed to do. His latest literary effort was devoted to his autobiography, now in course of publication.

Mr. Bryce has expressed surprise at the want of influence upon American politics of the great German infusion, and it is certain that no one of the refugees of '48 attained anything like the distinction of Carl Schurz, or had either so conspicuous or so happy a share in repaying his debts to his adopted country. As a whole, it may be said of the Germans as of the Irish, that, deceived by the name of "Democracy," they cast their weight — at least during the years of moral agitation — against the anti-slavery party. In this particular Schurz shines by contrast, since he at once saw things as they were, and divined the essential unity between the Slave Power and the despots of the Old World. He differed again from many of his countrymen in making a complete surrender to his new nationality, desiring and aiming to be only a high-minded American citizen. Unlike his noble compatriot, Friedrich Kapp, he was not tempted by the conquest of German unity to return to his Fatherland. In the end, he came to *think* in English rather than in German, though both languages were constantly on his lips.

The Strength of Idealism

Of the idealist strain in the German national character, Carl Schurz was doubtless the finest example that Germany ever contributed to America. From youth to old age his idealism was all of a piece. Few instances could be found in any land or in any time, of a man who so consistently, throughout a long life

— wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.

Other German-Americans have applied their native vigor and large conceptions to

industry, to commerce, to political management, to scholarship, to philanthropy; but Mr. Schurz surpassed them all in preserving the fine enthusiasm and the lofty, forward-looking ideals with which his youth was so richly dowered. No note sounded clearer in the speech which he made at the dinner in honor of his seventieth birthday than that of cheery optimism as he fronted the future. Indomitable in activity, he was unconquerable in hope.

This went inevitably with his temperament, which was that of the orator. Now, hope is what gives oratory wings. No great pessimist ever made a great speech. For the orator aims at persuasion; and unless his own heart is aflame, how can he hope to impart the kindling touch to others? Mr. Schurz's oratory always spoke out his vivid personality; the large and eager nature of the man gave it sweep and range. No one who ever heard him in his prime can forget the glow which passed from him to his audience.

It was the moral force residing in the man that set him apart in strength. His eloquence was of the kind that is a virtue. His rare intellectual gifts, his ready bonhomie, his power as an orator, might all have gone for nought had they not clothed a conscientious judgment and inner purpose which nothing could shake. This, after all, was the main theater of Mr. Schurz's idealism. He early formed noble political conception and clung to them through evil as through good report. The tasks which he willed in hours of insight, he fulfilled through hour of gloom. It was his distinction to apply steadily and unflinchingly moral standards to public life. If that led to breaks with political associates, so much the worse for them. He could do no other. The "moneyed politicians" sneered or snapped, but he went his way unmoved.

Life-long Indignation against Tyranny

In the natural course of events, and by the general suffrage, Mr. Schurz came to be known as the leading Independent in American politics. It was a position which carried stings with its honors. Yet the very mixture of taunts with welcomes that he received from both political parties alternately during the past twenty years, was the most striking tribute possible to the unselfishness of his course and the genuineness of his influence. When his simple uprightness could not endure the Blaine taint, the Republicans called out after him that he was only a morose and fantastic crank whom nobody regarded; but when they were able to exhibit him again on their side in the contest for honest money, they promptly discovered that his eminence of character and soundness of political judgment were beyond dispute. Latterly, the old animosities had, happily, become dulled; and Mr. Schurz was accepted ungrudgingly as our best type of unbending integrity and clear honesty of speech. This is what makes his loss so sore. That buoyant and blithe spirit has left us; that life-long indignation against tyranny, whether in Prussia or the Philippines, is quenched; but the virtue that went out of Mr. Schurz to animate good causes and spur on lesser men, will long remain a cherished memory and a continuous power.

CAYBIGAN*

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL," "THE PAST," "A JUMBLE IN DIVINITIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

WHEN Sergeant Blount's detachment marched into San Juan, and in the center of the plaza grounded arms with a crash that ran along the stone flagging in vibrating menace, the little pueblo cowered in a completeness of fear and abject surrender never reached before. Like lizards the few brown beings here and there slid out of sight; and the big blue-shirted men grouped there beneath the white sunlight found themselves as in a vacuum of heat and silence. But they had an uneasy sensation of eyes, eyes timorous and hostile, shifting and malevolent, from behind closed shutters and torn nipa walls, peering upon them in tremulous distrust. In her stall at the head of the street, Eustefania, hundred-year-old, wrinkled, black, toothless, was hastily gathering up her store — two mangoes, a cluster of bananas, a dozen rice cakes, five twine-wrapped cheroots — into her pañuelo with trembling hands. And Pedro Lasco, crouching upon the stone steps of the church, a cigarette between his fingers, found his simple and complex soul filled with a new and inexplicable tumult.

For from the man standing there at the head of the little troop, there radiated Mastery. Pedro, in his blind, dark way, tried to analyze the impression, to find how this particular being differed from other tall, gaunt, brutal Americans that he had met in the past, before whom he had quailed physically, but never morally; but immediately he was submerged in that feeling he so hated — of confusion, blackness, bewilderment — which invariably seized him whenever he, man of a primitive race, sought to penetrate his own soul, obscure with complications beyond his power to read. This alone he could tell: — that this man, among his six-footers, towered by half a head, that his shoulders were broad, that his hair was golden like that of the Santa Madre seen once, long ago, in the cathedral at Lipa. Later, by patience of eye and obstinacy of contemplation, he discovered other facts — that the campaign hat of the Sergeant was wider-brimmed and more rakishly set than those of his fellows, that his belt hung down loose along the right thigh to the weight of a huge, silver-mounted six-shooter which was not the regulation Colt's, that when he walked his feet tinkled with long, rotary spurs, and that a red bandana, knotted negligently about the neck, flamed up the blue and khaki with splendor.

The men stood at ease in the center of the plaza. The Sergeant took from his breast pocket a cake of tobacco, bit off a piece with slight swagger, then looked about him carefully. His eyes met those of Pedro. "Alica, caybigan — come here, friend!" he shouted with cavalier amicability.

"Caybigan — friend!" The obscure emotions in Pedro's breast surged suddenly into something almost definite, something big and soft that was sweet, and compelled. Slowly he came down the steps in feline grace of movement, and stood gravely before the big man, one foot slightly in front of the other, his right hand upon his pliable waist. The Sergeant looked down upon him, pulling at his blond mustache. He smiled. The smile passed over Pedro in a shadow of indefinite discomfort; unconsciously he stiffened up, a little defiant.

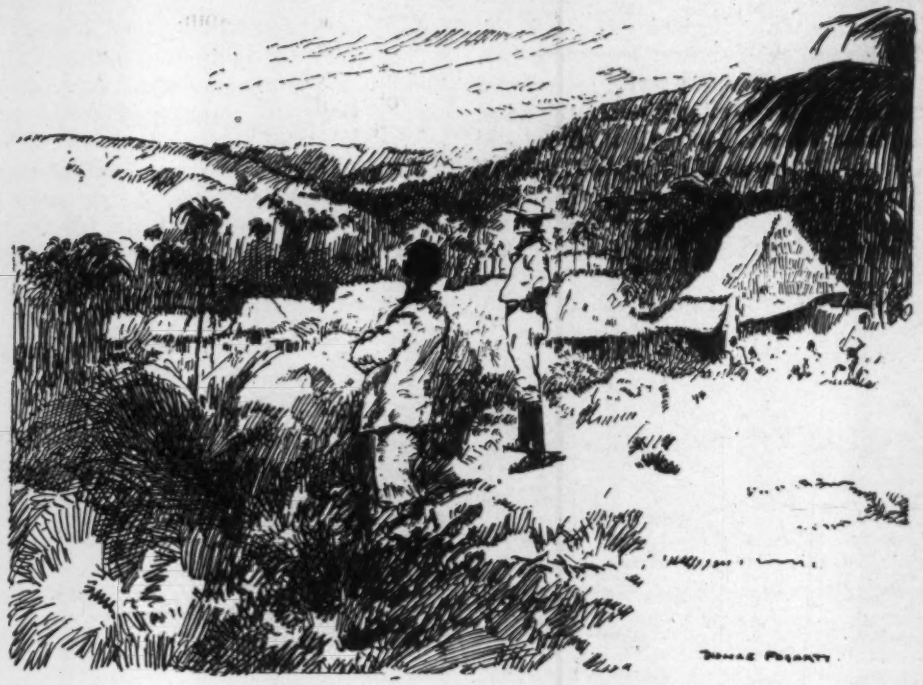
"You take us to the best house here, caybigan," said the Sergeant.

The smile had gone, and that other sensation, of sweetness and good-will, again possessed Pedro. "Opo," he answered simply.

* Pronounced *Kī-bēg-an*

And this was the beginning of the bond. Pedro showed the Sergeant the house best suited for cuartel, the natural spot for a horse-corral, the watering place at the river. That night, after he had been dismissed and had eaten his rice and fish, Pedro squatted long upon the bamboo floor of his little hut, pondering in his rudimentary way over the day's events. It was a poor hut, small, astonishingly bare; for Pedro's wealth was below, beneath the high, post-elevated floor. There, laid crosswise upon sustaining poles, were his hunting spears, harpoons, and paddles; keel-up upon the ground, his banca, long, sharp-prowed, reptilian, and, hanging from post to post in heavy folds, ensilvered with fish-scales, his great drag-net. But his mind was not upon his riches; what he tried to read within him was dark and shifting; this only he could draw plainly from it: — a passionate desire to serve that big, golden-haired man with the jingling spurs, the red bandana, the rakish sombrero; to serve, blindly, unquestionably, like a dog, with fatigue of body, and outpouring of sweat, and tongue-licking of boots. But even this feeling was not clear like a simple flame; athwart it there leaped a contradictory shadow. The smile; it was the smile. Pedro tried to consider it squarely, but that bewilderment which possessed him always when he attempted to read his soul, complicated with complications of which he had not the key, seized him with acute distress; and with an impatient gesture he brushed away the obsession, as he would a fly buzzing importunately before his eyes. He lingered long upon the clearer impulse, that of service, of devotion. "Caybigan," he murmured softly; "caybigan" — and in the balmy silence of the night the drawled syllables hung long with lingering sweetness.

"'You take us to the best house here, caybigan,' said the Sergeant"



"Pedro took the Sergeant over the whole pueblo"

Early the next morning he was about the cuartel, and when the Sergeant emerged, splendid in the rising sun, he was standing before him, alert of body, grave of eyes. "Hello, caybigan," shouted the Sergeant gaily; "going to help me, eh?" He pulled at his golden mustache; he smiled. A vague discomfort possessed Pedro; unconsciously he drew back one step in deer-like movement. But as the smile disappeared and the Sergeant stood there, pensive with the day's plans, the impulse to serve this being, to toil, suffer for him, again swelled within his heart in longing that choked. They were together all that day. Pedro took the Sergeant over the whole pueblo, pointed out the natural points of defense, of vulnerability, showed him where the outposts should be placed, took him to the ford, circled wide about the huddle of huts, discovering all the hidden trails radiating out to the plains, the hills, toward the lairs of the Insurrectos.

"Good-night, caybigan," said the Sergeant as they parted that evening.

"Paalan, caybigan," answered Pedro.

All day he had longed to slip that word, "cabyigan," and now he stood still a moment, tremulous like a wild thing, noting the effect. But the Sergeant seemed to accept. He turned on his heel with a gesture of the hand and tinkled into the cuartel, while Pedro sped to his hut, his heart in tumult. There he squatted long in the anguish of obscure analysis. It was the smile again, that almost imperceptible twitch of the corners of the mouth which the Sergeant had always as he looked down upon Pedro. Pedro tried to picture it there, in the darkness; but it eluded him mockingly, vivid before him for the time of a spark, then gone before he could pounce upon it, seize it in interpretation. It was a torturing game.

That day was only the first passed in a service that, as time went on, grew increasingly closer, more exacting from the one, more sacrificial from the other. It was in the midst of the Bell campaign. Dragging the country like a net, there marched ceaselessly large bodies of men. Behind them nipa roared; black volutes of smoke rose heavily to the sky, broke against the turquoise dome, and, rebounding, filled the air with acrid haze. At night the horizon glowed as with phosphorescence; great, scorched trees threw their thousand arms in hysterical gesture to a lurid heaven. The country took on a bleached, tortured, convulsive aspect. The rivers ran pink with the blood of slaughtered cattle. And night and day, along the highways, the awed population passed, women with babies astride their hips, upon their heads pañuelos

knotted about a few handfuls of rice; men limp-armed, empty-handed. Barefooted, they pattered along the roads in thousands, toward the reconcentration camps, noiseless, speechless, stupefied, sullen-eyed, and half mad. But up in the hills grim Malvar, starving, still hung on; though some of his men began to trickle down, famished, enfevered, without volition, as if sucked down by the void of desolation made about them.

And the great cry, reiterated incessantly from headquarters, athrill in men's mouths, on telegraph and telephone, was a ceaseless: "Get the guns; get the guns; get the guns!" And the soldiery, wild with powder, fire, and carnage, that great cry ringing in their enfevered brains like an hallucination, "got guns" by deeds which, in their rare, cooler moments, came back to them as incredible nightmares. It was in this work that Sergeant Blount, athirst for praise and splendor of fame, threw himself with his ferocious energy, and in which Pedro proved like a hound, leaping from sign to sign. Often the trail led into the bosom of the hills, and regretfully they had to stop before the probability of disappearing into an insurrecto stronghold. But often, also, the trail, circling, doubled back, returned to one of the few pueblos, such as San Juan, kept here and there like oases in the desert of desolation, as baits, as constant, hypnotizing promise of ease, of rest, of plenty to the outlaws, starving, desperate, in the hills. And then Pedro's more subtle faculty came to the fore. He questioned, threatened, cajoled, bluffed, pleaded, leaped from induction to induction, till he had settled upon the man, the treacherous "amigo" in league with the enemy. Sometimes even there Pedro's persuasive powers were enough; more often Blount then began to act — and there were scenes better left undescribed. So, little by little, the cuartel filled with a strange captured arsenal, and Blount's soul with satisfaction. Sometimes it was a Mauser, oiled,

"night and day, along the highways, the awed population passed"

the invaluable partner. He had been a great hunter; he could track like an Apache; and to this he united a singular faculty for obtaining information among his people. To the two caybigans the slightest starting point sufficed — a rumor, for instance, that a man with a gun had passed a certain place at a certain time. Instantly they had saddled and were off, and from the spot Pedro trailed

polished, pretty as a toy; more often a rusty Remington or German needle-gun; but also there were pathetic makeshifts: — a piece of water-pipe tied to a rough-hewn block of wood, loaded by the muzzle and set off by the hot butt of a cigarette.

So Pedro rode, slept, ate, toiled with the Sergeant, and by the whole pueblo, soldier and native, he was called "Caybigan"; by

all except Eustefania, crouching day after day like a mahogany sculpture upon the latticed floor of her little tienda. The old woman was jealous. One day when the soldiers, in wild hilarity, had seized upon her basket of embryo ducks cooked in the shell and were hurling them at each others' heads, Blount had interfered. And now, whenever he passed, splendid, along the street, the old woman, like a statue coming to life, descended tremulously from her pedestal and running in front of him, bowed low and tried to kiss his hand.

And yet in this service, this renunciation, Pedro did not find the complete satisfaction that he craved. A heavy uneasiness was with him always, in rest or work, in peace or peril; an obscure irritation, a subterranean anguish that he could not fathom, but which, each day, became more oppressive, more insistent. It was the smile of his caybigan. At night he faced the distress of mental analysis, hour after hour, contemplating fixedly that smile. In its presence a strange weakness, a subtle debility possessed him; to resist this he dwelt upon his past achievements. He had been a great hunter of hill and water. At the deer runs he was always leading "ginete," galloped madly after the tremulous game, hour after hour, over mountain, down precipice, till he had worn it down, rode flank to flank with it and, seizing the moment, drove his long lance into the throbbing spot behind the shoulder. And once when a *caiman* had snatched his goat off the bank of the river, he had plunged into the black pool and, seeking the saurian in the oozy depths where sullenly he lay like a rock upon his prey, he had twined about him his big net and, springing back to the surface, with his friends had triumphantly dragged to earth the vicious thief. Loud had sung his praises during the fiesta that followed, while the enemy, corralled with bamboo poles, both eyes gouged out, died slowly beneath the sun upon the baking strand. Yes, he was a big man; even his caybigan, with hair of gold and tinkling spurs, could he have done better? But before the smile, malign there in the dark, all this, all these deeds, this valor seemed bleached of color and relief. A heavy discouragement weighed upon him.

One night, at last, he came to a conclusion. And it expressed itself in one word, short and electric.

"Patay!" he said; "patay — kill!"

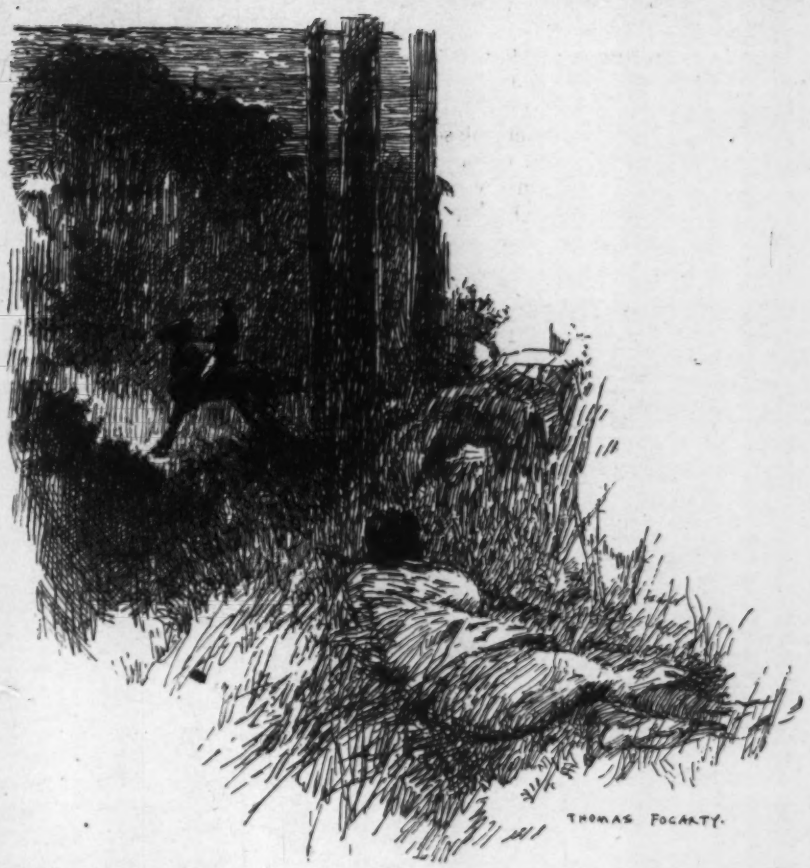
He would kill that smile.

He climbed down the bamboo ladder, and beneath the floor went directly to the big net, hanging from post to post. From one of the flaccid folds he drew an object. In three leaps he was up again, and in the faint light of his little tin lamp for a while he acted like a child with a doll. He crouched down, the thing upon his knee, spoke to it with tender accent, stroked it with long, gentle caress. But it was not a doll; it was a gun. It was a dainty Mauser carbine, oiled and polished and beautiful; but for two hours he hovered over it, cleaning, oiling, snapping the delicate machinery. Then with a sigh of satisfaction he went down again and laid the precious toy among the secretive folds of the net.

The following evening, as in the moonlight the Sergeant rode out to inspect the outposts, a shot rang near and a bullet wailed overhead. Pedro, through the bush screening him, saw the great horse shy and rear, saw the Sergeant's graceful, almost lazy recover. Then man and beast stood still, black, statuesque in the sheen of moon, the horse with ears cocked forward, trembling beneath the compulsive reining hand, the man erect and proud on the high-pommeled saddle. There was a silence long as infinity. The horse champed resoundingly at the heavy Mexican bit. Pedro panted. Slowly the Sergeant turned his head, from the thicket to the right, to the golden ribbon of road ahead, then smoothly, in imperceptible movement, to the left. His eyes were upon Pedro, seemed to pierce the screen of bush, halted penetratingly upon the assassin. And upon the face, clear in the moonlight, appeared the smile.

A sense of immense helplessness whelmed Pedro; he crouched lower; his hands, flaccid, dropped their hold upon the gun, which sank softly in the high cogon. There was a long, throbbing silence. Then the tinkle of spur rang out in silvery note. With an elastic bound the horse leaped forward, immediately to be checked by the powerful guiding hand; and slowly they moved down the moonlit road, horse and man, huge, black, granite-hewn — unconquerable.

But Pedro, sneaking back, low behind the thicket, pressed both hands to his breast as if to hold there the germ of an idea he felt within; and with feverish haste he hid his gun and crouched down at his accustomed place to face it. It was a dolorous process. The thing sparked, flamed, wavered, went



Then man and beast stood still, black, statuesque in the sheen of moon"

out completely, sparked anew. He contemplated it fixedly, encouraged it, fanned it; and finally, for a moment it blazed, vivid, calm, unforgettable.

"Alipusta!" he shouted triumphantly; "alipusta — contempt!" "Alipusta," he repeated slowly, contemplatively, the triumph of discovery sinking into the ashes of realization. Yes, that was it; it was contempt, that smile, the smile of his caybigan; contempt, thorough, tranquil, absolute.

II

During the following days, Pedro worked with renewed frenzy. There was some rumor of the presence of an Insurrecto camp near the pueblo somewhere. Pedro went about the taos, cajoled, threatened, flattered, begged, cross-questioned, menaced in the full exercise of his singular gift, progressing from rumor to probability, from probability to certainty, and then he searched the country like a hound, along subterranean trails, springing from trace to trace, hour after hour closer. But all the time he shot sly side glances at his big caybigan, in ambush for the smile, the smile of contempt which, as he worked more and more feverishly, nearer and nearer success, came to the Sergeant's lips with growing frequency, with less and less restraint, with growing insolence. And in his heart a desire gnawed, a black, obscure desire for something, something — he could not tell what — something he could not determine but which now was indispensable to him, without which he could not live, something that tasted like water to his thirst but was not water. He wished no more to kill; the new longing overwhelmed the other more primitive impulse. It was something bigger, grander, more magnificent; it tore at his bowels, a want, vague, unnamable, but of corrosive violence. On the third day they located the camp; traveling sinuously along a trace of trail they saw at last through the bamboo thicket the pointed roof of the Insurrecto cuartel — a nipa

hut in the center of a clearing. They stopped a moment in consultation; then Pedro slid smoothly through the cogon toward the camp. Half-an-hour later he was back, sprang up suddenly as from the earth at the feet of the Sergeant.

"Tacbo — gone," he said simply.

The Sergeant was accustomed to such disappointments. Tilting back his wide-brimmed sombrero in philosophical gesture, he followed Pedro toward the clearing. But as they broke out of the thicket he gripped his guide's arm with iron fingers, and with a bound threw himself back into cover. For before the hut human figures sprawled in feigned sleep, their guns stacked behind them, and at the windows shadowy forms lurked. "What the devil — " he began fiercely.

"Tacbo," reiterated Pedro; "manica — dolls," he added shortly.

The Sergeant understood, and with a swaggering clink of spurs stepped out again. It was as Pedro had said. The recumbent figures upon the ground were dummies of grass and cloth; the stacked guns were rough wooden counterfeits. They climbed the bamboo ladder into the house. More of the grotesque shapes were there, legs divergent and back-jointed; two leaned at the window, their hollow bellies bent at right angles over the sill, in solemn, peering attitudes. In the breeze their loose white camisas moved softly in undulating shivers; their big straw hats flapped like wings of bats. Hanging from the central rafter was a lamp, smouldering in yellow spark of light and sooty smoke; and against the harsh downpour of clear sunlight outside, this little, ignoble, soiled flame gave to the whole crew of contorted bodies an aspect of death, of carnage, of decay. The Sergeant caught himself sniffing the air. "Let's get out of this," he said.

They climbed down the rude stairs again, and instinct, more than Pedro's guidance, took the Sergeant to the right, some fifty yards into the brush — and there it was, the trench: — parallel to the trail, broad, deep, and all littered with signs of recent occupancy.

The Sergeant stood still, looking at the hut, at the trench, at the trail. He twirled his mustache pensively; muttered exclamations came to his lips.

"long in the dim light of his little lamp he oiled and cleaned and polished and caressed"

It was a pretty arrangement. A detachment, coming along the trail behind the guides and bursting out into this clearing with that lure of men recumbent upon the ground, of stacked arms, of vague forms at the windows, shadowed forth by the lamplight behind, would immediately charge in attempted surprise. Then from the brush to the right, the trench's enfilading murder — it was pretty indeed.

Again the Sergeant took in all the details, his head turning from point to point, from the hut to the trail, from the trail to the trench, then back again, assuring himself of the perfection of the plan. And Pedro looked at the Sergeant; as if hypnotized he

"All day they lay there, low, without a whisper, without a movement"

stepped closer, in long, feline strides, coming suddenly at far intervals, his whole lithe body a-quiver. For there, in the eyes of the Sergeant, the caybigan, growing stronger, clearer, more certain every moment, there it shone, his Desire, the form and shape at last of his obscure torturing desire. It was that — that which shone in the eyes of the Sergeant as he contemplated the perfection of the plot — it was that he longed for, thirsted for, which was indispensable for him to have, for himself absolutely, to guard and treasure and cherish. It was there, the torturing want of his entrails, there, but not his, not his yet.

Back in his hut that night, after hours of obscure battling, he named it at last. "Magtaca," he said, with heavy finality; "magtaca — admiration."

And then instantly he leaped to the next step.

"For the enemy, magtaca; for the caybigan, alipusta."

He hissed out the last word like an expectoration.

Yes, that was it: — for the enemy, admiration; for him, the friend, the servitor, the caybigan, contempt.

Pedro slid down to the big net below. And long in the dim light of his little lamp he oiled and cleaned and polished and caressed.

III

A mysterious enemy began to bother the little detachment of San Juan with puerile attacks.

Every night a Mauser bullet came wailing down the Lipa road and passed over the outpost with a resounding hiss. The first time this occurred, the lone sentinel, returning the fire, doubled back prudently upon the guard rushing out to his support. Tense in watchfulness the little troop waited for the attack. But it did not come. At regular intervals a lone bullet screeched above their heads, and that was all. Finally they charged along the highway. A few more detached shots met them; then there was silence.

The following night the same thing took place — the wail of the lone bullet, the alarm, the pursuit — and nothing.

A new plan was tried. Four men were placed at the outpost with saddled horses within reach. At the humming approach of the first shot they leaped into their saddles and thundered down the highway; it stretched before them, moon-golden between the black thickets, and deserted. Returning they scouted the brush, the big horses crashing down the thick vegetation. But there was nothing.

A corps of native beaters was added the next night. They searched the brush thoroughly on both sides of the road. The shrill katydids dropped into silence; lizards, snakes, iguanas, loathsome beasts of obscurity rustled off in panic. But that was all.

Caybigan was called to the rescue. For two days he worked upon the inhabitants of the pueblo. But for once his wonderful faculty failed him; he found no trace of the secret enemy.

An ambush was prepared. Ten men at early dawn lay down in the brush near the spot from which it was calculated the bullets came. All day they lay there, low, without a whisper, without a movement. But when night came, it was the other outpost, at the opposite extremity of the pueblo, which was attacked.

After this last effort the thing was accepted as routine. There was a childishness, a puerility about it that made the men smile. They grew rather to like this little excitement, breaking the monotony of long vigils.

But gradually the affair grew more interesting. The man was learning to shoot. Each night the leaden missile screeched a little lower, a little closer. Finally, one night, the guard, when relieved, was found walking his post with his left arm limp along his side, neatly punctured by one of the mysterious bullets.

On the same morning, Blount, walking along the main street, was stopped by old Eustefania.

"Capitan mi capitan," she said, cringing before him; "do you wish to know who shoots your soldiers at night?"

"Who?" asked the Sergeant curtly.

"Caybigan," she said.

From the depths of their caves her eyes glowed at him, fixed, violent.

And to the Sergeant the answer came as the revelation of something long and obscurely felt. Caybigan's absences from the night alarms, his singular failure to track down the sharp-shooter, the ridiculous fiasco of the attempted ambuscade — at the word a thousand and one little links suddenly clinked shut in a chain of evidence, of certainty.

The Sergeant turned sharp on his heel; his spurs rang on the stone flagging. In the center of the plaza Caybigan, in his graceful, elastic pose, half confident, half wild, was bandying with three of the blue-shirted soldiers. Blount made straight for the group. When near he began to run, his face convulsed with the rage, half real, half assumed, that experience had taught him invaluable for such moments. With a tiger leap he bore upon Pedro, clutched his throat with his great hairy hands, and threw him to the ground.

Pedro went down without a quiver of resistance, and he lay there, a white figure in the gray dust, his arms thrown out in a cross-like attitude of infinite surrender. His brown eyes looked up into the cold green light of the Sergeant's with golden luminosity; he smiled gently. "And this from my caybigan," he said.

"None of your Julius Caesar on me," snarled the Sergeant, who had a vague acquaintance with the classics. "Your gun; where is it?"

"I have no gun, caybigan."

The Sergeant drew his revolver, and brutally he jammed the handle into the mouth of the prostrate man with a sharp twist that sent the pointed stock up against the palate, jerking the lower jaw down to a distorted gap. "Water," he said shortly.

One of the men with whom Pedro had been talking brought a hollow bamboo full of water. Holding it above the prone figure he tilted it carefully. A silvery cascade poured down; it struck the distended nostrils in diamond rebound, streamed into the cavities at each side of the clamped revolver. Immediately Pedro was clutched by an agonizing sensation of drowning. He gasped, gurgled; his knees, as if automatically, snapped up to his chin. And the water came down, calmly, steadily, in pretty silver flow, while he drowned, drowned, drowned.

"Wait a moment," said the Sergeant. The man with the tube gave it a slight tilt; the flow ceased. Slowly Pedro emerged from the torturing sensation; an immense weakness dissolved his bones; he trembled. "Your gun," snarled the Sergeant, shaking him wrathfully.

But Pedro, limp, eyes closed, waited for a little strength.

"Your gun," thundered the Sergeant.

And Pedro opened his eyes with a long sigh, like a very sleepy child. "I have no gun, caybigan," he said very gently, very wearily.

They began again. The water slid down in silver prettiness, splashed upon the face in diamond drops; and Pedro drowned. And each time, when they stopped and he regained his strength, he smiled gently at his caybigan and said, "I have no gun, caybigan."

After a while fury arose like a red foam into the brains of these men, mad with ceaseless, ineffectual carnage, with bitter, unavailing toil, with the sense of their impotence in this eternal war against a vacuum. They threw themselves upon that limp, resistless body, shell of the impalpable soul unconquered within. They beat and kicked and choked.

But Pedro, very weak, very tired, very broken, still smiled gently and said, "I have no gun, caybigan."

Then from this orgy of violence Blount felt himself slowly emerge, white of face, cold in sweat, staggering as though drunk. He snapped Pedro into his arms and laid him in the shade of a giant mango growing out of the ruins of a crumbled wall near by. An immense discouragement, a poignant disgust made him tremble as with body weariness.

"Caybigan," said the Sergeant, "we have worked together, eaten together, hunted together. We are friends. I don't want to hurt you, sure I don't. Tell me, tell me — and I'll love you like a son — like a little, foolish son," he added with sudden access of tenderness.

"Well," began Pedro, "the gun, it is ——"

But his eyes, fixed upon the Sergeant, froze suddenly as if before an apparition. The Sergeant was smiling, smiling the smile of yore, the unconscious smile of contempt, fatal, invincible.

"Pedro went down without a quiver of resistance"

Down on one knee he bent over Pedro. Pedro felt the warm breath like a caress on his ear. "Caybigan," implored the Sergeant, "caybigan, amigo, friend, tell us, go on, tell us where you keep that gun, tell it to me, for me, for my sake."

Pedro opened his eyes, and they smiled, golden, at the Sergeant.

"I have — " he began.

"No, not that, not that," cried the Sergeant, in frenzied fear of hearing again that answer which maddened him, blurred his brain with red haze. "Tell me, come, tell me; whisper it, low, right here, in my ear; come, caybigan."

"If I tell you, then will we be friends?" asked Pedro wistfully.

"Go on; go on!" whispered the Sergeant breathlessly.

"I have no gun, caybigan," said Pedro monotonously.

The Sergeant sprang to his feet, livid. "Come on, fellows!" he shouted. "We'll hang him!"

They got a rope, noosed it about Pedro's neck, threw the loose end over a projecting branch of the mango, and standing him upon a box, secured it.

In that position they left him for five minutes, to let Fear seep into his stubborn heart. Every minute, in cold, tense accents, the Sergeant asked, "Where is that gun?"

Pedro did not answer. He stood there, very still, calling to himself all the strength left in his miserable racked body, composing himself as for some great and splendid sacrament. Then, as for the fifth time the question was asked, his right arm shot up toward the mountains, dark in the distance.

"Malvar is over there with ten thousand men," he shouted with high, clear voice. "Viva Malvar; the Americans are sons of curs!"

Somebody kicked the box.

But as, the whole earth lurching beneath him, he plunged into the infinite abyss, he took with him a wild, tumultuous, and exquisite joy. For at his last words of defiance upon the face of his golden-haired caybigan he had seen — fluttering uncertain at first like the heralding colors of the dawn, then glowing clear, certain, resplendent — the expression he had caught at the lone cuartel in the bosque, the look of esteem, of admiration, full, unreserved, complete, for which he had thirsted so agonizingly, and which now, at last, had come to him, his beyond the power of Man to take away — at the paltry price of treachery, and torture, and death.

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

BY

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong —
I have been used to bear the load so long;

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road . . ."
"Yet," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:
"Was I not always here, then, as to-day?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand —
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:
"Lord of the Land but men have named me Death."